Collier's

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April 22, 1950

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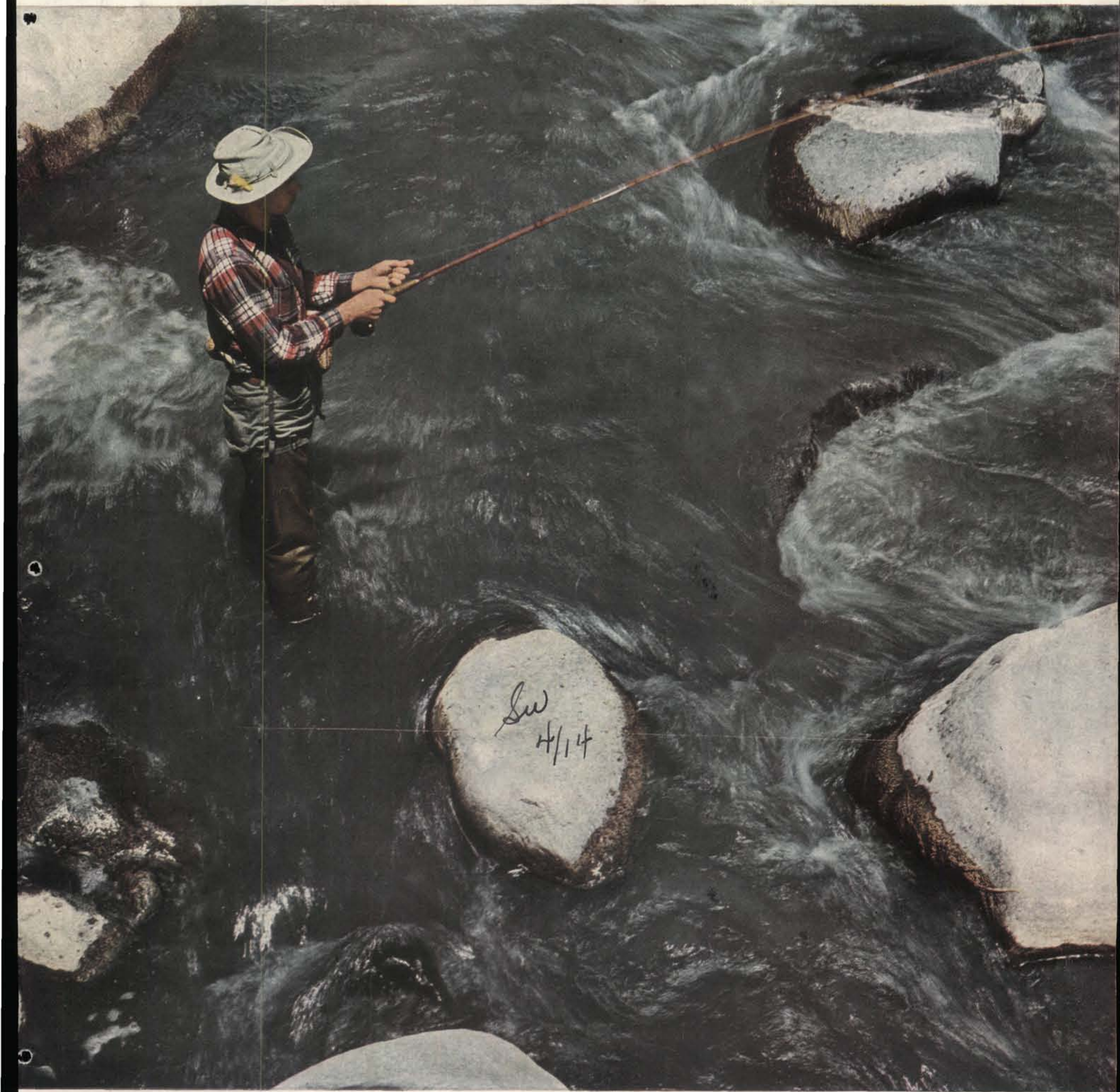

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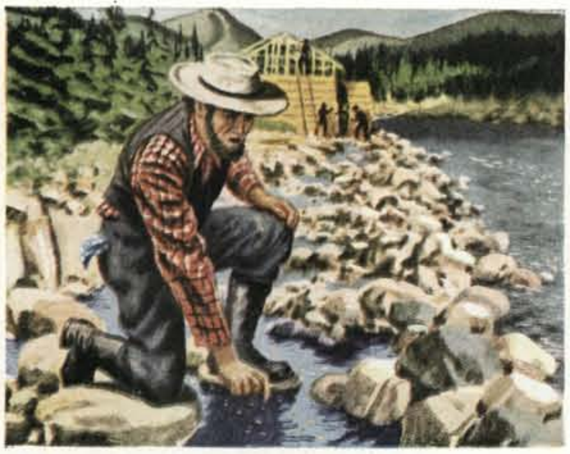
THE RIGHT TO KILL?

A Famous Doctor Speaks Up

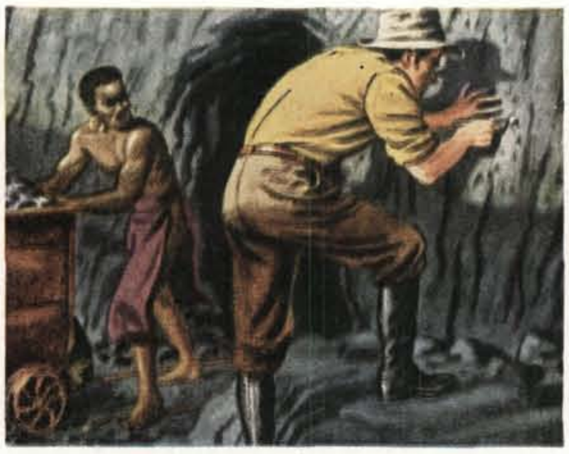
If you want to CATCH TROUT

apr.22-1950

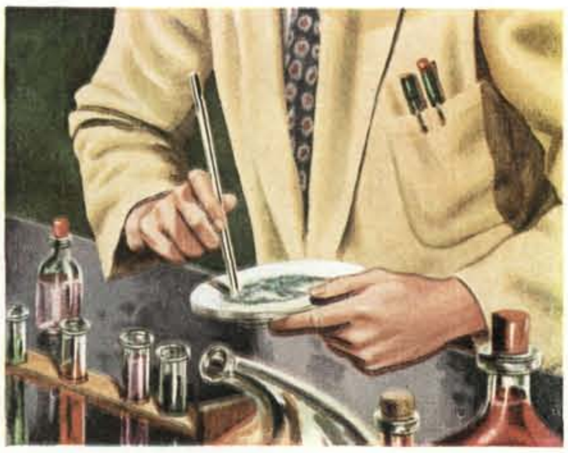
Look sharp! You may strike it rich!



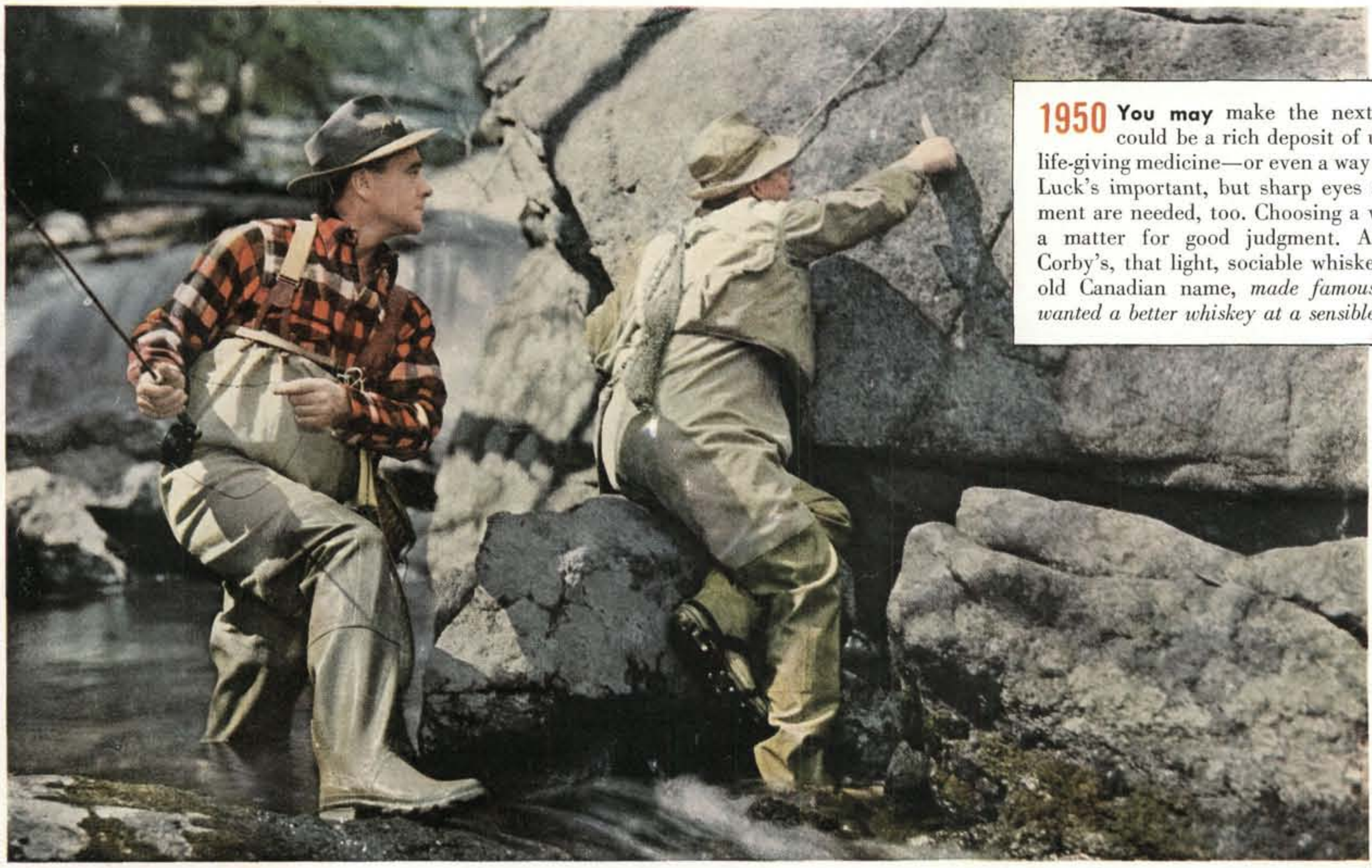
1848 **Keen-eyed** James Marshall arose one January dawn to inspect a sawmill he was building. Walking by the river's bank, he spied a fleck of yellow in the mud. Gold! This lucky find, 11 years before the name Corby's came to Canada, started California's famous gold rush.



1905 **The African** sunset caught a sudden gleam in the clay entrance wall of the mine. Miner Fred Wells, passing by, saw the gleam and stopped. That's how he found the world's largest diamond—the 3,106-carat Cullinan—in the 47th year of fame for the name Corby's in Canada.



1928 **Blue mold** ruined the plate on which a famous British scientist was studying germ cultures. He took a second look before throwing it away. Mold had killed the germs! This second look, 69 years after the name Corby's came to Canada, led to the miracle drug, penicillin.



1950 **You may** make the next great find. It could be a rich deposit of uranium, a new life-giving medicine—or even a way to world peace. Luck's important, but sharp eyes and keen judgment are needed, too. Choosing a whiskey, too, is a matter for good judgment. Always call for Corby's, that light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name, *made famous by folks who wanted a better whiskey at a sensible price!*

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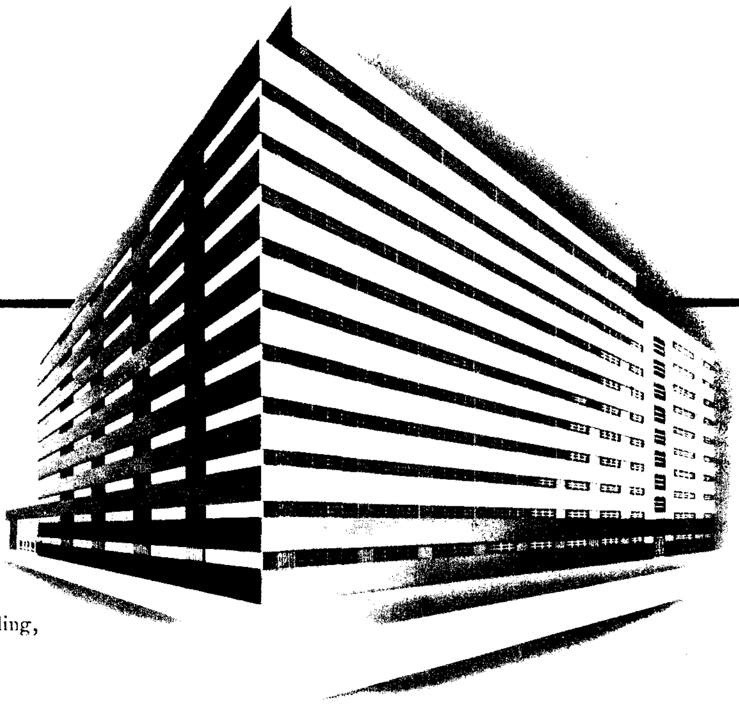

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FOR RAILROAD TRAVEL AT ITS BEST
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April 22, 1950

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The Cover

Photographer Earl M. Scott found the setting and subject for this week's cover in the Angeles National Forest, just 45 miles from Los Angeles. The stream plunges down from the wilds of Devil's Canyon to San Gabriel dam, a domestic reservoir. The sportsman is Carl Lindberg, an ex-G.I. who is doing university work in Portland, Ore.

Week's Mail

Clearheaded, Farsighted

EDITOR: I have just finished my third reading of Crisis Government Can Ruin Us (March 4th). What a pity that the economic insight and clearheadedness of James F. Byrnes is not in use in Washington today. The voters of S. C. will doubtless deem it a privilege to elect him their next governor.
JAMES H. KNOX, Evansville, Ind.

. . . After reading Crisis Government Can Ruin Us, even though I am a Republican and always have been, I wish to say that I think that it is the most outstanding article that I have read for some time and it is too bad that every voter in these United States can't be compelled to read it. Furthermore, I think probably every senator and congressman can learn something from it.
RAYMOND E. YOUNG, Oregon City, Ore.

. . . Thank you and Mr. Byrnes for his article in the March 4th issue. Thank God for a farsighted, unselfish statesman with the intestinal fortitude to try to do something. I can only wish there were many more like him.
MRS. CLYDE DRAKE, Wellington, Texas

. . . Mr. Byrnes's article and the editorial, Yes, but Whose Welfare? (March 4th), are a double knockout! Give us more.
BEN H. THAYER, Seligman, Mo.

. . . It was very refreshing to read the recent articles by Senator Douglas and Mr. Byrnes and to know that we still have men in high places with common sense and the courage to speak their convictions.

It is the responsibility of Mr. and Mrs. Voter to see that we have more.
H. R. BROSOWSKE, Aberdeen, S. D.

Emcee Allergy

EDITOR: This is meant for Paul Horgan who wrote, beautifully and nastily, National Honeymoon (March 4th). However, you editors deserve much credit for publishing and giving first place in the issue to this slap at the hearty boys who emcee giveaway programs.

Mr. Horgan did an adroit bit of writing. I only wish he could have got past you editors and had the bridegroom punch the master of ceremonies on the nose. Mr. Horgan, I hope, had a lot of housewives turning off their radios and washing out their ears and giving the old man a pat on the back at night when he came home from a hard day's work.
EVELENE FLANAGAN, San Fernando, Cal.

Snake Fanciers' Protest

EDITOR: Ralf Kircher in his tirade against snakes (Snakes Are Sneaks, March 4th) says he feels "like lying this evening," then goes on to state as the solemn truth that he is scared of snakes and loathes them all. Now what are we readers to make of this except that it is some sort of snaky approach?

Snakes "sneaking around looking for somebody to bite"? Unlike Ralf, I don't admit to lying when I say that in 50 years of hiking over various formations of terrain

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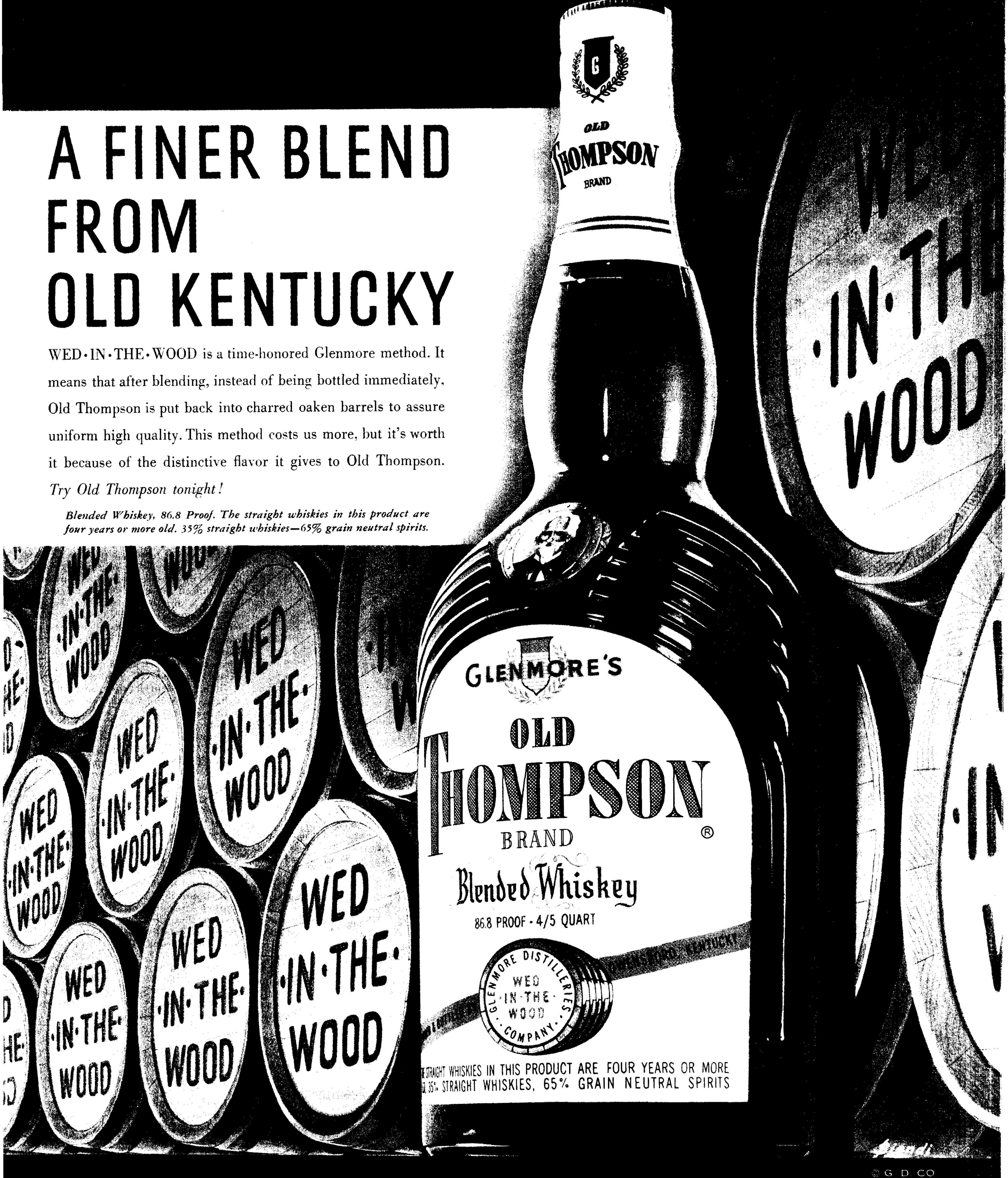

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ORDINARY TV—Limited range
G-E TV—Widest range

DISCOVER FOR YOURSELF TV's Finest Picture

See these new General Electric Black-Daylight Television receivers side by side with any other TV! Note the freedom from annoying glare and reflection. These new models offer blacker blacks, whiter whites, sharper contrast, amazing detail—result of 140% greater range of picture tones than ordinary TV, by actual test. Enjoy TV's finest picture, greatest eye comfort.

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Exquisite new table model! Beautiful cabinet veneered in *genuine* mahogany. Attractive *inlaid* trim. 12½" tube. Built-in antenna. Dynapower speaker. Automatic Sound. Model 12T3.

Model 12T3

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

through many species of brush in every variety of climate I have yet to see my first live rattlesnake outside a cage.

An old Indian explained the phenomenon this way: "Rattlers just can't stand some people." Said he had never seen one, either, but admitted he had heard lots of them hustling for a hide-out.

TOM HUGHES, Banning, Cal.

. . . Snakes Are Sneaks is the most unkind story yet told of these fascinating creatures.

Since more people are becoming informed as to the economic value of snakes, especially when the agriculturists are finding it pays to work *with* Nature, these interesting reptiles are proving their worth.

ERNEST A. TAYLOR, Little Falls, N. Y.

. . . What's this about snakes? And by a guy like that Kircher? Why, he admits that he knows nothing about "one of the least" of Nature's creatures and here you pay him some of our money to write what he does not know. Maybe I should take the money I pay for Collier's and add it to my income tax.

Now I object to this unfeeling, unwarranted and highly uninformed attack upon one of our useful animals.

Shades of Ditmars. Every snake man in the country will be on your neck or at least on that Kircher's neck. He sticks it out a lot.

R. J. WHEELER, Allentown, Pa.

. . . I have been going around for the past four or five years trying to convince people that most snakes are harmless, beneficial creatures, and most of the time I succeed in my efforts. For the last four semesters I have been giving lectures to the personal relationships classes at Central High School on why and how to overcome your fear of snakes.

For about a half hour I explain the facts about snakes, debunk some of the snake superstitions, and demonstrate how to handle snakes. I then walk around through the class with a large indigo snake or bull snake, encouraging the students to touch the animal, observing that its skin is not slimy, and showing them that it will not bite.

In five minutes more I have boys and girls who have never even touched a snake before playing with snakes like veteran "snake charmers." The girls overcome their fears as readily as the boys.

Enclosed is a picture of my girl friend, Jo Hyatt, holding a diamondback rattlesnake.

HAROLD LAUGHLIN, Tulsa, Okla.

G. I. Semanticist

EDITOR: I refer to Collier's—March 4th issue, page 21. Heaven knows Lowell Thomas' use of the vocabulary is usually beyond reproach. However, I want it on record that I once corrected the one and only great Lowell Thomas.

The definitions listed in my dictionary tend to show that Mr. Thomas should have used the word "polygyny" rather than the word "polygamy." I quote:

"Polyandry—having more than one husband."

"Polygyny—having more than one wife."

"Polygamy—marriage to more than one person at the same time."

WILLIAM E. FEENEY, M/SGT.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Our dictionary defines polygamy as ". . . polygyny or polyandry, but usually, the former." Mr. Thomas is not incorrect, but Sergeant Feeney is more precise.

Donnelly & Velikovsky

EDITOR: Your issue of February 25th contains most interesting excerpts from Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky's new book Worlds in Collision (The Heavens Burst). In reading this article I was vividly reminded of a book published in 1885 by D. Appleton & Company entitled Ragnarok: The Age of Fire and Gravel. It was written by Ignatius Donnelly, author of Atlantis and Caesar's Column.

Ragnarok sets forth, with voluminous footnotes giving sources, Mr. Donnelly's belief that a great comet did strike the earth and that every detail of the mighty catastrophe has been preserved in the legends of mankind.

Quotations are given from the folklore of all peoples, including the ancients; Biblical references, especially from Genesis and Job, are outstanding.

I am wondering whether Dr. Velikovsky has read Ragnarok.

GENEVIEVE T. SEBELON, Lake Worth, Fla.

In Ragnarok, Donnelly covered much of the ground examined by Dr. Velikovsky in his book Worlds in Collision. Reading the folklore of primitive peoples all over the earth, he found many striking events almost universally described—possible changing of the earth's axis and thus its seasons, wiping out of many animal species and much plant life, great heat and consequent evaporations of the seas, rivers and lakes, followed by condensation, dense clouds, rain, then snow and the formation of great ice sheets over much of the Northern Hemisphere.

In all ancient legends and religious writings he found similar tales of floods, long periods of darkness, tornadoes, earthquakes, etc. Many of his sources are those used by Dr. Velikovsky, of course. And he also tells of the old legend of Typhon, of Phaëthon, of a brilliant and fiery comet that was worshiped as a bull or calf, with horns, or described as a serpent with a long writhing tail.

Donnelly does not take up the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites or the sun standing still at the command of Joshua, two prominent points in Dr. Velikovsky's book. He uses the Old Testament, however, but chiefly the Books of Job and Genesis.

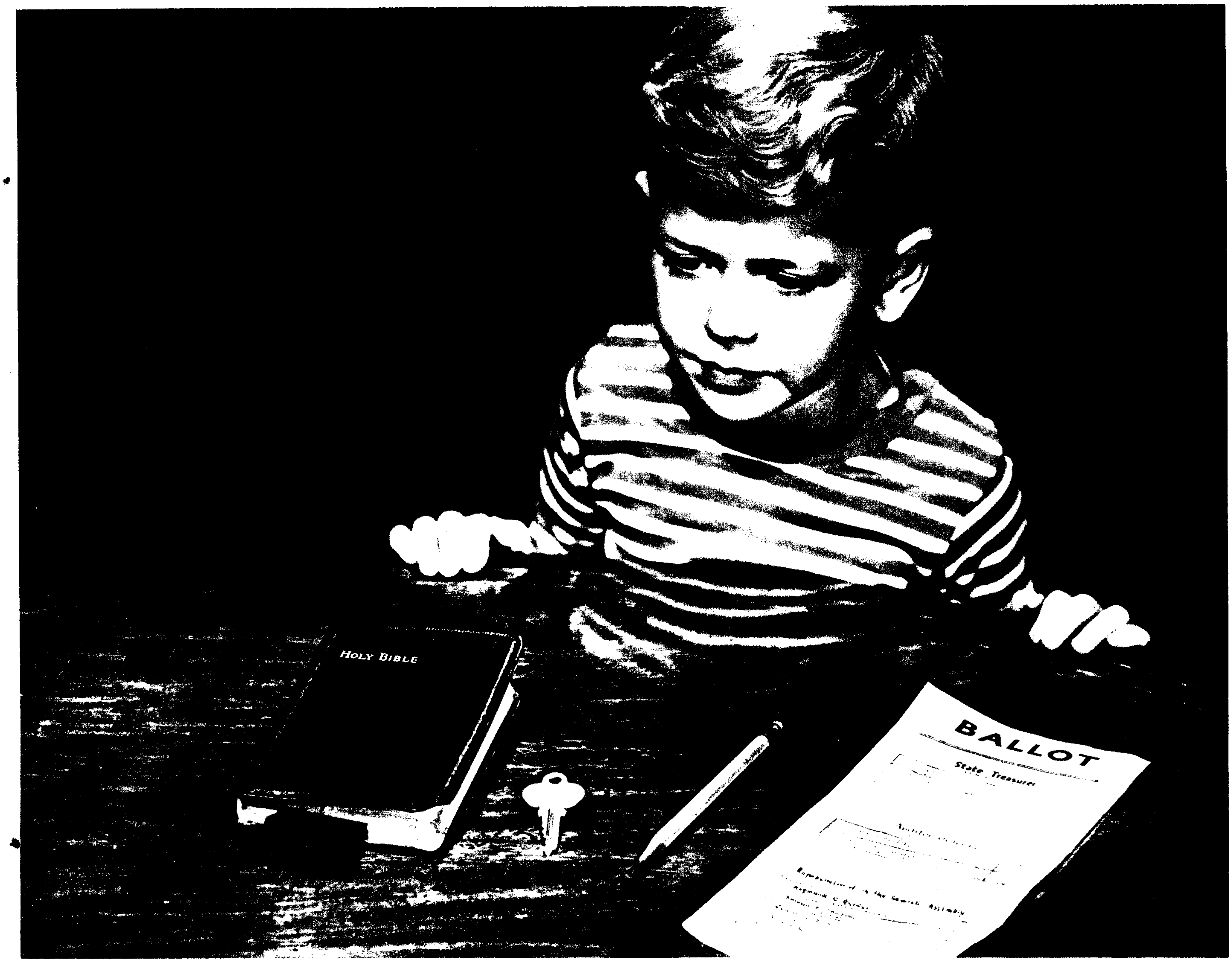
It should be pointed out that in every century someone has put forth the suggestion that the earth suffered a tremendous catastrophe sometime at the dawn of recorded history.

. . . Since you have seen fit to state, at the start and at the end of The Heavens Burst, that this has challenged the Darwinian theory, and if correct the theory is faulty, I certainly wish you would also point out just what part of your article does this disproving.

I can find no evidence to justify this statement.

LEEDS H. ILLMAN, Bridgeport, Conn.

Collier's mentioned this point in its editorial comments about Dr. Velikovsky's book and his theories as a whole. The article gave only one dramatic aspect of his theory, and did not deal with the Darwin or Newton theories. His book Worlds in Collision takes up these matters in detail.



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(First Amendment, U. S. Constitution)

And a free ballot — your right to choose the kind of government you want — your protection against government tyranny.
(Article I, U. S. Constitution)

These symbols have no meaning in countries where government controls everything—for there the individual man or woman has *no* freedoms.

But there are people who are trying to give the U.S. government more and more control over American life. "Let the government start," they say, "by taking over certain industries and services — the doctors, the railroads, the electric light and power companies."

Most of these people — like most Americans — *don't* want a socialistic U. S. A. They have other reasons for government control. But when government, moving step by step, controls *enough* things, you have a socialist government, whether you want it or not. *You'll* be controlled, too. Then what freedoms will you be able to pass on to your children?

★ ★ ★

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NO WONDER it's a best seller! A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day check Dry Scalp by supplementing natural scalp oils. Makes a grand difference in the looks of your hair. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic gives double care to scalp and hair! Try it. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. And you'll find it's economical, too.

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Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

Actor Canada Lee played in white face opposite Elisabeth Bergner

Canada Lee is believed to be the only professional Negro actor who ever portrayed a white character on the professional stage of the United States. He played the role of Daniel de Bosola in the Elizabethan tragedy, The Duchess of Malfi, during its revival in Boston and New York in the fall of 1946.

* * *

Perhaps no publicity stunt in U.S. history was as ill-advised as the head-on collision of two freight trains staged by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad near Waco, Texas, on September 15, 1896. More than 50,000 spectators were on hand for the "disaster" which was guaranteed not to endanger those who witnessed it. But when the locomotives crashed, their boilers exploded and sent thousands of pieces of hot metal flying in every direction. Besides killing two men outright, the fragments struck and injured a score of others, including a woman knocked unconscious while driving her horse and buggy a half mile away. As planned, the event would have paid for itself, the spectators' fares having been sufficient to cover the value of the old rolling stock destroyed. Instead, the stunt resulted in a tragedy which required the prompt payment of many claims, one being that of an employee who was awarded $10,000 for the loss of an eye.

* * *

An old belief still held by primitive people is that a man's soul leaves his body through his mouth when he falls asleep and that he will die if it has not returned by the time he awakens. Therefore, some tribes consider it a crime, comparable to murder, to disguise or cover the face of a sleeper. Such a trick confuses and delays a returning soul which, if late, has no time to go searching for its body.

* * *

Within the decade following the Civil War, the Bowery in New York changed from a decent thoroughfare that contained the city's theaters to a disreputable street lined with cheap saloons, pawnshops, shooting galleries and flophouses. As its frequenters became mostly drunkards and derelicts, owners of dives stopped serving liquor in glasses. To get a shot of whisky, thereafter, the customer placed a nickel on the bar, picked up a tube connected to a barrel and was allowed to drink all he could without taking a breath.

* * *

In the Irish republic, there are thousands of homeless babies in orphanages and thousands of childless families that would like to adopt one. However, they rarely do anything about it because Eire does not have an adoption law for the protection of the adoptee and the adopters. Under present legislation, such a couple can take an infant and rear and educate it with great affection. But the child cannot belong to them legally, and it may be reclaimed and taken away at any time by its natural mother.

* * *

In Paris on the night of March 11, 1944, firemen were called to investigate the cause of the dense and foul smoke that poured from the chimney of Dr. Marcel Petiot's nursing home, which appeared deserted. Breaking in, they discovered the bodies of three women burning in the furnace as well as dozens of skulls and bones scattered about the cellar. When caught, Petiot admitted having murdered 63 individuals, but claimed they were Nazis or traitors. At his trial, which ended in his conviction and death sentence, it was proved that his victims had been Jews whom he had promised to smuggle out of France for a large fee. Upon their arrival at his "home," he would kill and cremate them and steal their money. The most damaging testimony was the identification by relatives of the victims' luggage, 139 pieces of which were found in Petiot's attic. Paris is still wondering why neither the man's activities nor the sickening fumes from his furnace did not, during the two years, arouse the suspicions of the police or the neighbors.

Admiral

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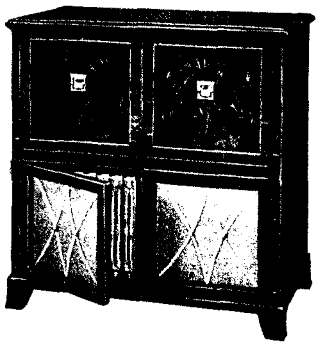

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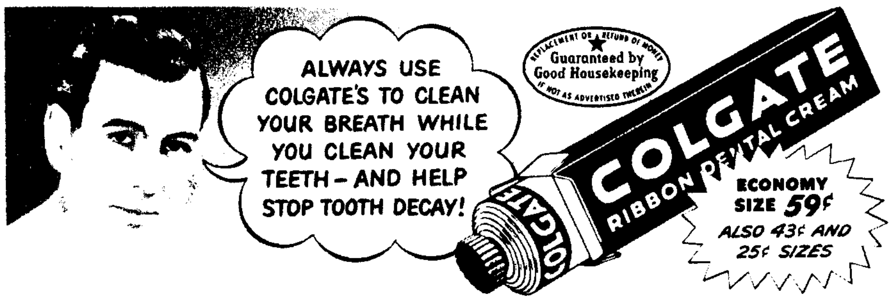
No Other Dentifrice Offers Proof of Such Results! Proof That Using

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

2 Years' Research at FIVE LEADING UNIVERSITIES Proves That Using Colgate's Right After Eating Helps Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!

THE MOST CONCLUSIVE PROOF IN ALL DENTIFRICE HISTORY ON TOOTH DECAY! Proof based on more than 2 years' scientific research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories! Modern research shows that tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps remove these acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate's active penetrating foam reaches crevices between your teeth where food particles often lodge.

YES, THE SAME TOOTHPASTE YOU USE TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH, has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in Colgate's famous flavor, foam, or cleansing action! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, *proved* way to help stop tooth decay!


ALWAYS USE COLGATE'S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH – AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!
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The Babe Pitching— The Babe Hitting

By JAMES M. KAHN

THE great Babe Ruth, who dominated the diamond from the day he first stepped on it until the day he died, took charge of a lot of baseball's opening days, first as a pitcher and then as a hitter.

The first game the Babe ever played in professional baseball was as pitcher for the Baltimore Orioles of the International League in 1914. He did so against Buffalo and despite the aggressive competition of the outlaw Federal League, which was beginning its season in Baltimore that same day across the street from the Oriole grounds.

Hawkers at the Federal League park pulled in 2,000 fans, while only 200 went to the Oriole game, but Ruth went right ahead and pitched and won, shutting out the Bisons, 6 to 0. He also shut out Joe McCarthy, who was to be his manager in later years as a Yankee, and who that day played second base for Buffalo. Marse Joe couldn't get a hit, while Ruth hit the clock in center field for two bases and got another blow besides.

As a big-leaguer the Babe pitched two opening games and won them both. In the first, at Fenway Park in Boston in 1916, he beat the Athletics, 2 to 1, though George Foster had to finish up for him after one was out in the ninth inning. The next year he did it alone, beating the Yankees at the Polo Grounds, 10 to 3, with three hits.

When the Babe made the transition from left-handed pitcher to outfielder, he wasted no time in slamming a homer in the opening game of the 1919 season —the first of 29 that year for a new record—while his Red Sox teammate, Carl Mays, shut out the Yankees, 10 to 0. Two years later, as a Yankee, he kept an opening-day crowd at the Polo Grounds in a constant uproar with a bombardment of two doubles and three singles in five trips to the plate. They couldn't get the Bambino out!

The Babe was always equal to the occasion, and one of the biggest occasions in baseball was the opening of the Yankee Stadium on April 18, 1923. The new park, baseball's grandest, was packed with celebrities for this brilliant opening day, including Governor Alfred E. Smith and Mayor John F. Hylan. More than 60,000 fans poured into the shiny new park.

With Bob Shawkey pitching for the Yankees against Howard Ehmke of the Red Sox, Ruth proceeded to take charge in the third inning, when the Yankees began to tee off on Ehmke. Shawkey already had scored, and Whitey Witt was on third and Jumping Joe Dugan on first when the Bambino pigeon-toed up to the plate and slammed a slow curve into the right-field stand for a homer. The Yanks won, 4 to 1. Thus did Babe christen "The House That Ruth Built."

The Babe hit other homers on other opening days, invariably adding a touch of gala when the situation called for it, but one of the most memorable was the four-bagger he clouted off Charley Ruffing in the 1929 opener as the Yankees defeated the Red Sox, 7 to 3.

Ruth had been married to Mrs. Claire Hodgson that morning at the Church of St. Gregory the Great, in Manhattan. Like everything else the Babe did, it was different. The wedding took place at 5:30 A.M. in order to avoid the crowds that gathered wherever the Babe went. With these precautions taken to assure some measure of privacy, there was only a modest mob of about 1,000 persons present, inside the church and on the sidewalk, and 20 photographers.

That afternoon the new Mrs. Ruth sat in a flag-draped box near the Yankee dugout, beaming out at her bridegroom. In the fourth inning Ruth clouted his homer. Jogging around the bases, he came into a direct line with Mrs. Ruth as he reached a point between second base and third. Whereupon the Babe doffed his cap to the bride, made a low bow, and continued on home.

On April 16, 1935, the old Bambino, now past forty, fat, slowed down to a walk and embittered over his release by the Yankees, made his last opening-day appearance as vice-president, assistant manager and right fielder of the Boston Braves. A little more than a month later he was to quit baseball as a player for good, but on that opening day, as the Braves beat the Giants and Carl Hubbell, 4 to 2, Ruth accounted for every one of the Boston runs.

Nobody ever matched Ruth as an opening-day thrill maker. THE END *against deadly engine* [illegible]

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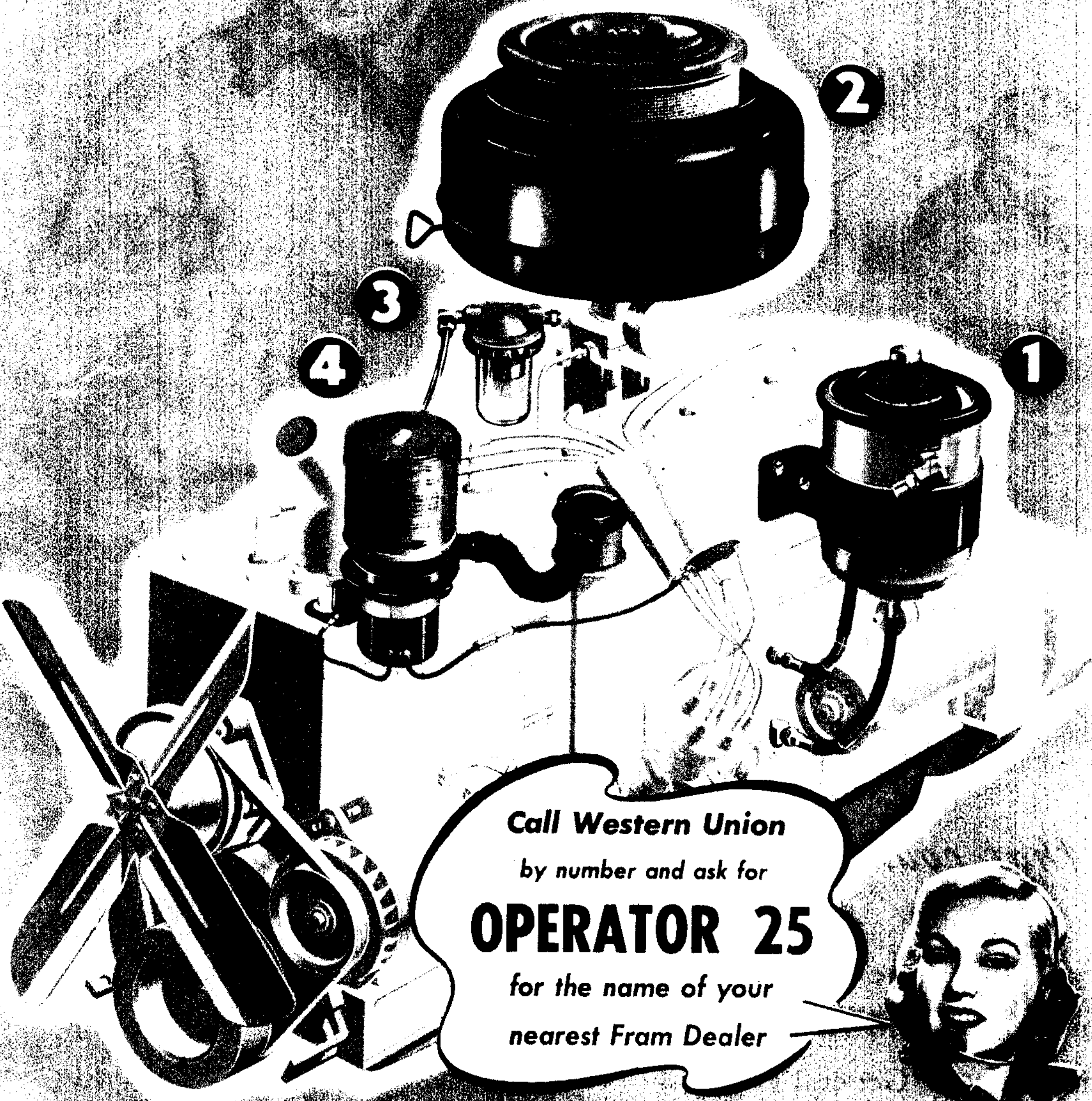

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The Right to Kill?

Has one human being the right to take the life of another whose suffering seems incurable and whose death promises release? This question, stirred up anew by the recent acquittal of a New Hampshire doctor charged with the mercy killing of a cancer patient, is as old as human pain itself. No pat answers to the question exist, and probably none ever will. The public, including the families and friends of victims of euthanasia, is widely split. So are medical men.

Because of the unprecedented sharpness of the current debate, Collier's herewith takes the unusual step of reprinting, exactly as it first appeared in these pages 11 years ago, an article, Euthanasia: To Be or Not To Be, by the eminent Dr. Foster Kennedy, world-renowned professor of neurology at Cornell University Medical College in New York and consulting neurologist at many hospitals. Dr. Kennedy's views are not those of Cornell or the hospitals with which he is connected, but his own. They remain the same today, he says, as they were in 1939. —THE EDITOR

Euthanasia: To Be or Not To Be

By FOSTER KENNEDY, M.D., F.R.S. (EDINBURGH)

FOR many years it was my opinion that to legalize the shortening of life, from motives no matter how honorable or beneficent, was so dangerous that the faces of men of my profession should be set against it. I did not see how safeguards could be flung around this merciful proceeding to forbid its falling into the hands perhaps of fools, perhaps of wicked men. Many wise and kindly doctors, on their own responsibility, will always assuage those occasional cases where death is difficult. However, I came gradually to see that this voluntary exercise of power in mercy, by physicians, did not begin to touch the heart of the problem. And the heart of the problem is one that is seldom heard of, because it is little known.

The shortening of a life that is truly running out is not the most important consideration in this matter. What is truly important is permitting a life that is young, which is geared perhaps for six or seven decades of existence, to continue when that life is at once defective, without value and tortured.

Few laymen know the real tragedies housed in those institutions where we now segregate those unfit from birth: nature's mistakes—many incurably and constantly convulsed; many blind, with heads grotesquely misshaped by immense enlargement or absurd reduction; many whose limbs writhe in uncontrollable contortions, incapable of intelligible speech or continuity of thought. All of these are unfit to be allowed to reproduce their kind; all such are incapable of the joy of work or the joy of play, nor can they even reach the calm placidity of the vegetable world. They have been hurried away from our sight, and properly so; but because we do not see them they are not extinguished in their existences, nor in their continuity of grief, and it is for them especially that I here would say a word.

We doctors do not always know when a disease in a previously healthy person has become entirely incurable. But there are thousands and tens of thousands of the congenitally unfit, about whom no diagnostic error would be possible. I do not speak, except for a mere word, of the burden of the unfit placed upon the shoulders of those who are well. However, the stress of living for the honest and the hard-working and the intelligent has become, in our civilization, more and more difficult and, if good would come otherwise, it would be well for this stress to be, in a measure, lightened.

Further, in regarding the outcome of any progressive and apparently incurable disease, it is easier to make a mistake by overpessimism than to be mistaken in an optimistic outlook. Therefore, the granting of death to persons previously healthy and in whom disease has begun to burrow represents far and away the most difficult part of this problem, though such sufferers no doubt loom largest with the layman who thinks about this problem. And, too, knowledge marches swiftly, and an acquired disability that today seems incurable may tomorrow by new discovery be cured.

Legal safeguards, weighty conference and great wisdom would be needed when considering the congenitally deformed, but there the problem is usually simple, the facts well known, and the hopeless ultimate issue, prolonged for life, known without the peradventure of a doubt.

Any layman who has seen a beloved person go slowly down with pain into the shadows is apt to feel that the kindness that one would give one's stricken horse should surely not be withheld from ourselves. And distinguished men and women, on both sides of the Atlantic, have advocated, eloquently and with vigor, the passage of laws allowing release to be given a sufferer who cries out that his bitter cup should be taken from him. It is rare, however, to find men whose lifework it is to take care of the sick in the company of those who advocate the legalization of such procedures.

One needs experience, almost of a lifetime, in medicine to see the errors that might emerge from such procedure and the positively evil effects that would secondarily emerge also.

* * *

To illustrate my meaning, may I speak now of one or two battles I have known:

A woman of thirty-five, the wife of a university professor, a fine sculptor, a good horsewoman, a tennis player, with three young children, some ten years ago felt ill, had some fever, and within three days became stone-blind in the right eye and in another two days stone-blind also in the left. It was suspected that inflammation of the frontal sinuses might be responsible for this disaster.

These were operated upon and nothing was found wrong with them. She was sent from her home by night train to New York, and it was found that her lethargy of body, which had been thought due to exhaustion after the sinus operation, was in truth due to her being totally paralyzed from the nipples down.

The nature of the changes in skin sensation, combined with the inflammation of the optic nerves, made one believe that we were in the presence of an unusual condition implicating the central nervous system, the result of virus infection. Experience with such conditions made one feel that the future might, however, be better than the present catastrophic facts would seem to make probable. Treatment toward altering osmotic conditions was instituted on the theory that each of the isolated injuries of the nervous system represented isolated collections of fluid in the brain and spinal tissues. However, the level of the spinal-cord ailment ascended, with the result that the two arms in a fortnight also became completely paralyzed. At about the same time she became completely deaf. Two weeks later there were found slight signs of returning power in the toes. But while recovery was thus appearing in the spinal cord, a new trouble appeared in the brain stem by which both sides of the face became paralyzed, and also the tongue and throat.

Feeding, of course, had to be maintained by nasal tube. Speech, of course, was by then impossible. The eyes remained blind and to their paralysis of sight there was added, as a new catastrophe, total paralysis of the eyeballs in the head.

Weeks passed. The legs became slowly capable of poorly controlled and very feeble movement. The arms also could move weakly. Hearing began to return, though sight did not. In the third month of her illness, partial and localized recovery had taken place, in the arms and legs and tongue, so that a blurred and staccato speech had been resumed. Then came a new disaster in the left side of the brain, imposed on the (Continued on page 48)

THE LANTERN

Every night, the wan light of the lantern glimmered on the dark hillside. The old woman who carried it also carried a terrible secret in her heart

CAN remember when I was going to high school I asked the history teacher why it was that schools used a picture of a torch so much. You know, in school seals and mottoes, and on the backs of schoolbooks.

"Why, Jack," said the teacher, "I thought you'd remember that from your history courses. The torch has always been a symbol of light in the darkness, of spreading knowledge and goodness, of love for your fellow man.

"Since Grecian times when people accompanied their friends as torchbearers on the dark, sometimes dangerous streets of their cities, the torch has symbolized education, protection and love. Mighty good thing to take for a symbol, the torch is."

I guess I kind of forgot that pretty soon afterward, but a story that Doc Marshall told me not long ago has sort of brought it back. But the torch his story was about wasn't the slim, fluted instrument of bronze that you see in the school pictures and seals. This torch was just an ordinary, rusty, old farm coal-oil lantern. But when I think of the torchbearers keeping back the darkness, I somehow remember that old lantern instead of the Greek kind of torch.

It started for me one afternoon last August when I was working in my dad's hardware store, and Doctor Waite Marshall came in to get a dozen snelled hooks. He's a kind of heavy-set man, getting a little grizzled in the whiskers now when he goes without shaving too long; a mighty good doctor and a mighty good man, according to what my dad says. Guess Dad's right too; at least I've never met a man in town, or the country either, that doesn't brighten up when you mention the old doc.

Well, the doc came in, and asked for a dozen eagle claws on six-inch snells. While I was getting them, he asked me how I liked State College and the law. I told him I liked them both pretty well, but not as much as I liked fishing.

Doc Marshall grinned. "I see you're a typical Burroughs, young man. I was goin' to ask you anyhow. I'm goin' out this evenin' to set a couple of night lines over on Blue Creek, and bring in some fish in the morning. Like to come along?"

I said I would, and he said he'd pick me up at five thirty and don't forget some food, and went out. I felt pretty good, because Doctor Marshall's a fine man to be with, and he doesn't ask just anybody to go out to his fishing country with him.

So along about six thirty that afternoon, we were driving along the rough, white-dusted road that leads to Snagbritches Hill. The sun was already down; dusk was coming into the fields out of the woods and thickets where it always lights first, and I heard a lonesome whippoorwill.

"Yessir. There she is," said the doctor, right sudden, like a man thinking out loud. "Thought I ought to be seeing her about now."

"Seeing who?" I asked.

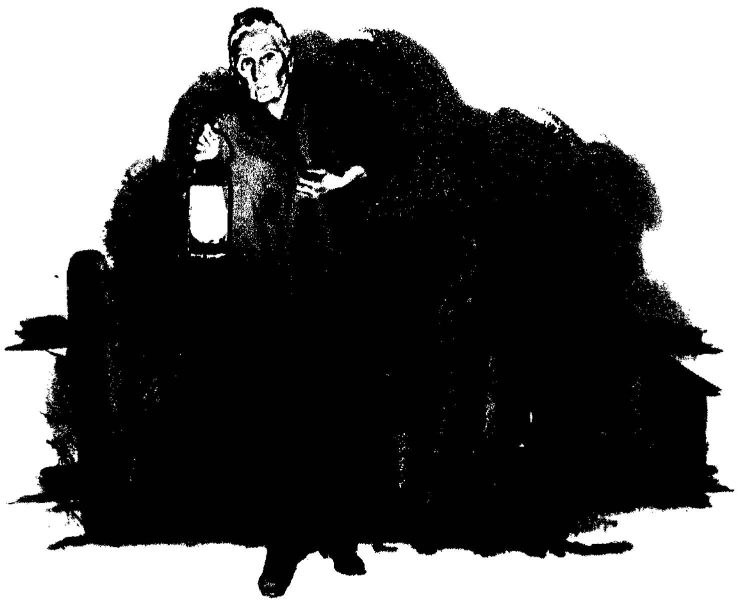
"The woman in the road up there."

"Oh, I see her now. Carrying a lighted lantern too. Kind of early for that, isn't it?"

We were even with the woman now, so the doc didn't answer. Instead he put on the brake and stopped the car right by her.

"Howdy, Miz Powell," said the doctor, and it seemed to me there was more respect in his tone than he usually used, even when he talked to a deacon or a state senator or somebody. I howdyed too.

Linda choked back a scream. She heard a sound like the creaking of a board in the wind. It came from the barn. Again and again



Little old Sarah Powell lights her lantern and makes her patient way through the dusk

"Evenin', Doctor Marshall," answered the woman in kind of a rusty voice, but clear. She lifted up her lantern so the light shone in my direction and said. "Evenin', young man. Why, you're one o' the Burroughses, ain't you?"

I told her I was John Burroughs' son, and she asked me how my father was, and the doc asked her how she was, and she said she was middling good, not so peart as she used to be. "I know just what you mean, Miz Powell," said the doctor. "Guess we'll be going along." And we went.

I looked back around at her after we'd started, and in the thin white dust you could hardly see her gray hunched figure, but the lantern showed in a point of yellow light.

"That's a funny old woman," I said, not thinking much about it.

"Not funny, son," answered the doctor, quietly. "Heroic." And he wouldn't say another word, but started talking about how the fish were biting on Blue Creek.

Later on that night, after we'd set out a dozen bank lines and had some late supper and were lying on the bunks in the doctor's fishing cabin on the creek bank, smoking and drinking black coffee out of a blacker pot, he went back to his subject of his own accord, and started telling me about Mrs. Powell. This is the story he told me that night, with the katydids squeaking outside in the trees, and the bullfrogs chunking in the creek, and the sound of a splash coming in now and then where some fish were feeding in the moonlight . . .

The Powells were just a pretty ordinary couple of Tennessee countryfolks. They had the usual luck with their children: some of them died, one was killed in the war, others married and moved away. Their youngest daughter, Linda, was the prettiest of the lot. Now don't go thinking of those fool hillbilly cartoons. She was no pipe-smoking, bonneted hag. Not stylish, of course, and maybe not polished, but pretty in any sense of the word. She might be wearing a faded print dress and tattered sneakers without stockings, but she had soft golden hair; her cheeks had that soft peach-fuzz brown glow to them and she had clear blue eyes and a slim curved body and she moved like a young doe.

Folks said she was just a little wild maybe, but no one thought much about it. She was a good enough girl, and it's natural for young people to sit and kiss each other in parked cars now and then. Anyway, old Fred Powell was known to be a stiff-backed man, with pretty strict ideas, and a regular churchgoer, so folks figured he'd take care of things all right. So when Linda was married to Price Applemeyer everyone thought it was a good match, and would work out well. Of course, he was twelve or fifteen years older than she was, and was pretty stolid and slowgoing, but he was a good man and a kind one. And he had a well-kept farm too, with a four-roomed house and a good barn.

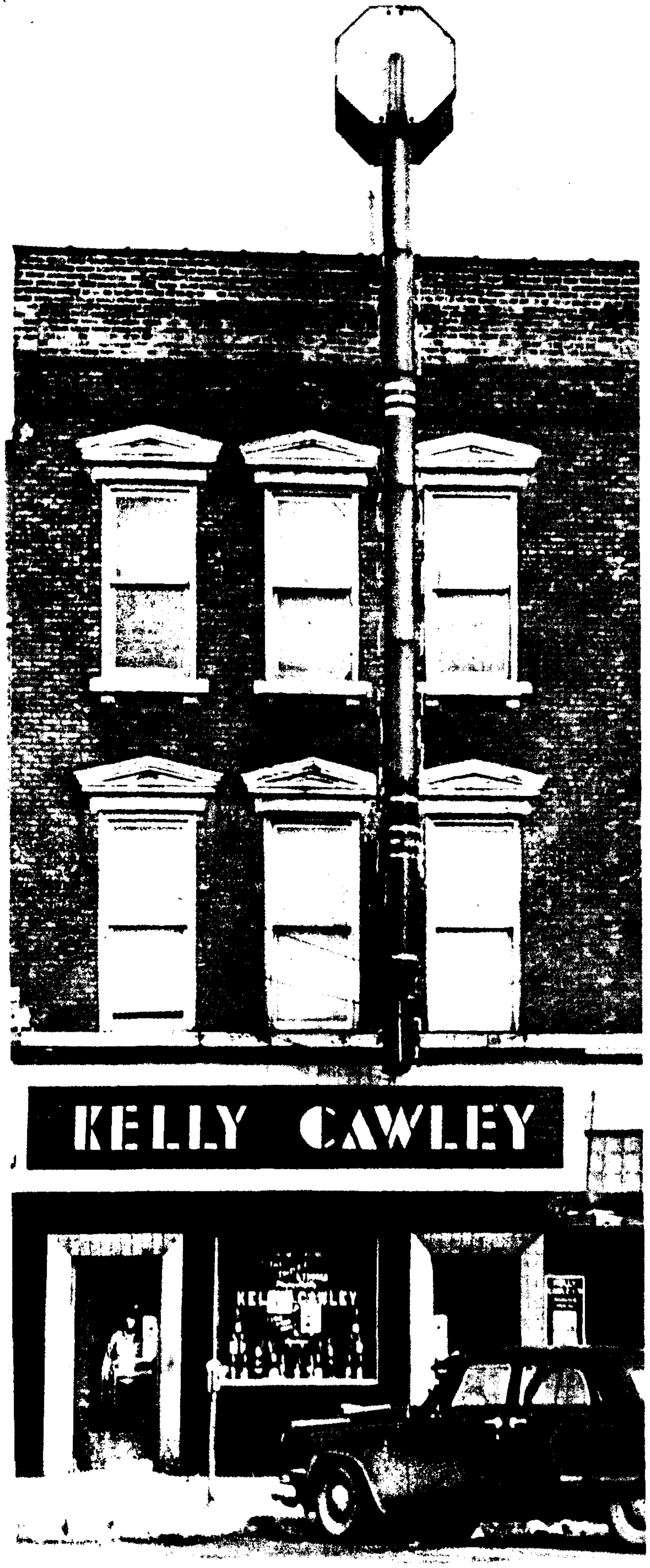
Things went on pretty well for a long time. Price really loved his pretty new wife and tried to make her happy. But thirty-five years isn't like nineteen, and he worked hard, fourteen-hour days, on his fields. He was doing it for her, of course, but by the time the chores were finally done, with a full day's plowing or hoeing or harvesting behind him, he was ready to go to bed when the dishes were washed and the chickens locked up. And he would be a tired man with not much romance left in him. Some people need more romance and love and tenderness than others. Linda Applemeyer needed a lot. Price got his romance from the growing fields. She couldn't.

Then one day Check Applemeyer arrived for a visit. It was supposed to be for only a few days, but somehow it stretched on for quite a while. Check was a lot different from his brother, Price. He was slim where Price was stocky, and his hair was black where Price's was brown. Check wore long sideburns and a little mustache and the blue stubble shadowed his chin if he didn't shave twice a day. He worked hard alongside Price in the fields, but he changed to town clothes before he came to the supper table, and he shaved twice a day once he got a good look at Linda.

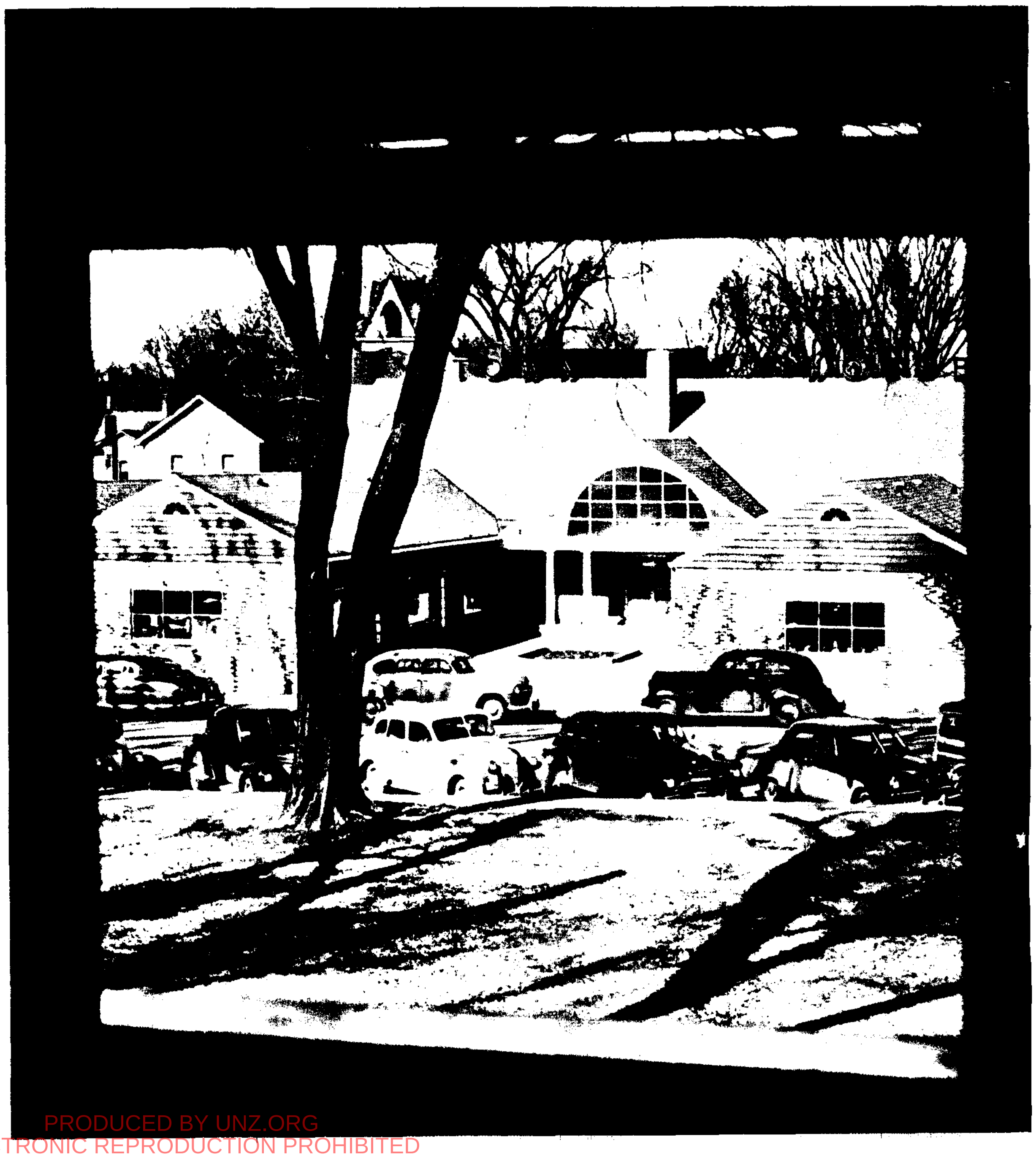
Now as it often happens, the first thing you know the neighbors got to talking. Talking about how Check Applemeyer stayed on with Price and Linda. How Check and Linda *(Continued on page 36)*

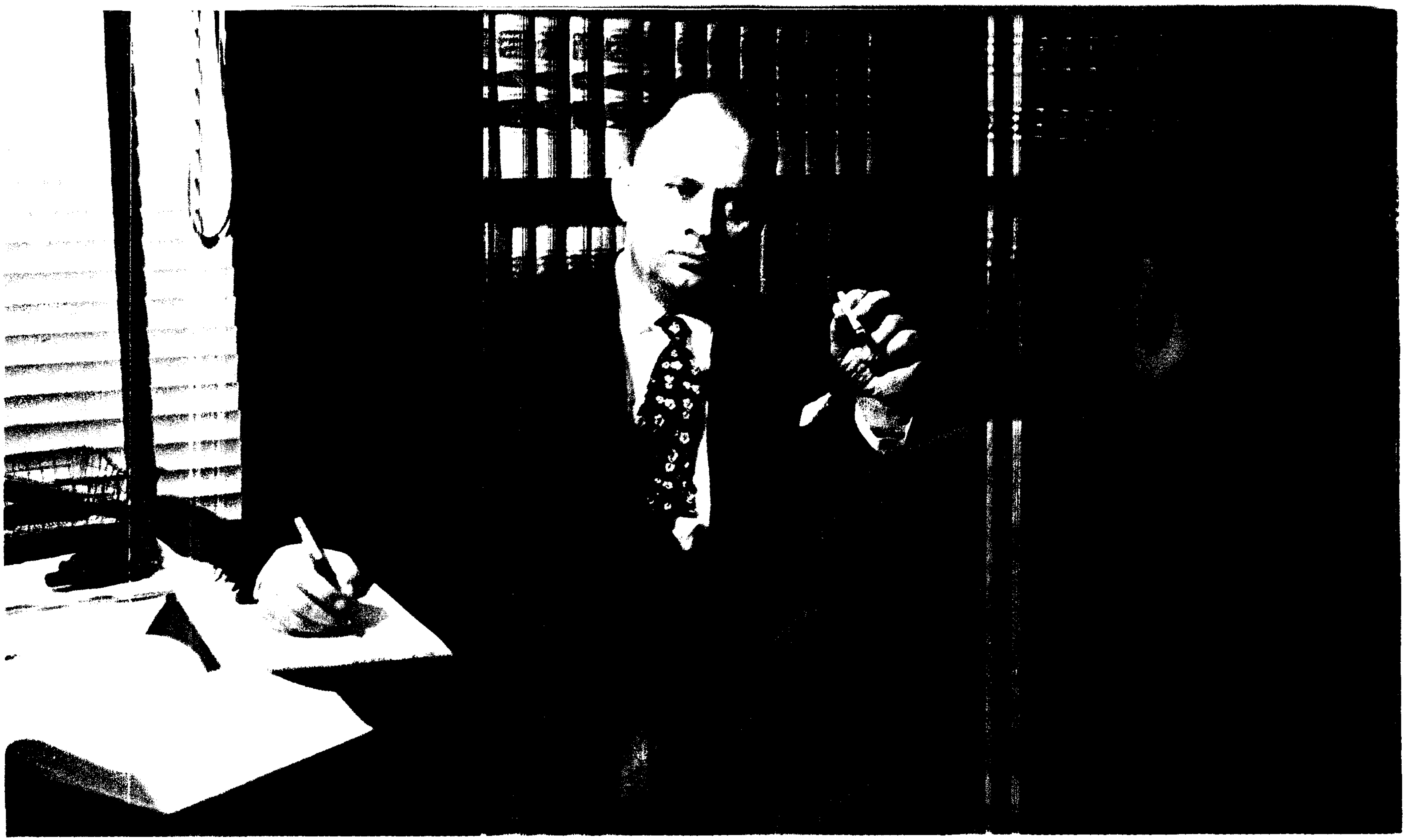
ILLUSTRATED BY AL BRULÉ

The D. A. Was Warned:
WE'LL BOMB YOU



Boys and girls under eighteen played slot machines, craps and roulette at the Open Door (above), a roadhouse near Pekin, Illinois, when the writer visited there. Kelly & Cawley's in La Salle also was crowded with players. Below is a building, photographed through a courthouse window, just built by a Havana gambler and others





CHICAGO PHOTOGRAPHERS

When State's Attorney Arthur D. Young, who closed gambling dens in Fulton County, admitted the writer, he put a gun on his desk. Often threatened, Young takes no chances until he is satisfied that a caller means no harm

More About the ILLINOIS SHAKEDOWN

By GORDON SCHENDEL

IX-FOOT, handsome Arthur D. Young, the State's attorney of Fulton County, Illinois, opened the door of his home in Lewistown in answer to my ring.

"Come in," he said, in a voice without warmth. He ushered me through a large, simply furnished living room where his wife was busy preparing three small children and a baby for bed. She looked up at me apprehensively as I passed. Young took me into his book-lined study and closed its sliding doors except for a crack. Motioning me to a chair, he sat down behind his desk.

Then he took a .38 revolver from a drawer and put it on the desk close at hand.

"Okay, what do *you* want?" he said, grimly.

I was somewhat taken aback at this reception. But after I'd produced enough credentials to satisfy him, he grinned, put away his revolver, threw open the doors and said to his wife—who was sitting out there with a pad and pencil, "You can leave, honey. He's all right."

He explained that when I'd phoned for an appointment from the near-by town of Havana—where I'd made all my phone calls rather cryptic, since I feared they were listened in on—he hadn't known whether I was coming to threaten or bribe him.

"But I was going to be prepared either way," he laughed. "My wife was ready to take notes on what you said."

He told me that since he'd banished slot machines from Fulton County he'd received repeated threats that he would be shot, or his home bombed, if he didn't "ease up on gambling." He said the threats had alternated with huge bribe offers which he linked with the Chicago Capone Syndicate. He said he'd thrown the last would-be briber bodily out of his office.

Prior to the 1948 election, Fulton County, in central Illinois, population 50,000, was one of the most wide-open counties in the state, with 476 registered slot machines and gambling of some type in nearly every one of its 60 taverns. And it was rife with the corruption and violence that inevitably accompany such wholesale gambling.

Just a few months before Young's election in November, 1948, three Fulton County tavern owners died amid violence; one, Nazarino Morotti, in typical gangland fashion—his body, the wrists and ankles tied with baling wire and with revolver slugs in his back, was found beside a road near Farmington. Jack Amato was shot to death in his tavern in Norris. The official action taken in the third instance was a parody of justice. Witnesses testified that at least five revolver shots had been fired at close range at tavern owner Herman Quinn of Banner. Quinn, a large man and an easy target, died immediately.

Within a few hours the body was shipped by his widow to another state to be buried—and without a post-mortem having been performed, although the law requires one in such cases. The clothes Quinn had worn similarly were sent out of the state. The verdict of the coroner's jury, summoned two weeks later, was that Quinn had died a natural death, presumably from a heart attack induced by overexcitement.

The editor of Lewistown's weekly newspaper, the Fulton Democrat, after listing the aforementioned "very peculiar facts" in the case, timidly observed that "the business of operating taverns in Fulton County is apparently proving to be an unhealthy profession."

Such conditions naturally outraged all law-abiding citizens in the county—including Young, a youthful attorney who'd been a Seabee in the war. Inspired by gubernatorial candidate Adlai Stevenson's campaign to "clean gambling out of the state," he announced himself a reform candidate for State's attorney on the Democratic ticket. Sponsored by the Fulton County Church Council ("Vote for Law and Order"), he proceeded to work his head off to elect Stevenson and himself—promising that the two of them would clean out the slot machines.

Both were elected, and Young kept his promise. On the day he took office, he ran a full-page ad in the Lewistown newspaper announcing gambling was "out," and warning that if he found any slot machines around after 24 hours, he'd smash them. The next day he took an ax and with a couple of helpers did just that.

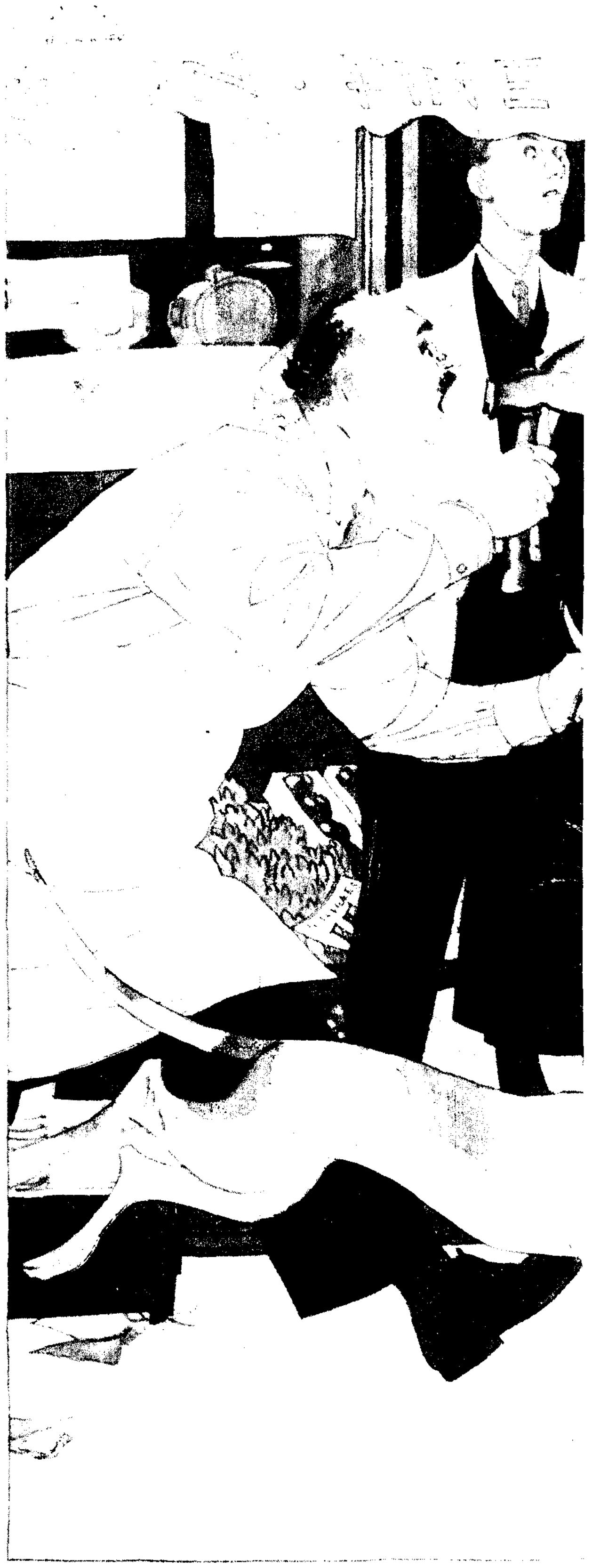
Young told me that, all aside from the threats he was receiving from local racketeers, the gambling operators in adjoining wide-open Tazewell and Mason Counties had been making his job tough. Jack Tanner, who owns several Havana gambling joints, had bought time on the Lewistown and Canton radio stations for 28 spot announcements daily, offering free dinners of "channel catfish, ham steak, and frogs' legs"—to lure Fulton County citizens.

Louis Becker, reputedly Havana's biggest gambling-joint operator, had circularized Fulton County residents by mail. The Para-Dice Club in East Peoria got Fulton County bartenders to hand out its tickets for free steak, chicken and sea-food dinners. And the notorious FAR Club near East Peoria, together with these other gambling operators, regularly had sent fleets of busses into Fulton County to haul citizens both to and from their gambling casinos, free of charge. As a result, tavern and restaurant owners in Young's own area had complained of the unfair competition and put heavy pressure on *(Continued on page 77)*

Don't Beat Me!

By B. M. ATKINSON, Jr.

The sins of the children shall be visited upon the father, poor guy



RIEND, reflect on the harrowing case of Roger Hoyt versus his sons, George and William, his wife and their cook named Lucy. It all began the evening Roger ran over William's bicycle in the driveway. He knew it was William's because son George's was in the repair shop. Mrs. Hoyt had backed over it the week previously.

Roger charged up the front steps and threw open the door. His wife and the two boys were standing in the hall. William looked like a puppy about to be struck by a truck. "Don't spank me," he said. "I'm such a little fellow." He had learned that from his mother.

"William," Roger said sternly, "how many times have I told you about leaving your bicycle in the driveway?"

"You never told *me*. You told George!"

Roger looked at Mrs. Hoyt. "There are going to be some changes around here starting right now. William, who's going to pay for your bicycle?"

"I am."

"How?"

"Out of my allowance."

"Your allowance stopped one minute ago. Yours, too, George. You boys won't appreciate money until you have to make your own. Neither of you gets another cent until you pay for those bicycles."

"But, Roger," said Mrs. Hoyt, "they're still just children."

"Children, my eye! Ten and eight. When I was that age I was buying my own steel traps and—"

"Please, Roger. Not the boy trapper series again."

Roger would not be denied. He told them about his childhood and Abraham Lincoln's childhood and Andrew Jackson's childhood and what an awful time the three of them had had of it but look how they had turned out. He said that the whole country was coming down with sleeping sickness, especially George and William. No initiative, no get-up-and-go, no nothing. Just a bunch of lotus-eaters sitting around waiting for a handout.

When he stopped to get his second wind, Mrs. Hoyt said, "You tell the boys how they can earn some money and I'm sure they will."

"Mow lawns, clean up yards, run errands. I don't care how they earn it. Let them figure it out. I just want to see some effort. This house is not going to be a welfare state."

Then he called in Lucy, the cook. "Lucy," he said, "while Mrs. Hoyt and I are in St. Louis tomorrow these boys don't borrow a cent from you, understand? They're on their own." Lucy looked at William and nodded sadly.

The next morning when they were leaving Roger said, "George, you and William listen to me. Your mother says I was a little hard on you last night. Here's my proposition. If you two boys have earned just a quarter between you by the time we get back, everything is forgiven. Otherwise, it'll be a cold day in July before you get another nickel out of me."

He waved good-by to Lucy. "Take care of everything, Lucy," he said. "The old folks are off to kick up their heels a bit."

George and William went upstairs and got into their old clothes. They would show him. They went around the neighborhood inquiring about small lawns to mow, small yards to clean up and small errands to run. They realized their own strength.

Their prospective customers seemed to realize it, too. Or it might have been George's negative approach—"You don't want your lawn mowed, do you, lady?"—or the sad, weary look on William's face. At two o'clock they were still jobless. They were sitting on the back steps when Lucy came to the door.

"Don't you boys look so woebegone. Go out in the garage and get them old ginger-ale bottles. Mr. Robbins will give you a penny apiece for 'em. Don't tell yo' daddy I set you on it, though."

"I was just telling William that was what we ought to do," George lied.

They gathered up the bottles and trudged the three blocks to Mr. Robbins' neighborhood grocery. He was closed for his aunt's funeral. They *decided to try the grocery down on Broad Street.* It was quite a ways out of their neighborhood, but they thought about Father Roger and Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Jackson, and the load seemed lighter.

Sure enough, the man gave them a penny apiece for the bottles. Eighteen cents. Only seven more and their assigned goal would be reached. They started home to hunt for more bottles. A block up from Broad Street they saw a shabbily dressed man come out of an alley, wipe his mouth, and deposit a fancy-looking bottle in a city trash can, the kind with the swinging top.

The immediate decision was that such an ornate vessel would bring twice as much as a plain old ginger-ale bottle. George stood on tiptoe and reached down into the can. No luck. William brought him a box from the alley to stand on. That helped but the top of the can still wouldn't swing far enough out to admit his head and shoulders.

Then William tried. It was a tight squeeze but he made it. "I got it," he mumbled down in the can. He started worming his way out. Then he stopped.

"George, get me out. I'm stuck!"

George pulled on his legs.

"You're choking me!"

George tried to twist him around.

"You're cutting my head off!"

George tried shoving him forward to give the top more play.

"You're breaking my ribs." Then William started crying. George was scared, too. He looked around for help and spotted an elderly lady on the corner. He ran over to her.

"Lady, please help me. My little brother has got his head caught in a garbage can!"

"Gracious, son," she said, "how big is your little brother's head?" She thought the can was the backyard variety.

"It was the regular size when he stuck it in. It must have swelled up though. Look at him!"

"Good Lord," she said. She tried lifting William up and pulling him out upside down. William screamed louder than ever. She called to a man across the street. From a store came two more men. Then a man in a car stopped. Soon there was a big crowd and traffic was tied up for two blocks. But nobody could get William out. Or quiet him.

When people found out that it was panic, not pain causing the muffled shrieks they couldn't help laughing. George thought it might be safe for him to go and call Lucy.

"Stay right here, William," he hollered into the can, "I'll be right back." Then he went into a store and asked to use the phone. Just as he picked up the receiver he heard a man looking out the window say, "I'd sure like to have a picture of that."

He forgot Lucy. He started looking up the number of the Times newspaper. He remembered that they offered a lot of money for a tip on a good picture.

A man answered the phone.

"Do you still pay money for good pictures?" George asked.

"That's right. We pay ten dollars."

"Would you pay for a picture of my little brother with his head caught in a garbage can?"

"Sonny, we're pretty busy right now. Call us back when you get another idea."

"Can't anybody get him out."

"Who can't get him out?"

"About five hundred people can't get him out!"

"Well, tell them to pull real hard. Sorry, sonny."

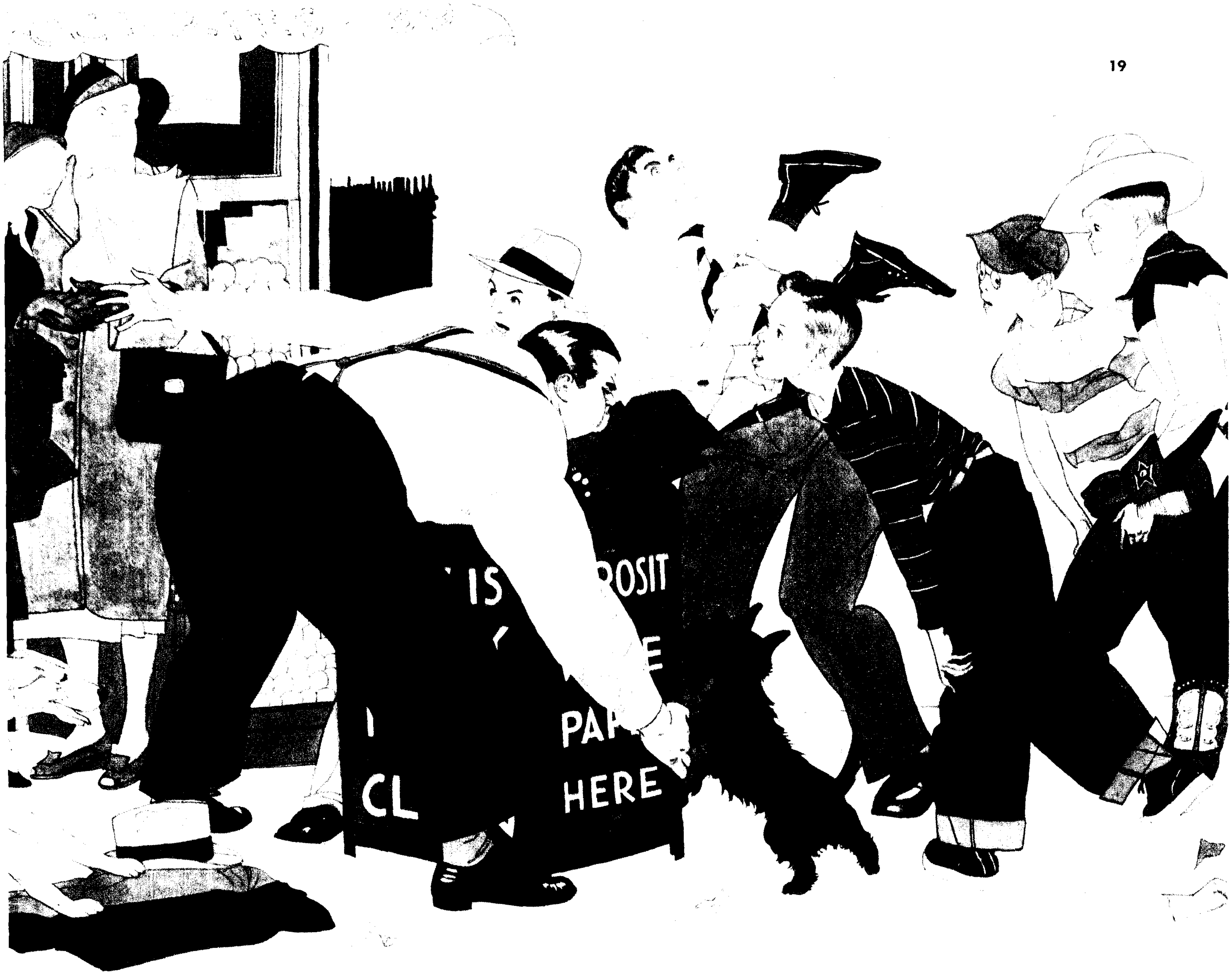
Just then a police car pulled up outside, its siren whining.

"What was that?" the man on the phone asked.

"That was the police," George said very matter-of-factly. "I think I hear a fire engine coming, too."

"Where are you?" the man said very unmatter-of-factly.

George told him. When he went back outside, a



Soon there was a big crowd and traffic was tied up for two blocks. But nobody could get William out. Or quiet him

policeman was working on the top of the trash can with a funny-looking saw. William had settled down to a steady sobbing.

"Don't you worry, William!" George hollered in to him. "They won't cut off your head."

"Thanks," said the policeman. "From the way he's carrying on I thought we already had. We'll have him out before long."

"Don't hurry too much," George said. "He just likes to yell!"

THE top was about off when two men, one with a camera, came through the crowd. George was very relieved. The photographer started off by taking a couple of pictures of William's highly active posterior. Then he said to George, "Put your arm around his waist and look real sad." Some of the women almost cried.

The policeman cleared them back and said, "Here she comes!" He gave a few more pushes with the saw and off came the top and out came William, still clutching the empty whisky bottle. The photographer took another picture.

"Don't cry any more, William," George said, putting his arm around him. "We got ten dollars for him taking your picture."

William continued sobbing.

"Give the boy air, folks," the policeman said.

"Look here," the reporter said, holding a crisp, new, ten-dollar bill out to William.

The sobbing died away. "Ten dollars!" William gasped.

"Yep, and it's all yours. Just answer a few questions for me. What were you doing in that can?"

"I was stuck!"

"I know you were stuck. What were you after in the can?"

"I was after this bottle."

"Why?"

"So we could sell it. We need money."

"What do you need money for?"

"So I can get my bicycle fixed. My daddy ran over it."

"Well, won't he give you any money?"

"He's going to give me a nickel in July."

"That's mighty big of him. You certainly must have a wonderful daddy. Where is he?"

"He said he was going to St. Louis to kick up his heels."

"That's great. While you scrounge around after whisky bottles, he's down in St. Louis kicking up his heels. What's his name and where do you live?"

William told him. "Well," said the reporter, "we're certainly going to have a nice surprise for Daddy when he gets back."

"Sid," the policeman said to him, "you'd better check on this. You know how kids are."

"Hah. This kid is the soul of honesty. He's got great stuff in him. Besides we've got a big campaign on about keeping kids off the street. I'll get a bonus out of this, Kelly. I'm perfectly satisfied with the answers I've got." He turned around and faced the crowd.

"Folks, this little boy's father ran over his bicycle. He's collecting bottles to raise money to get it fixed. His father won't help him. What about you all?"

Men began digging into their pockets, women fished around in their purses. The photographer took pictures of them crowding around thrusting money into William's hands.

"Thirty-three dollars and eighty cents," the reporter said. "That'll fix any bicycle. Thanks, again, Georgie. Let's go, Barney." The policeman wanted to give the boys a ride home but they said no. They had all the money in the world and they liked the way it rustled and jingled when they walked.

Lucy gasped when they paraded into the kitchen. "Lawdy, what happened to you, William?"

"I been making money," William said.

"We both been making money," George said. "Look here." He and William began piling their take on the table. Dollar bills, five-dollar bills, nickels, dimes, half dollars *(Continued on page 81)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

THEY ARE HAPPY DAYS

By HERBERT YAHRAES

Neither can see, but Barney has a career and Gladys is a housekeeper and mother

THE plant superintendent stared at his visitor in surprise. He saw a rangy, rugged, sandy-haired young man who looked as if he might be a construction boss or oil-field engineer.

But he wasn't. He was a blind man, an expert at placing the blind in jobs, and he had just asked to "look" at the plant to "see" if it had any jobs blind people could do.

"Frankly, Mr. Day," asked the superintendent, "what's the use of showing you around if you can't see?"

Barney Day told him to close his eyes a minute, then took out a key and placed it in the man's hand. "What do you think of my new pocketknife?" he asked.

"That's not a pocketknife," the superintendent told him. "That's a key."

Barney grinned. "You weren't playing fair," he replied. "You peeked."

The superintendent accepted the object lesson with good grace. "You win," he smiled. "Let's go have a look around."

As a pioneer in the placement of the blind in jobs where they compete with seeing people, blind Barney Day is, at forty-five, an old hand at turning objections into sales points.

Once a business executive asked what would happen if a blind man hired for a job, failed. That's a frequent question and Barney gave his usual answer. The company need feel neither sympathy nor embarrassment; he himself would take the man off the job.

"But," the official persisted, "how could we ever again be expected to hire a blind person?"

"Look," said Barney, "if you employed a redhead and he did a lousy job, would you automatically exclude all redheads?"

"Hell, no!" came the answer. Thereupon, the interview proceeded to Barney's complete satisfaction. Not till it ended did he learn that the official had one of the fieriest mops of red hair in Pennsylvania.

Today Barney is chief of the Pennsylvania State Council for the Blind. His state is one of the 33 that last year spent more than $2,000,000 of government money on a relatively new federal-state program whose aim is vocational rehabilitation of the blind—a program which is a far cry from the old theory that pensions and relief handouts are all the blind need.

Last year Barney's agency taught 167 blind persons to do jobs and then placed them to the satisfaction of both themselves and their employers. That's what the government defines as vocational rehabilitation.

Among those thus helped—listed by the jobs they held when their cases were closed—were a steelworker, a drill-press operator, a greeting-card salesman, a luncheonette manager, a grocery-store proprietor, a practical nurse, an assistant pastor, a raft of stenographers, and the wife of a funeral-parlor director, now assisting her husband.

Before their vocational rehabilitation these people earned an average of $6.22 a week. When their cases were closed, the average was $28 a week.

Six other states had a better statistical record of blind placements than Pennsylvania in 1949. North Carolina led with 279 rehabilitations, followed by Florida, Texas, New York, Ohio and Michigan. But no state has offered a better example of the new program's problems and achievements, or, in Barney Day, a more influential blind leader of the blind.

Barney—christened Orville Estes—was born May 16, 1904, two miles north of Rigdon, Indiana. The nearest sizable town was Elwood, now noted as the birthplace of Wendell Willkie. Barney's father ran a crossroads store as well as a farm, and also traded in livestock and did carpentry.

Barney was thirty-one when he lost his sight. After high school he had been an auto and airplane mechanic; had worked in a steel mill and a chemical plant, and had gone to Georgia as chemist for a gasoline company. One spring day in 1935 he was running a test of antiknock material when the apparatus blew up in his face, leaving him blind and necessitating a sinus operation that left him almost deaf.

Barney moved from one hospital to another, seeking hope that he would see again. He found none. Back home in Indiana, a hospital in Indianapolis discharged him in April, 1936, with a grim prognosis: Aside from his blindness, he would be totally deaf within a year, and probably hopelessly paralyzed within two.

Barney left the hospital with his younger sister and took a cab to the office of the Board of Industrial Aid for the Blind. It was closed. On the way from there to the railroad station, the cab was rammed by another taxi—in front of the very hospital from which Barney had been discharged just 20 minutes before.

"Bud!" his sister hollered. "Are you hurt?"

"I couldn't say anything," Barney recalls. "All I could think of was that old-time hearing-aid ad: 'Don't shout—I can hear.' "

The shock restored not only much of his hearing, but also his confidence. If the doctors had been wrong about his ears, they might be wrong about the threatened paralysis, too. "If I'm only going to be blind," he told his sister a few days later, "I'd like to give thanks by spending my life helping others."

First, though, he had to learn to help himself.

A friend named Harry Taylor gave him a cane. Then he would take him for walks, and, without warning, desert him on a busy street. "For a terrifying minute, I'd have no idea where I was," recalls Barney. "Then, half a block ahead, I'd hear that son of a gun calling to me to follow him. I'd gladly have punched him in the nose, but what he did was the best thing that could have happened to me. It made me walk alone."

A blind home teacher employed by the state called to instruct him in Braille. Another friend, Carl Braun, who owned the Red Cab Bus Terminal Service in Elwood, gave Barney a job as all-night manager.

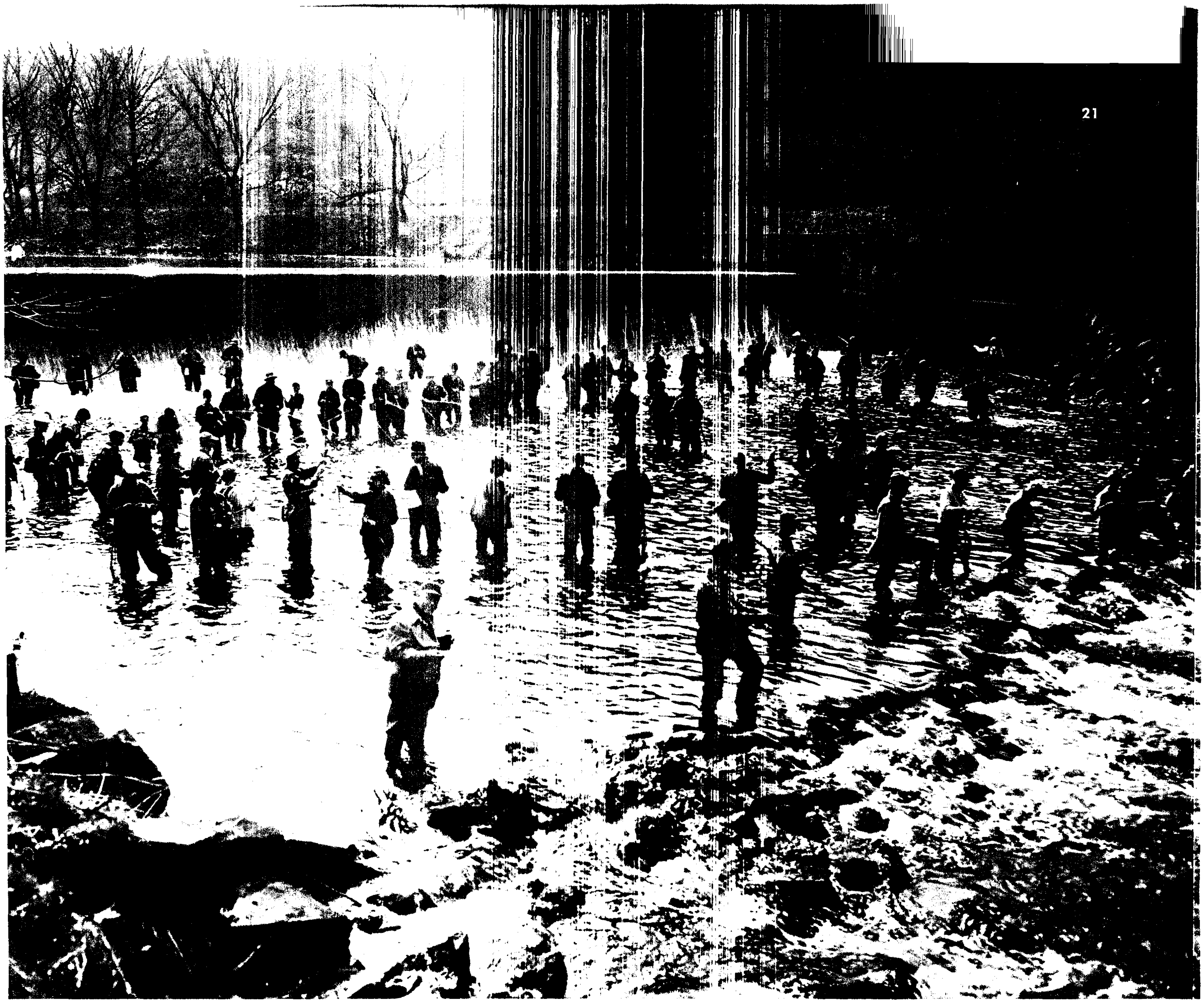
Barney has some rather extraordinary memories of this job. One night three deaf-mutes handed him a slip of paper. He had to explain in writing that he couldn't read. However, he assumed they wanted to go somewhere, so he handed them timetables one at a time until they kept the one for Indianapolis. Then he showed them single and round-trip tickets, and they took three singles.

Another night, in winter, Barney was sitting in his office thinking it was time for the eleven-fifty-five freight to roar through town on the Pennsylvania tracks, a few hundred feet down the street. First, he knew, there would be the warning bell, which had become a sort of clock to him. As he waited, he heard an automobile approaching the far side of the crossing. Almost at once he heard the alarm ring and the train whistle. *(Continued on page 87)*

Don't Pity the Blind

The Days play with their son Jarrett, who sees perfectly, in their suburban Philadelphia home

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS



GEORGE ULRICH

Privacy for fishermen? Not on opening day of the trout season. This is the Musconetcong River in New Jersey

If You [illegible] to Catch TROUT

By RAYMOND R. CAMP

WHEN a character known as Ichthuoulkos plucked a few hackles from the neck of a red rooster and bound them to the shank of a crude hook, then dangled this first fly in the clear water of a Macedonian stream, he was both surprised and delighted when the silly device provided him with a basket of trout.

This act, whether inspired by laziness or an aesthetic aversion to worms, initiated a chain of circumstances that has failed to reach its culmination even today, some 2,000 years later. The original fly, like every other object with which an angler has come in contact, has undergone quite an evolution during this rather drawn-out period. The modern fly fisherman, despite more elaborate tackle and a choice of several thousand fly patterns, still has one thing in common with Ichthuoulkos—he is just as surprised and delighted when a lure works.

It has been rumored that there is very little difference between a trout fisherman and a sane person. Those willing to engage in research on this matter have a golden opportunity right now, when trout seasons are opening throughout the country. Some 17,000,000 anglers, each with a different case history, are available both *in* and *around* the various lakes and streams.

Locating one of these subjects constitutes no problem. Just travel to the nearest body of water *reputed* to harbor trout and take your choice. However, if you make your survey late in the afternoon, do not open the conversation by asking him what he is doing or why he is there. It is almost certain he has been asking himself those very questions for several hours, without having arrived at a satisfactory answer.

What is it, you may wonder, that impels several million otherwise sane individuals to travel great distances, sleep on lumpy beds, rise before daybreak, consume a tasteless breakfast, and spend the entire day hip-deep in icy water?

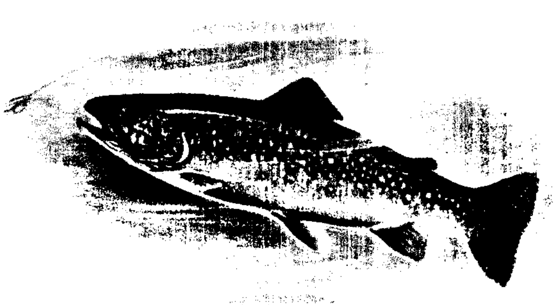
Reformed anglers have an answer for that. They insist it is a variation of the same urge that causes that little rodent known as the lemming to engage in what appears to be mass suicide. With this difference—the majority of the lemmings succeed in their purpose.

A small percentage of the addicts provides the proverbial exception. Having the fortitude (or desperation) to brush aside tradition, ritual and the arbitrary precepts that have cluttered up this sport since the Izaak Walton era, they manage to lure a few trout into their creels despite adverse conditions.

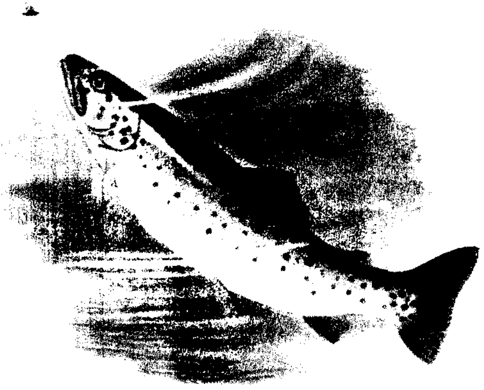
Such fortunates are *(Continued on page 85)*

Reprints of the color spread of flies and lures on the following pages can be bought for 15 cents each. Address Collier's Reprint Department at Springfield, Ohio ➡

The Trout

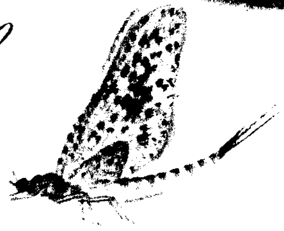


BROOK TROUT
(Salvelinus fontinalis)

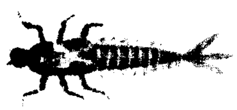


BROWN TROUT
(Salmo fario)

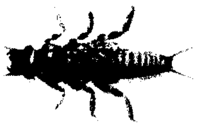
Naturals



EPHEMERA GUTTULATA
(Green Drake)

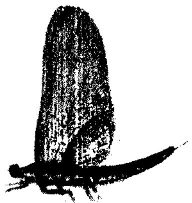


MAY FLY NYMPH

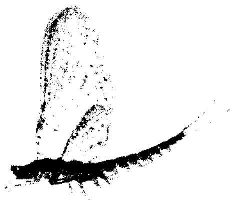


STONE FLY NYMPH

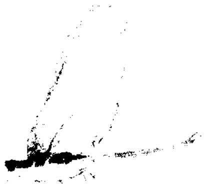
CADDIS IN CASE



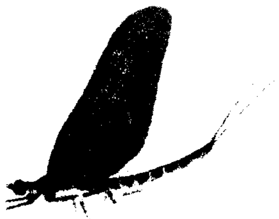
IRON FRAUDATOR
(Quill Gordon)



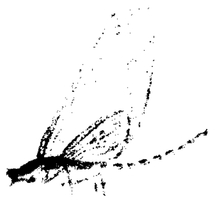
EPHEMERELLA SUBVARIA
(Hendrickson)



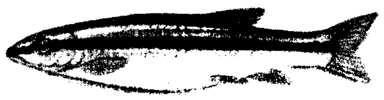
STENONEMA CANADENSIS
(Light Cahill)



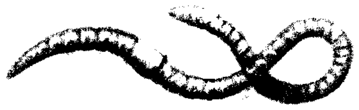
STENONEMA VICARIUM
(March Brown)



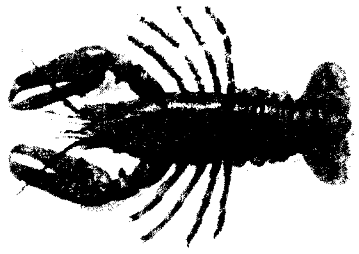
POTOMANTHUS DISTINCTUS
(Cream Variant)



BLACK NOSED DACE

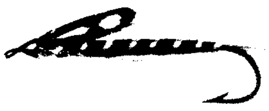


EARTHWORM

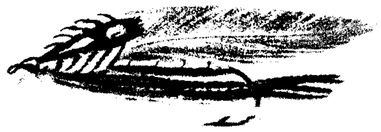


CRAYFISH

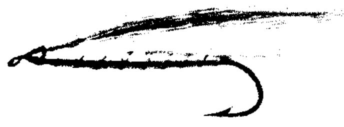
Streamers



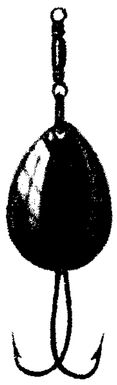
BLACK GHOST



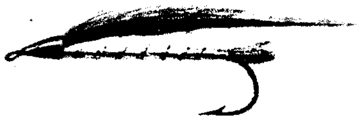
GRAY GHOST



MICKEY FINN

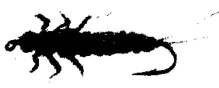


COLORADO SPINNER

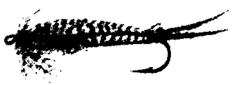


BLACK NOSED DACE

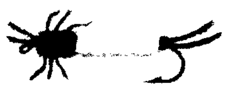
Nymphs



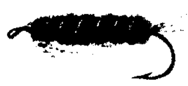
STONE FLY CREEPER
(Plastic)



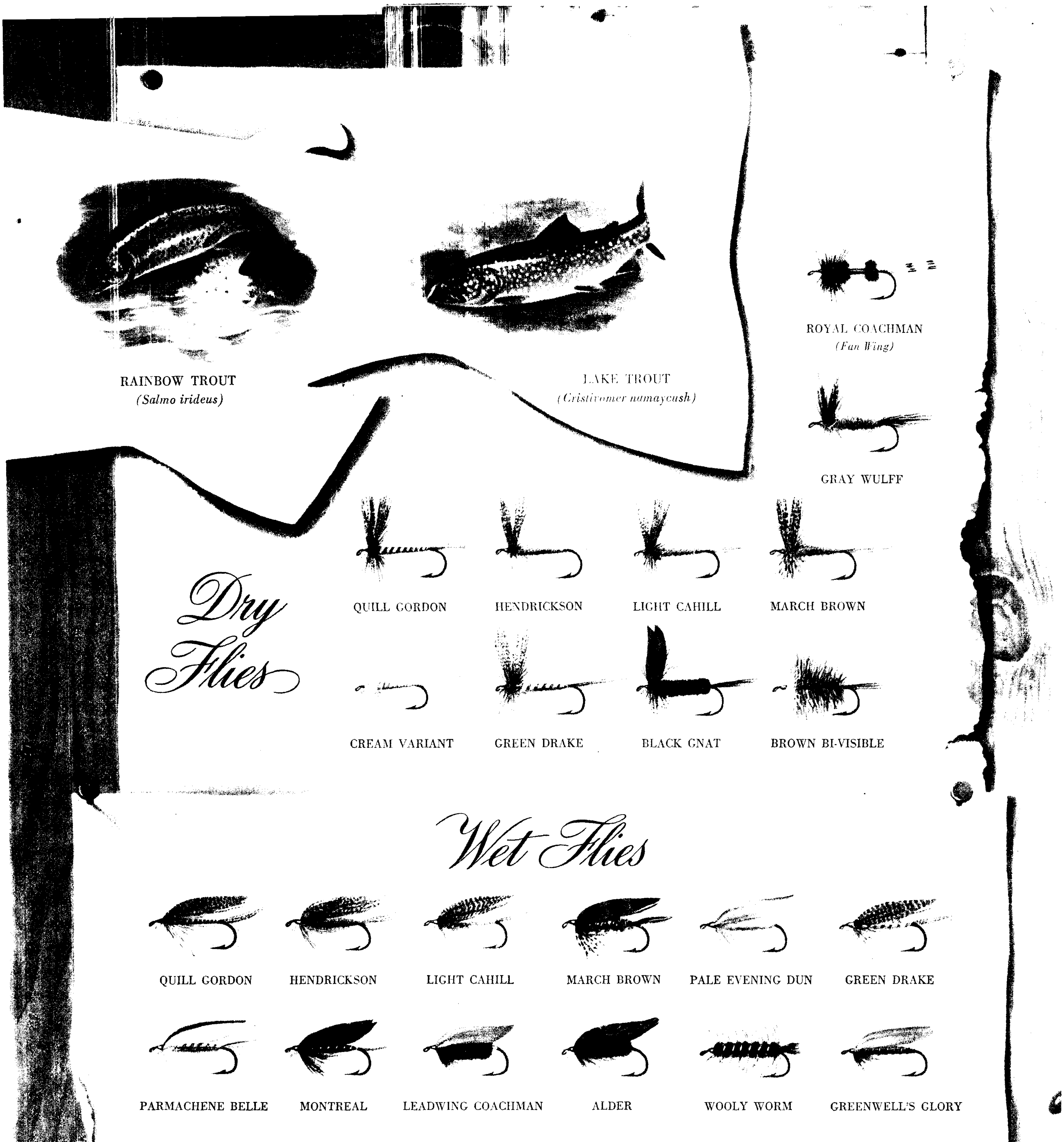
STONE FLY CREEPER



CADDIS



DICKIE NYMPH


RAINBOW TROUT
(Salmo irideus)
LAKE TROUT
(Cristivomer namaycush)
ROYAL COACHMAN
(Fan Wing)
GRAY WULFF
Dry Flies
QUILL GORDON
HENDRICKSON
LIGHT CAHILL
MARCH BROWN
CREAM VARIANT
GREEN DRAKE
BLACK GNAT
BROWN BI-VISIBLE
Wet Flies
QUILL GORDON
HENDRICKSON
LIGHT CAHILL
MARCH BROWN
PALE EVENING DUN
GREEN DRAKE
PARMACHENE BELLE
MONTREAL
LEADWING COACHMAN
ALDER
WOOLY WORM
GREENWELL'S GLORY

DRAWING BY JOHN ATHERTON

Here, assembled for the guidance of U. S. fishermen, Collier's offers the four great trouts with the baits and lures which will insure tight lines in the icy, discolored waters of April and the warm, clear streams of August. The insects represented are the favorites of trout and therefore of angler, and were included to aid in the selection of the right fly at the right time. The lures and flies shown, with flies tied on hooks of assorted sizes, will prepare the angler for any stream under any condition from coast to coast. No angler, had he the strength of Hercules, could carry samples of the thousands of local and regional lures employed in the taking of trout, but here are shown what might be termed the common denominators of trout fishing.

Shock Treatment

By MARIE DE NERVAUD

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL KRESSE

WHEN Molly asked, "Do you know what today is?" Jay's eyes left his paper to look at her across the breakfast table. A ray of sunlight gleamed through the yellow curtains, heightening her scrubbed freshness. Molly and early-morning sunshine sort of went together.

"Tuesday, isn't it?" He cast a verifying glance at the paper, caught the date, and his lips pursed to a "Whew! April tenth! Now, how could I have forgotten?"

"They say men do." Molly's smile was the serene, affectionate one she'd schooled herself to, but her wide-spaced gray eyes held a further question, an unspoken one. "Even first wedding anniversaries make the funny page," she said. "I just wanted to be sure you'd be home for dinner."

"Wouldn't you rather go out to celebrate?"

Molly shook her head. "No. I'd rather celebrate here."

Jay nodded his approval. "Suits me. It's going to be a busy day." His eyes dropped again to his paper, scanning the headlines as he talked. "They telephoned yesterday from the sanitarium to say they had some interesting cultures they wanted me to see. I'm going to skip the lab and go right out there. I'll probably be there all day. Don't tell anyone where I am, honey, unless it's an emergency, I don't want to be disturbed. I doubt if I'll be back before seven."

Without answering, Molly poured a second cup of coffee. The momentary silence made Jay look up again. He gave her his wide, quick smile and said, "I'm a lucky dog, all right. Smart one, too. Got me a wife who doesn't hanker after the hot spots."

Before Molly could say anything, the hall clock struck the half hour. There was the usual last gulp of coffee, the hurried dive into the coat closet, the absent-minded kiss, and the slam of the apartment door.

For a minute after Jay left, Molly stood with her back against the front door, looking through into the bright living room. Her eyes wandered from the gate-leg table to the Sheraton chair, both wedding presents. She'd built the room around them, with its gay, old-fashioned wallpaper and chintz to match. She'd always wanted a green and yellow room. Now she had it, and everyone admired the job she'd done. Not bad, for a girl with scientific leanings, she thought, but her mind rejected the feeble effort to be funny. A whole year, her mind told her heart. As though her heart didn't know! A year of waiting and longing. A year of picking up the crumbs and hoping.

She had a crazy impulse to run out and catch Jay before the elevator came—to cry, "Oh yes, I do hanker after the hot spots! I want us to dance and be gay!" Only, if she once let herself go, she might not stop. She might say, "I want to wear my new dress and have you look at me the proud, adoring way you used to look at Phyllis when you danced with her. I want people to say, 'Isn't he mad about her?' I want—"

But there was no use wanting. No matter how many places they went, people wouldn't say, "Isn't he mad about her?" They'd notice them, all right, because everyone always noticed Jay, with his chestnut hair, his alert brown eyes under bushy eyebrows and his quick smile. Little and insignificant Molly could easily escape notice. But nobody ever overlooked Jay. "There's that young Dr. Langley," they'd say. "You know, the one who's doing such brilliant research in T.B. His wife works with him, I've heard. She's cute, but—"

The clang of the elevator door brought Molly out of her trance, and finished any wild idea about chasing after Jay. At least, she'd been spared making that particular kind of a fool of herself. The awful thing was that someday it might burst out. "Think of your blessings," Molly told herself sternly, and proceeded to think of them.

She was married to the man she loved. The man she'd always loved. There'd never been anyone else, really, in spite of sundry dates, those summers at the shore. Until Phyllis came— Molly snapped that thought off short. She was thinking of blessings.

A bang at the kitchen door made Molly discard the blessings and hurry through the tiny kitchenette. Fred, the superintendent, reproachfully pointed to the garbage pail, as she opened the door. "You forgot to wrap it up again!"

"Oh, Fred, I'm sorry! I don't know how—" Molly stopped. Yes, she *did* know how it had happened. Jay had come in late last night. "I won't do it again," she promised, then changed to safer topics. "How's the baby? When's Nell coming home?"

"Tomorrow, thank God. The kid had a touch of croup last night. Nothing bad, you know, but I was kind of scared."

"Why didn't you call me?" It was Molly's turn to have a stern eye. "You know I told you—"

"Sure. I know. You'd have come, too. You're different from the general run of dames in these Chicago cliff dwellings. But she came right out of it as soon as I got the steam kettle going. Nell called up this morning. I didn't tell her about the croup. No sense worrying her." His homely face broke into a grin; then he went down the hall, with a warning, "Don't you go to forgetting again, now!"

Molly's face was smoothed out and smiling when she turned back to the kitchen. The thought of Fred and Nell and the baby was a good tonic for the blues. No psychological brooding, no tying up in knots, there.

Fred and Nell had a dark little apartment on the first floor, but it held a bright radiance that all her sunshine and chintz failed to achieve. They were so terribly in love, those two. Both of them—nothing one-sided. Molly tried to shake that thought away, while she made the beds.

Well, she'd had no illusions about her marriage. The smile was no longer on Molly's lips as she pulled the sheets from the bed. She'd known marrying Jay was a gamble, after he told her about Phyllis breaking their secret engagement. She realized how deep it had gone with him. And how completely unrealistic he was about Phyllis' real motives.

Did Jay really think that Sam Cutler's money had had nothing to do with Phyllis' decision? Molly knew she'd never know the answer to that question. Jay would never discuss Phyllis with her. He'd told her about Phyllis' engagement to him because he assumed she didn't know of it, and he wanted to be perfectly honest with her. That was Jay's way of doing things.

SURELY, no one had ever had a funnier proposal than hers, Molly thought. Remembering it, she gave the pillows a thump and tried to laugh. Jay and she had been working late at the lab. They'd gone for a bite to eat in a noisy cafeteria. That had been the romantic setting of his proposal.

"Look," Jay had said, "why don't we get married? I've always been fond of you, Molly. We like the same things—we have the same work and the same interests. I bet we could make a go of it."

Then, seeing her astonished expression, he'd blushed and said, "You're wondering about Phyllis. I was mad about her, all right. It'll never be that way again with me. It's only fair to tell you that. Also, I must tell you something else you don't know. I was engaged to Phyllis for nearly a year."

Jay paused, his eyes staring past Molly. She took a sip of water. Oh, yes, she'd known about the engagement all right. Phyllis had taken good care of that.

"It happened just before I left for the Pacific. She wanted it kept secret. Just as well, as it turned out. While I was away, she came to realize that she didn't care for me the way I cared for her. She was so fine about it. She knew the kindest thing was to break it off before I came back."

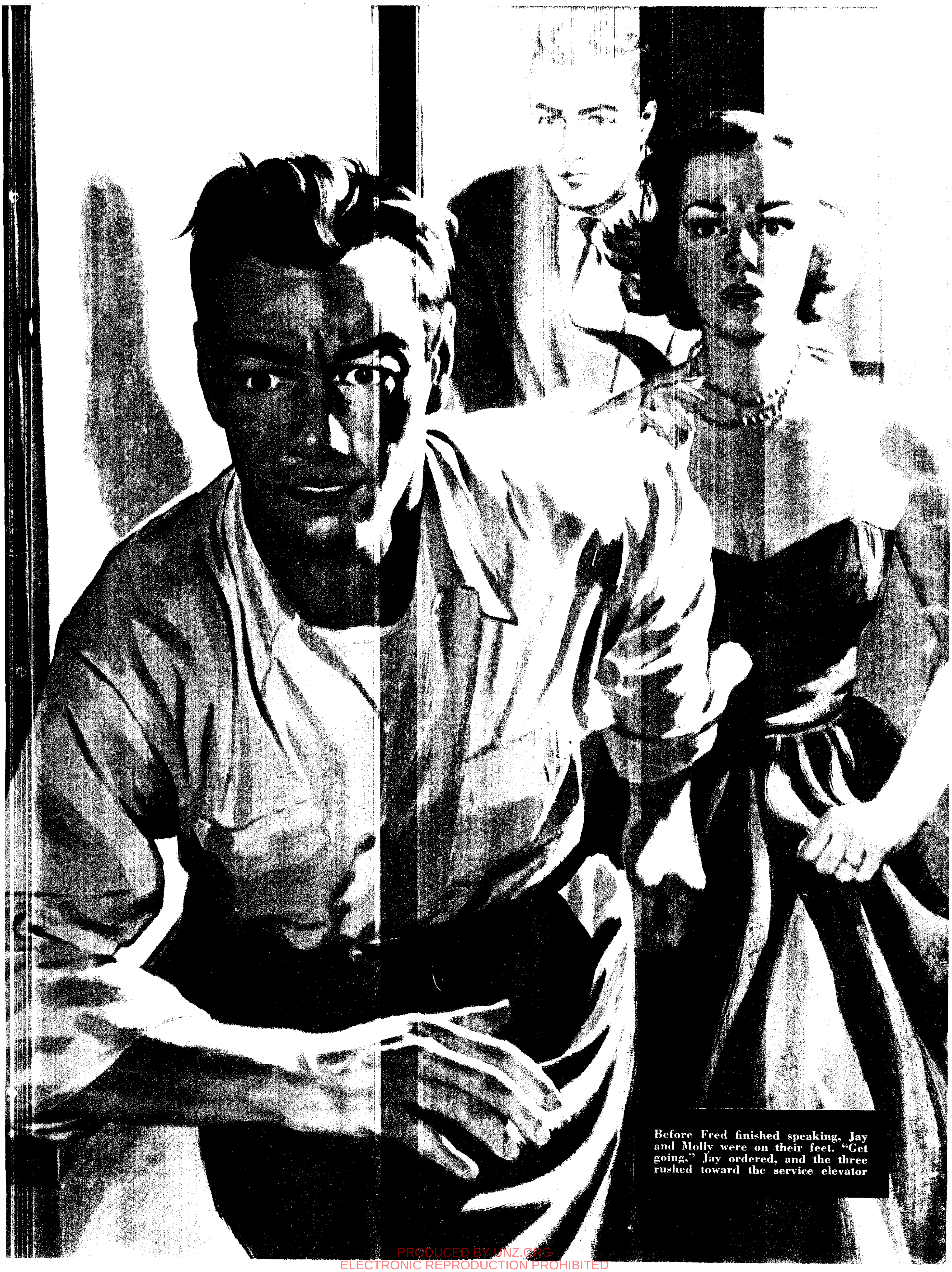
"Jay," Molly'd asked, because she'd had to, "have you seen her since—since—"

Jay helped her out. "Since I got back? No, I've never seen her since the night we got engaged. I left the next day. It hit me pretty hard when I got home and heard she was married. But I've come to see it was a good thing. It put an end to hopeless dreams. From all I hear, Sam Cutler's a fine fellow."

Then, they'd just sat there, not saying anything for a few minutes. But Molly had never forgotten the look on Jay's face—a lost look. Suddenly, there'd been a softening

(Continued on page 70)

When her husband's old flame reappears, a wife has to do something to make sure he doesn't get singed all over again



Before Fred finished speaking, Jay and Molly were on their feet. "Get going," Jay ordered, and the three rushed toward the service elevator

RUNYON'S LAST STORY

—by his friends

When the beloved writer died, Walter Winchell appealed for a "buck or so" to fight cancer. The generous public has responded with millions, is still giving

By ALBERT Q. MAISEL

A FEW weeks before Damon Runyon died of cancer, he took the short end of a thousand- to ten-dollar bet. It was the kind of bet you could get only on Broadway—where the bookies can figure the odds, even on life and death, more accurately than any actuary.

Runyon bet that he would return after his death. He had no expectation of ever winning that wager. "It's just," he shrugged, "that I couldn't resist the odds."

Yet Runyon, the gifted writer who knew Broadway and the race tracks and the prize rings far better than they knew themselves, has come back. Today, more than three years after the ashes of his wasted body were sprinkled into the winter wind over Manhattan, he is influencing the lives of all those who know him and of hundreds of thousands to whom his name was only a by-line beneath which they knew they would find a terrific story.

Runyon's Last Story is being written by all the weird and wonderful characters who peopled the tales he wrote while cancer slowly choked him. It's a magnificent story of a strange and democratic memorial erected by a million Joes and Janes, touts and chorus girls, crooks and con men, generals and congressmen who have jumped at the chance to buy their way into the business of being philanthropists.

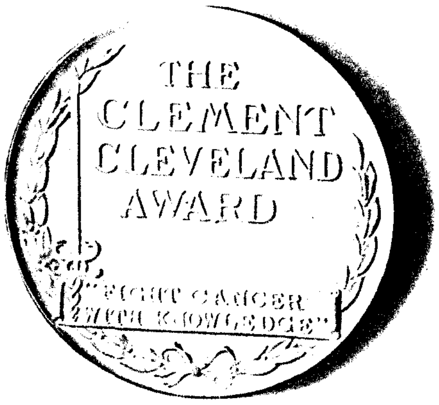
Like much of Runyon's fiction, it is full of bad guys doing good things. But it isn't fiction. There is nothing fictional about three million bucks in cold, hard cash.

It is also the story of Runyon's friends, the worldly-wise denizens of Table 50 at New York's Stork Club, who started out to raise enough money to endow a bed in Memorial Hospital in New York and ended up in the philanthropic big time, teaching new tricks to the experts.

The plot, like every Runyon story, has a surprise twist. The hep characters who touched off the Runyon Memorial Fund as a sentimental gesture have had their baby taken away from them. A million contributors have made it public property and thus proved what Runyon could have told them from the start: You never know what the people will do except that it's always better than you think.

The fund got its start four days after Runyon died, just before Christmas in 1946, when Walter Winchell grabbed his microphone to begin his staccato Sunday-night barrage of the air waves. "It seemed like nothing much at the time," Winchell recalls. "For more than a year I had watched one of my oldest and dearest friends dying. In all that time we had talked of everything but death, because you don't talk of death with a man whose voice has been choked out of him, a man who has to write down on slips of paper every word he wants to say. When Damon was released at last from the pain he never talked about, I had to say something, if only to get it off my chest.

"There I was, with the mike in front of me, and for the first time in my life the words came hard. But what I did say, they told me afterward, was that maybe other people felt the way I did about the thing that had killed Damon, that maybe they'd want to send a buck or so and take a share in building a Damon Runyon Memorial to fight cancer.



Early this month Walter Winchell received the Clement Cleveland Award, a medal presented annually since 1937 by the New York City Cancer Committee of the American Cancer Society. This award honors the individual who, in the estimation of the committee, has done the outstanding educational work in the field of cancer during the past twelve months. Since its inception, the Cleveland Award has been presented to Abbott Kimball, Eve Curie and Eric Johnston, as well as to a list of distinguished physicians including Drs. Cornelius P. Rhoads, F. L. Hoffman, James Ewing and R. R. Spencer.

In 1949 the American Cancer Society honored Mr. Winchell, on the nomination of the New York City Committee, with its first divisional annual award for outstanding contribution to the control of cancer. Among those honored by other divisions of the society were Dr. George M. Smith (Connecticut), Bertram J. Cahn (Illinois), Dr. Lyell C. Kinney (California), F. C. Sowell (Tennessee), Mrs. Albert Mackey (Michigan), Dr. Channing C. Simmons (Massachusetts), Dr. Owen H. Wangensteen (Minnesota) and Dr. George C. Wilkins (New Hampshire).

"I didn't have the slightest idea how much we could raise, twenty or thirty thousand, maybe even seventy-five thousand tops. But that wasn't the point. It was just one of those things you do first, then reason about afterward."

When Winchell walked out of the studio that night in Miami and began his usual tour of the night clubs, people sidled up to him and stuffed money into his pockets. The next day, at Tropical Park, you could have mistaken him for a bookie, getting the kind of heavy play most bookies only dream about. In restaurants headwaiters, famous for itching palms, slipped him five-dollar bills. Guys on the rim of the underworld—the shadowy characters straight out of Runyon's books—stopped him in the street to say, "Lay this C note on the cancer deal."

Winchell, pad in hand, tried to be businesslike: "What name shall I put this contribution under?"

More often than not the answer followed the line of one gangland figure who said, "Never mind me name—just put it down as from synonymous."

The mail came in baskets. Three days after the first broadcast, Winchell got a panic-stricken call from his secretary in New York. "Help!" she screamed. "I'm drowning in dollar bills!"

Winchell, by then, was deep in trouble himself. It had never occurred to him that you can't just set yourself up in the foundation business by making an announcement over the air. There were technicalities he had never heard of about the little matter of collecting money even for a good cause. The postal authorities and the Department of Justice, while not quite ready to throw the columnist into the calaboose, made clear that the formalities had better be complied with in a hurry.

Winchell put through a rush call to lawyer Morris Ernst. "Get us a charter, Morris," he begged, "before they throw me into the jug. But don't forget, we have no money to spend. Every cent we collect goes to cancer research. So shop around and see if you can get a charter for nothing."

Soon Winchell made another discovery. It was necessary to have officers if you were going to have a foundation. Again the phones buzzed. Winchell called Broadway columnist Leonard Lyons to ask him to be vice-president. Lyons accepted. Sports columnist Dan Parker, Winchell tagged as *"El Presidente."* Parker demurred. "You started this thing," Dan said. "You be the president."

"Oh, no," Winchell replied, "I've got the money—I'll be the treasurer."

There still remained the problem of a secretary. Here Winchell tagged Leo Linderman, the Lindy of Lindy's Restaurant on Broadway. "That," Walter explains, "gave us a free board room in which to hold meetings, with free board guaranteed."

The Damon Runyon Fund was in business, and everybody wanted to get into the act. For a time Winchell appointed honorary directors like a Kentucky governor appointing colonels: Arthur Godfrey, Milton Berle, Gabriel Heatter. Finally he just passed out word that every newspaperman in the United States was, willy-nilly, an official honorary director of the fund, their rights and duties to give the fund plenty of publicity and to forward all contributions without taking anything off the top for expenses. This was about as radical a departure from standard fund-raising practices as can be imagined. In over three years of operation, with the first $3,000,000 funneled through the banks and out into the research laboratories, the fund has spent not one penny for overhead or administration.

BILL STAPLETON

Winchell's newscasts bring gifts from financiers and bookies, society women and chorus girls

Whenever receipts have to be printed, Winchell calls Lyons and asks him to get some receipts. When letterheads are needed, he calls Parker and asks for letterheads. When the volunteer secretaries need a place to sit down, the Park Sheraton Hotel in New York is spontaneously moved to discover that it has an unrentable suite. Out of the blue comes a volunteer sign painter and on the door go the words: "Damon Runyon Memorial Fund."

The fund officers have applied their "no overhead" rule as rigorously to themselves as to all others. Winchell, Lyons and Parker, frequently traipsing around the country to officiate at Runyon Fund benefits or take part in ceremonies turning over money to a research institution, always pay their own way. Their expenses have averaged over $15,000 a year.

The very amateurishness of this approach to fund raising has had a curious effect. Since the three officers admitted they knew nothing about fund raising, everybody else could qualify as an expert. Suggestions, offers and propositions poured in.

Memorial Handicaps Boost Fund

Jerry Brady of Tropical Park touched off an avalanche of contributions from the racing world when he ran the first Damon Runyon Memorial Handicap early in 1947. It netted the fund $5,000. Other tracks followed. Suffolk Downs topped Tropical Park with a ten-grand Runyon Handicap which it now runs annually. Hollywood Park turned over a full day's gate receipts—about $35,000. Churchill Downs runs a Memorial Handicap and tops it with an additional five thousand from the gate receipts on Derby Day. Chicago tracks turned over $33,000. All in all, some 38 tracks, virtually every major U.S. racing park, have worked out one twist or another to swell the coffers of the Runyon Fund.

Other contributions have come from sources that would shock the staid directors of more orthodox philanthropies. The coin-machine industry dropped a $350,000 jack pot into the fund. Bugsy Siegel, who left much unfinished business when he was shot to death three years ago in Beverly Hills, somehow had the foresight to slip the fund an $8,000 check only a few days before his demise. Joseph "Socks" Lanza, the ex-king of Fulton Fish Market, sent $250 from Sing Sing Prison, where he was serving a term. With the check was a note from Lanza's lawyer, apologizing for the meagerness of the offering. "Socks

(Continued on page 44)

JERRY COOKE

Leonard Lyons, Broadway columnist, is vice-president of the fund. He's always cooking up new ideas to bring in more money for cancer research

RALF ROYLE

Dan Parker, sports columnist, was tagged by Winchell to be president of the fund. Like the other two, he pays his own way while on the job

"Robert Trenton admitted that he fired two shots. He *says* he couldn't see the sights, but he admits he fired. Immediately afterward, the boat caught fire"

The case of the SMUGGLER'S

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

The police of two states argue about who has the right to prosecute Rob Trenton for murder

The Story: In spite of LINDA CARROLL's mysterious behavior, ROB TRENTON was strongly attracted to her. They met on an ocean liner, then went on a motor tour to Switzerland; but, though she seemed to regard Rob warmly, the girl remained guarded against any curiosity about her life.

Linda denied that she was an artist, but Rob was *certain he had once seen her name signed to a painting* he admired. In Switzerland, they met MERTON OSTRANDER, a suave young man whose hobby was collecting Swiss musical cowbells.

On the ship on the way back to the United States, Ostrander threw overboard all his bells except four, which he gave to Linda. HARVEY RICHMOND, who shared Rob's stateroom and seemed to be merely a businessman on a vacation, showed considerable interest in Ostrander and his bell collection.

Through Richmond, Rob met DR. HERBERT DIXON, a specialist in forensic medicine. Rob, who was a professional dog trainer, won the doctor's friendship by taming his dog.

Back in the States, Rob set out to drive to the farm where he kept his kennels. Linda had lent him her car, and in a hidden compartment of the sedan he found packages of narcotics, which he cached by a roadside. Later, Linda's car was stolen; while he was trying to track it down, Rob was kidnaped by several men whose names were unknown to him, and taken to a houseboat on a deserted stretch of a river which was the boundary line between two states.

Rob escaped from the boat, fired two shots at an unidentified man who tried to stop him; the boat went up in flames, and as he watched from cover Rob saw a young woman standing on the bank, also watching the burning boat.

Later that night, Rob found Linda at the home of her aunt, an elderly artist named LINDA MAE CARROLL. Ostrander was also at the Carroll home, and Rob demanded an explanation of the drugs hidden in Linda's car.

The four returned to the scene of the houseboat fire the next morning, and Rob was arrested for the murder of Harvey Richmond, whose body had been found on the charred houseboat with two bullets in it. Richmond was revealed as a federal narcotics investigator.

The accusation against Rob was made by the owner of the houseboat who pretended innocence of any crime, and by one of the smugglers who had kidnaped Rob.

The jurisdiction of the case was in dispute, because the boat had drifted across the river while it burned. Rob was held by police officials in one state, while the police of the other state continued their investigations independently.

COLONEL MILLER C. STEPNEY of the state police surveyed the charred wreckage of the fire-swept houseboat. "I don't give a hang *where* the murder was committed," he said. "The boat is within our jurisdiction. The body was within our jurisdiction. We're going to see that the evidence is preserved. Then at least we'll know what we've found and what we didn't find."

Captain Stanway Harmon said, "We're going to have some trouble with the folks on the other side. The coroner wants to get the body put in a coffin and sent to the relations. He says there's no use performing an autopsy because the X ray showed the presence of two bullets in the body. Their doctor dug the bullets out and is prepared to state that either one of the bullets would have been immediately fatal. One of them went through the heart and the other was just above the heart."

"Neither bullet went all the way through the body?" Colonel Stepney asked.

"No, they were .32 caliber and they were lodged inside the body."

"How did they happen to do such quick work with the X ray? It's a wonder they didn't claim the death was due to burning simply because they found a charred body."

"They found the two ejected cartridge cases and the owner of the houseboat told this story of the gun fight. So they X-rayed the charred body, found the bullets, and the doctor is willing to testify death was instantaneous and that's that."

Colonel Stepney stroked his jaw thoughtfully. "Makes it look pretty bad for that Trenton chap."

"I'll say it does."

"Well, Dr. Dixon wants to check up on the cause of death. Harvey Richmond was not only a friend of his, but it seems that Narcotics had a tip-off that a load of dope was to come over on that ship, and Richmond went along in an undercover capacity. He got to know Trenton on the ship. Richmond seemed to think Trenton was just a fall guy who was apt to be on the receiving end. He felt he was being used as a cat's-paw.

"Well, Richmond's dead now," Colonel Stepney went on, "and Dr. Dixon wants to perform an autopsy. I've told the sheriff they'll either have to hold the body until Dixon gets here or that we'll demand its return. After all, it was removed from our jurisdiction."

"They're touchy about that," Captain Harmon said.

"I'm touchy about it myself," Colonel Stepney snapped. "It's surprising that a chap like Trenton could have fooled a veteran investigator like Harvey Richmond."

"You think he did?"

"Sure he did. Remember we have the goods on Rob Trenton because of the work that Trooper Wallington did in checking on the location where Trenton had a blowout.

"Rob Trenton pulled off to the side of the road and buried the shipment of heroin. He intended to dig it up later. Trooper Wallington was on patrol duty, stopped him and checked his license. Trenton told him he'd stopped to change a tire. He showed a blown-out tire on the rear of the car. It just happened, however, that Wallington, in handling the tire, remembered later that it wasn't warm. The cold tire showed Trenton had given a false story. Later on Wallington checked up on it and found where something had been buried and dug up a cache of heroin."

Captain Harmon nodded thoughtfully.

"All that ties Trenton right into the dope smuggling," Colonel Stepney went on, "and if Ballistics ties those two bullets up with the gun we recovered in the desk at Linda Mae Carroll's place, it's the electric chair for Trenton. A perfect case."

"I'll say it's a perfect case," Captain Harmon agreed fervently.

"But," Colonel Stepney went on, "I don't like the way they're jumping at conclusions over there and getting the cart all in front of the horse. I want to go about the thing methodically and I want to have this evidence preserved so that we'll know just what we have and what we don't have."

Captain Harmon pointed up the river to where a speed launch was clipping through the water at a fast rate, spreading a bow wave on each side of the prow in a huge, curling V of sheeted water. "This looks like Dr. Dixon now," he said.

THE two officers stood waiting until the launch veered and slowed down, then crept alongside, and Dr. Herbert Dixon climbed aboard.

One look at the doctor's face and Captain Harmon said, "He's mad."

Dr. Dixon nodded a curt greeting, said, "We seem to be up against a question of jurisdiction here. What's the answer?"

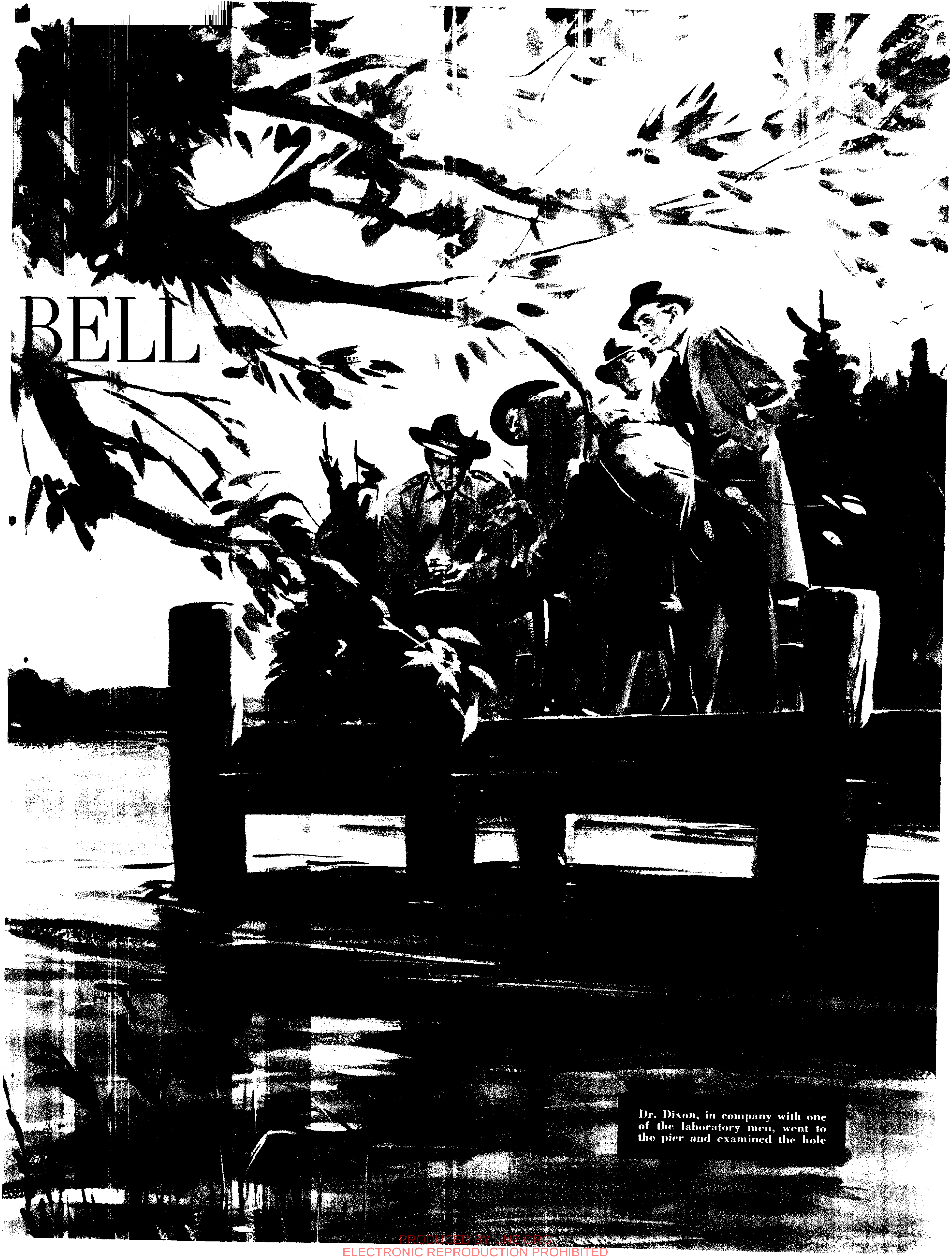
"We don't want to make any trouble," Colonel Stepney said. "The thing isn't worth it. We need the co-operation of those folks across the river from time to time, just as they need ours. We can get all worked up over this thing and there'll be repercussions that will impair our joint efficiency for the next ten years. Let's keep our heads."

"Well," Dr. Dixon said, "it looks like an open-and-shut case. This man Trenton certainly fooled me—but they're acting on

(Continued on page 59)

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

BELL



Dr. Dixon, in company with one of the laboratory men, went to the pier and examined the hole

'Win or Lose, the

By BUDD SCHULBERG

The life of one of the most controversial figures in the sports world, Mike Jacobs, spells out the story of big-time boxing in the United States. Probing the past for facts on Uncle Mike's spectacular rise, the author of What Makes Sammy Run explores the New York slums of 70 years ago—and, in Part II of this five-part biography, comes up with amazing, and often shocking, truths about a poor boy born with the driving compulsion to amass a million dollars

II

SEVENTY years ago Uncle Mike first saw the light of day—or what passed for light—in the grimy atmosphere of a New York water-front slum. There Isaac and Rachel Jacobs lived with six children in two small rooms partitioned off behind their tailor shop, in the heart of what was then a predominantly Irish district.

To understand why a man called Isaac Jacobs should have chosen to set his family up as a tiny Jewish island in a sea of clan-conscious Irish instead of heading toward his kindred neighborhood on the opposite side of Manhattan, one has to go back to 1850 when Isaac's parents emigrated from Poland to Dublin, Ireland. Driven across Europe by the pogroms, Isaac's family was attracted to the sizable Jewish population in Dublin, where a popular synagogue was guided by a bearded rabbi, traditional in every way except that he spoke Gaelic as well as Hebrew and his English contained as unmistakable a brogue as ever was heard in County Cork or Hell's Kitchen.

When they came to America, Isaac and Rachel gravitated naturally to neighborhoods that were Irish and close to the docks. Isaac was a tailor specializing in sailors' uniforms, emergency repairs and pressing for crews arriving in port. When ships were being moored, he would be on the docks trying to coax a little business from hard-boiled sailors who were more interested in refreshing their thirst than their wardrobe. A little Jewish tailor trying desperately to make a way in America for his growing family, he would startle an Irish tar with a "Shure and ye'll be wantin' a fresh pair o' duds fer to please the ladies, me boy."

Though Isaac worked from dawn until far into the night, the wolf was a permanent resident at the Jacobs door. There were nine children now and Isaac had to supplement his meager earnings by doubling as a "runner"—a professional greeter and guide to immigrants arriving by steerage. These displaced persons of an earlier day, bewildered and unable to speak the language of this promised land, would rely on the runners to get them through customs, obtain the necessary entry papers and even find them a place to live.

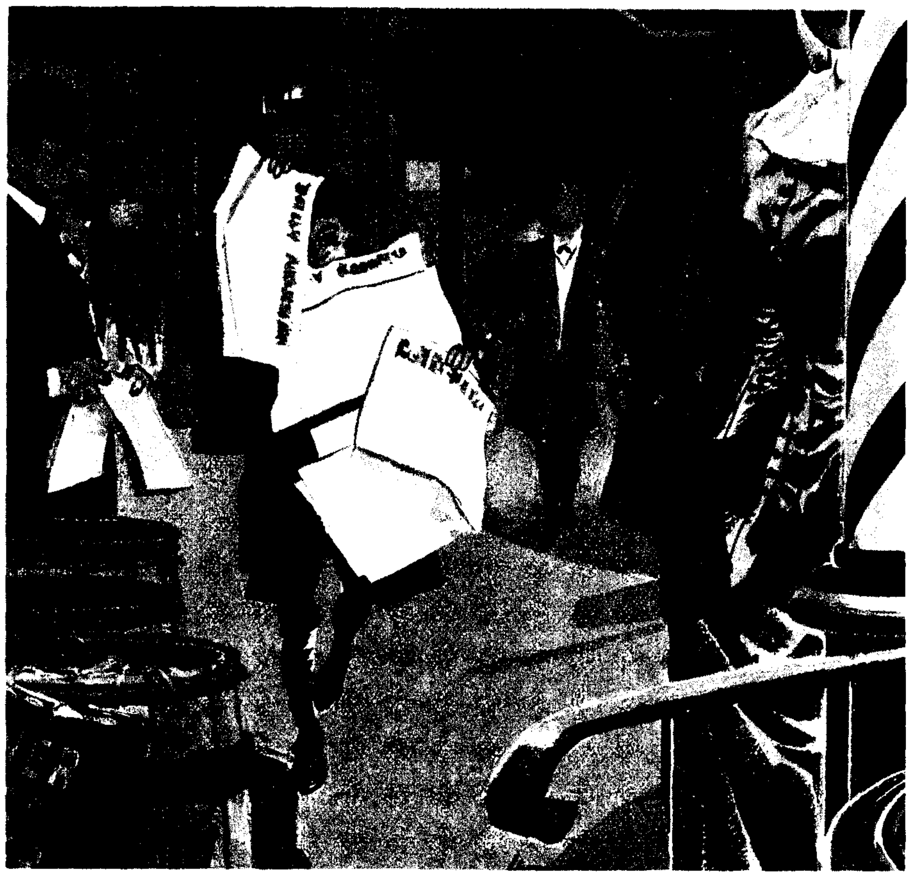
Throughout the childhood of Mike and his eight brothers and sisters, it took all the resourcefulness of a strong woman like Rachel to keep this overpopulated household alive.

The painting of Rachel that hangs in the luxurious living room of Mike's Rumson, New Jersey, estate shows a matriarch of impressive physical strength and determination, qualities which must have sustained her through the ordeal of raising nine children on Washington Street. The boys remember that it was their mother who taught them to fight back against the conditions that might have crushed them.

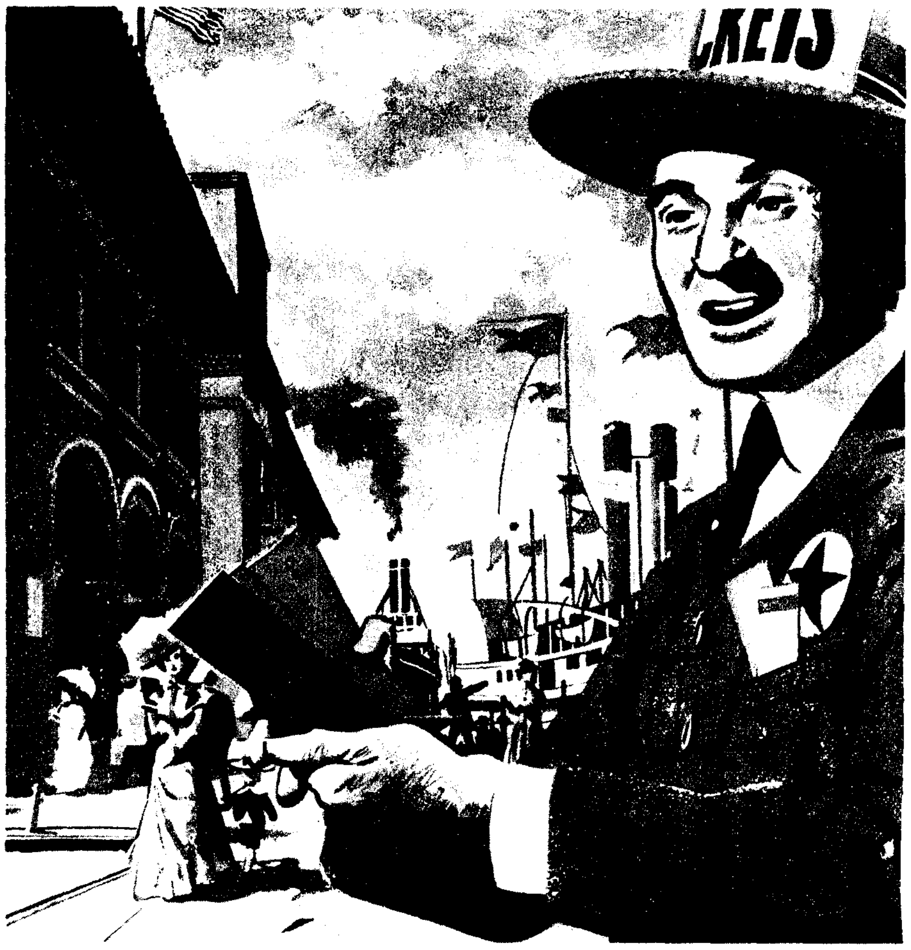
One day when Mike was seven or eight years old, he came home crying that an older boy, a well-known bully on the block, had called him names and pushed him off the landing into the river, at that time a favorite sport for kids whose only playground was the docks. As the youngest son, Mike was the family favorite, and his elder brothers were eager to avenge his injuries. But Rachel had a different idea. "Let him learn to fight his own battles," she said. "Nobody ever helps anybody else in this world. Whatever he does, he'll have to do himself. The earlier he learns that, the less he'll be hurt."

It was the only workable philosophy of survival. Mike went out and took his lickings. He learned to fight back. "Mike could handle himself as good as the next kid," his family remembers. "But he wasn't the kind who went looking for fights. He was, well, like he's been all the rest of his life. He was a good businessman—hard-working and smart—even when he was selling papers. He knew how to keep his mouth shut and go about his business. But if someone tried to grab his papers or push him off the corner, then he'd fight like a wildcat. He was a good strong kid. He's always had an iron constitution. The gang on the block learned to respect Mike. He was just as tough as they were. Once they saw they couldn't scare him, they stopped bothering him."

Somehow, like the equally poor families around them, the Jacobses survived. The daughters helped with the cooking, washing and mending. For the boys, school soon became a distraction from the main job of bringing in those few extra dollars each week that meant the difference

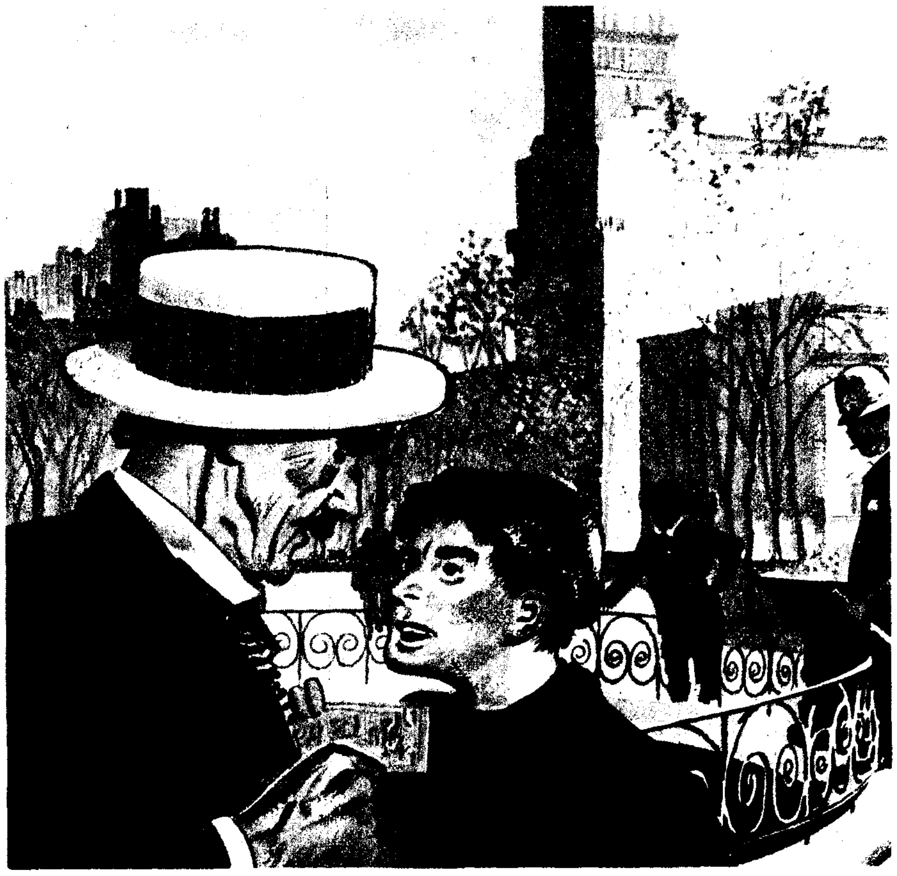


Kids like Mike who sold papers in that neighborhood in the 1890s were fair game. They couldn't relax or *wham!*

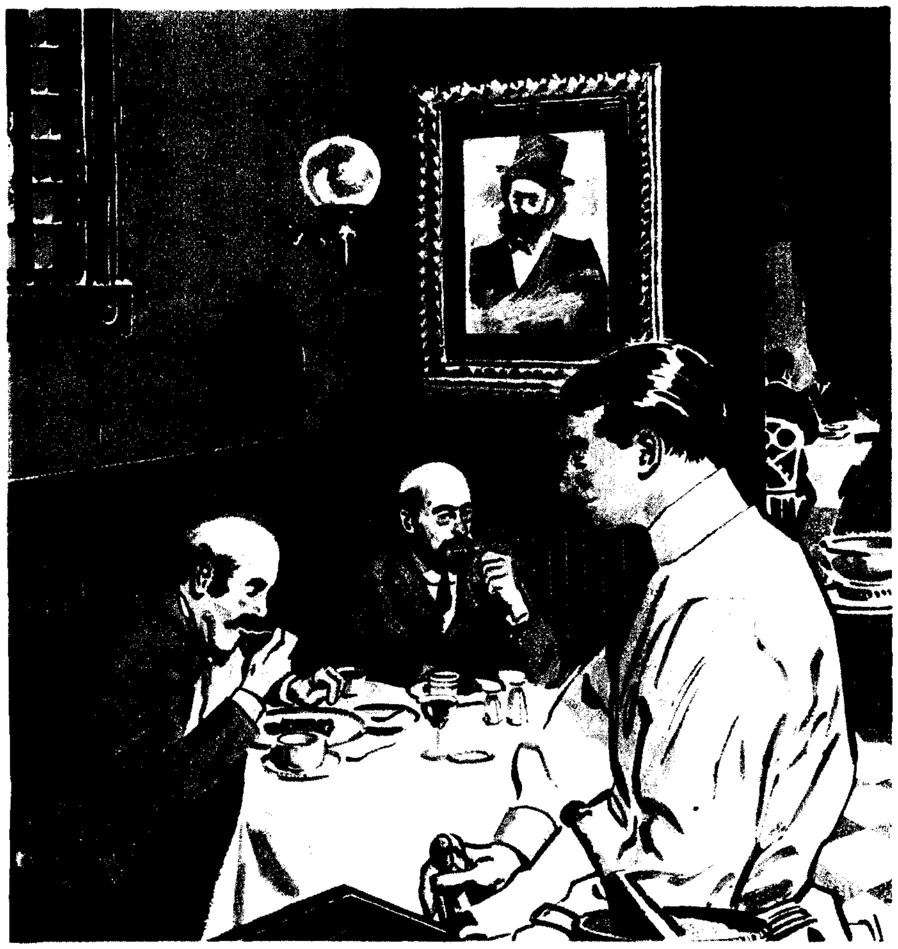


Mike stood out there on the dock with excursion tickets in his hands yelling, "Get your rides to Dreamland Park!"

Boss Never Cried'



Mike was peddling his papers on Fourteenth Street when a sharper asked him to go to the Garden and buy tickets



Off seasons Mike worked as a waiter at Tammany Hall. It was in this atmosphere that he learned about politicians

between frightful want and just getting by. At ten, Mike was a newsboy, proud of bringing home a handful of pennies a day. A scrapper's ability is a traditional part of a newsboy's equipment, but in those days it was a good 90 per cent.

An old man who remembers hustling papers in Mike's neighborhood around 1890 tells us, "If you had a bunch of papers under your arm, you were fair game in those days. You could never relax and you could never trust nobody. You'd be standin' on a corner mindin' yer own business and peddlin' yer papers an' first thing you'd know a fella'd come along and point up and say, 'Hey, Johnny, lookit the fire!' You'd look up and *wham* it would be good-by papers. Not just the boys either. The girls on that street and all the way down to the Battery were just as tough. They'd sneak up behind you, give you a push and be off on the run with a dollar's worth of your papers."

Many a time young Mike would come home scratched and bruised, but never without his day's earnings. It was during this period that he included himself out so far as formal education was concerned. What was the good of learnin' all that stuff, he reasoned, when you could be out making yourself a buck? From that day to this Mike has behaved with extraordinary consistency. Whatever you need to know, know it better than anybody else, has been his motto; but if you can't make a dollar with it, don't waste any time on it.

It is this philosophy that has made some outside acquaintances wonder how a man like Mike could be so successful. But the opposite side of this coin is Mike's single-mindedness, a trait he cultivated from the age of ten. On Washington Street, every dollar Mike brought in went toward survival. A few years later money would be a ladder to lift him out of the slums. Then a cushion against a deep-rooted dread of insecurity. After that, independence and power, compensation for all the things he never had nor could ever learn to appreciate.

But, to go back some 60 years and at least $999,999, Mike was peddling his papers on Fourteenth Street one day when a man who looked like a sharper came up and said, "Hey, kid, want to make an easy buck?" Mike hadn't been on the streets for nothing. He wasn't anybody's sucker.

"Whatta I have to do?"

"Just go up to Madison Square an' buy me a couple of tickets for the Garden."

Half an hour later Mike had his dollar. He and the sharp-looking fellow in the derby did business regularly for a while after that. By the time he was twelve, Mike was earning three or four dollars a week as a "digger"—a purchaser of tickets for scalpers who otherwise might become too familiar at the box office. At first Mike was a little puzzled. He was sure the fellow must be a real sport to keep buying so many tickets. But his elder brother, Jake, soon put him wise. The wiseacre who was paying Mike a dollar to front for him in line couldn't afford to use one of the seats himself—not when he could sell them for twice their official price. After years of selling papers for pennies, Mike was impressed.

"How much you think that guy makes a week?"

"Oh, twenny-thirty dollars easy," Jake guessed.

"An' that's all he does, buys tickets and sells 'em on the street?"

"Yeah."

Mike thought that one over. Next afternoon when the scalper for whom he had been working gave him the money to buy some tickets at the opera house, he bought them but didn't return immediately as he had done so many times before. Instead he loitered near the lobby on Fourteenth Street. He saw a couple go to the box office and turn away disappointed. The house was sold out. "Hey, mister, wanna buy two good tickets?"

Mike quickly disposed of his pair of dollar tickets for $4. Then he went back to the scalper who had broken him in. "Here's yer two bucks back," the twelve-year-old said. "I'm through workin' fer ya."

With his $2 profit, Mike was in business. Next day he bought his own tickets. He held them until show time and sold them for a nice profit. But the scalper noticed that his young ex-stooge was brazenly muscling in on his territory. He followed the twelve-year-old speculator around the corner and jumped him. "Yer a smart punk. Lemme catch ya doin' that once more and they'll find ya in the river."

It was the newsboy battles all over again, in an even rougher league. But Mike knew a simple law and he lived by it. Next day he was back at the same spot scalping his tickets. The older scalper tried to bully him off the curb. Seeing a cop on the corner, Mike yelled, "Help! Help!" The officer came running.

"What's the trouble, me boy?"

"This crook tried t' gyp me on a ticket an' when I squawked he started chokin' me," Mike said.

The cop turned on the scalper suspiciously. "I've had me eye on you," he said, and started going through the man's pockets. He found a dozen choice seats for performances all through the week. "I ought to run ye in for a dirty scalper," he said, "but this time I'll be easy on ye. If ye know what's good fer ye, stay away from this theater."

Righteously, the cop pocketed the confiscated seats.

At an age when most of us are struggling over multiplication tables in our copybooks, Mike was learning his arithmetic in the hardheaded Fourteenth Street School of Economics where the problems were far from hypothetical: If you work eight hours to make 50 cents peddling papers, Q.E.D. you're a sucker. If you can buy a ticket for a dollar and sell it for two, you're getting smarter.

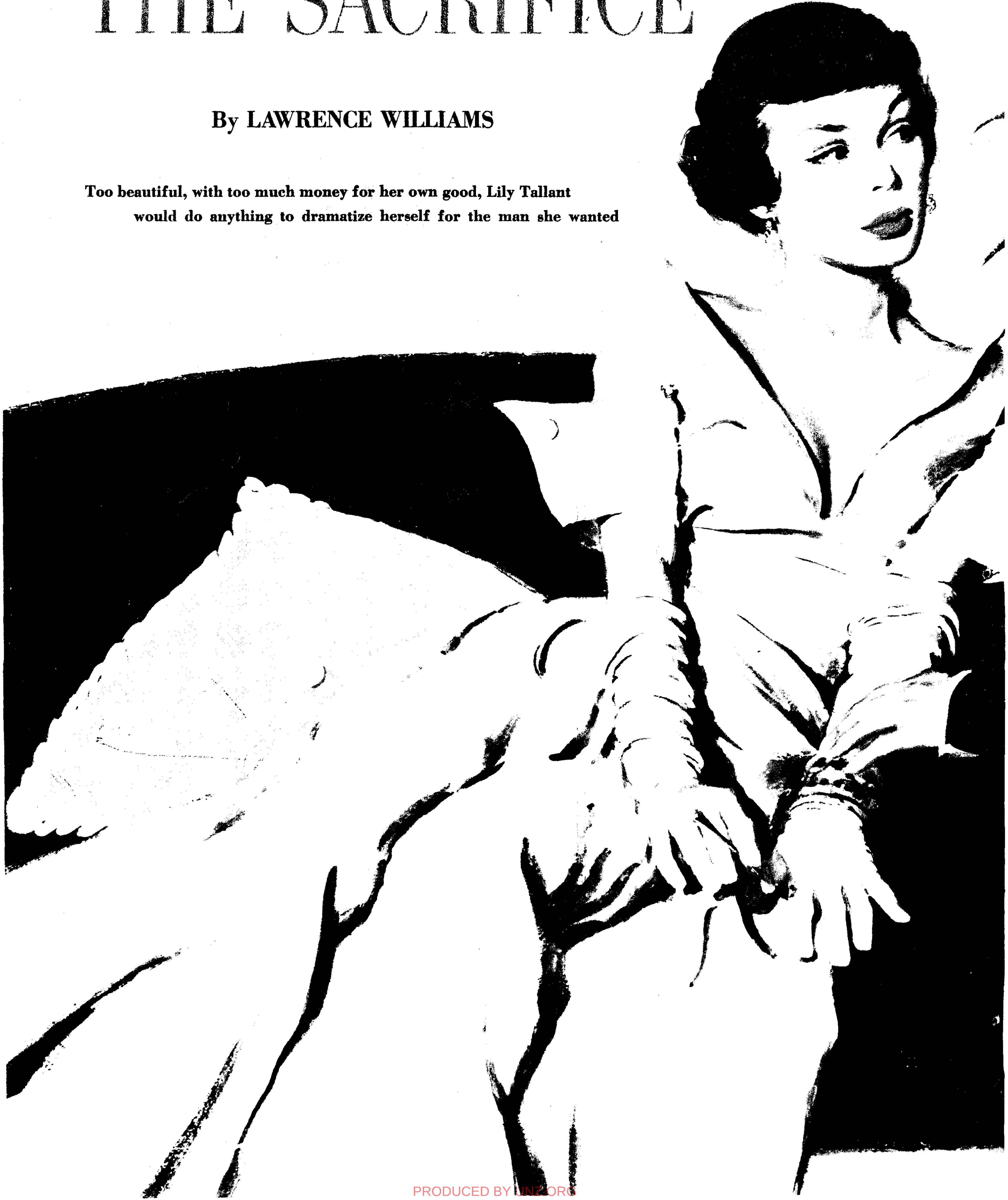
In this school of economics, you went to the head of the class by looking sharp, *(Continued on page 82)*

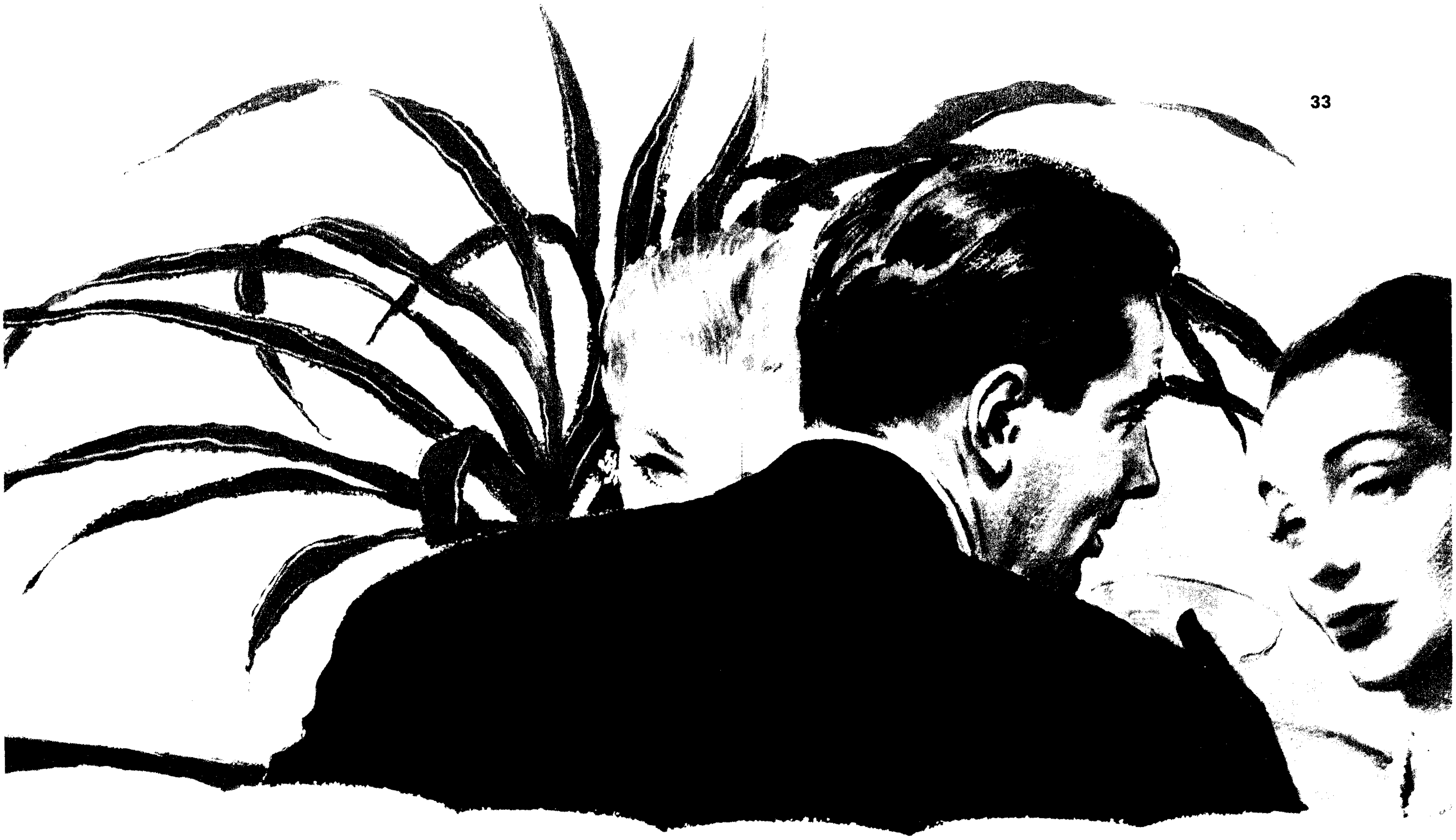
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY DEVLIN

THE SACRIFICE

By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

Too beautiful, with too much money for her own good, Lily Tallant would do anything to dramatize herself for the man she wanted





Russ didn't turn when Lily spoke. He put his hand gently on her arm and kept listening to the others

MY NAME is John Deeter and I'm a cartoonist, which hasn't a great deal to do with this story about Lily Tallant and her lion, but it has enough to do with it to make it necessary for me to tell you that much at any rate. In the first place, chance worked it out so that I was the only one who saw the whole thing, and, consequently, the only one who can tell you the whole thing. And in the second place, I'm one of the very few men in her comparatively restricted circle who never fell in love with Lily Tallant. That makes a big difference.

To go back a way, I first saw Lily at her coming-out party in 1939, an astonishing shindig by postwar standards, but more or less typical then of what most of the very rich considered appropriate to such occasions—a hotel ballroom with the fashionable band of the moment, buckets of champagne, a jungle of flowers, and favors from Cartier's. One way or another I went to a dozen such parties that season, which was my last year up at New Haven, but I sensed at once that this party was not like all the others. I think everybody sensed it.

The others were supposed to be events, but remained incidents. Lily Tallant's debut was an event—an event because she had decided to make it one.

Even at eighteen Lily knew how to take the stage and how to hold it. In the ballroom with most of her immediate contemporaries she managed to make even the prettiest and best-gowned of them look like dowdy schoolgirls. She probably was not the most beautiful girl in the room, but no one was given a chance to consider whether she was or not.

Her figure was a woman's figure, her features small and regular, her eyes black and enormous, her mouth a dramatic scarlet. If you'll remember, in 1939 all the girls were wearing their hair in long bobs down to their shoulders. Lily wore hers, sleek and heavy and black as night, brushed almost severely straight back from her pale face and swept into two big knots at the nape of her neck. Convention required her to wear white. All the other debutantes that year (and every other year, for all I know) wore some white, girlish material like tulle or taffeta. Lily wore white satin.

Nothing was in poor taste, or at least not in poor enough taste for her not to get away with it. As she danced and moved about the room and laughed and talked with more than a schoolgirl's poise, Lily was always the center of attention, the pivot around which the others revolved—the entire reason for the occasion. Even then she made it her business to see that no one present could keep his eyes off her.

And that—that single fact—was the basic requirement in Lily Tallant's life. If that one thing had not been so, there wouldn't be any point in writing this story about her and her lion.

During that winter season of 1939, Lily made the columns and the Sunday supplements at least as often as the average movie star. People who wanted to criticize her used to say Lily had a publicity office working for her. This she indignantly denied, and I believed her. She was her own press agent, and for herself at least, a better one than anyone she might have hired.

Her instinct for dramatizing herself seemed to be completely unfailing. She set a half-dozen fashions that year and the next, but followed none of them herself. As soon as other women began to imitate her hairdo Lily cut her hair as short as a boy's, and by the time others had copied that, her own hair had grown out again and she wore it perfectly straight with bangs, starting what the fashion magazines that year called "the Cleopatra look." She saved her more startling effects for occasions where the competition for attention was likely to be stiffer. At the opening of the opera, for instance, Lily made her entrance for the delighted press photographers smoking a dainty, miniature corncob pipe.

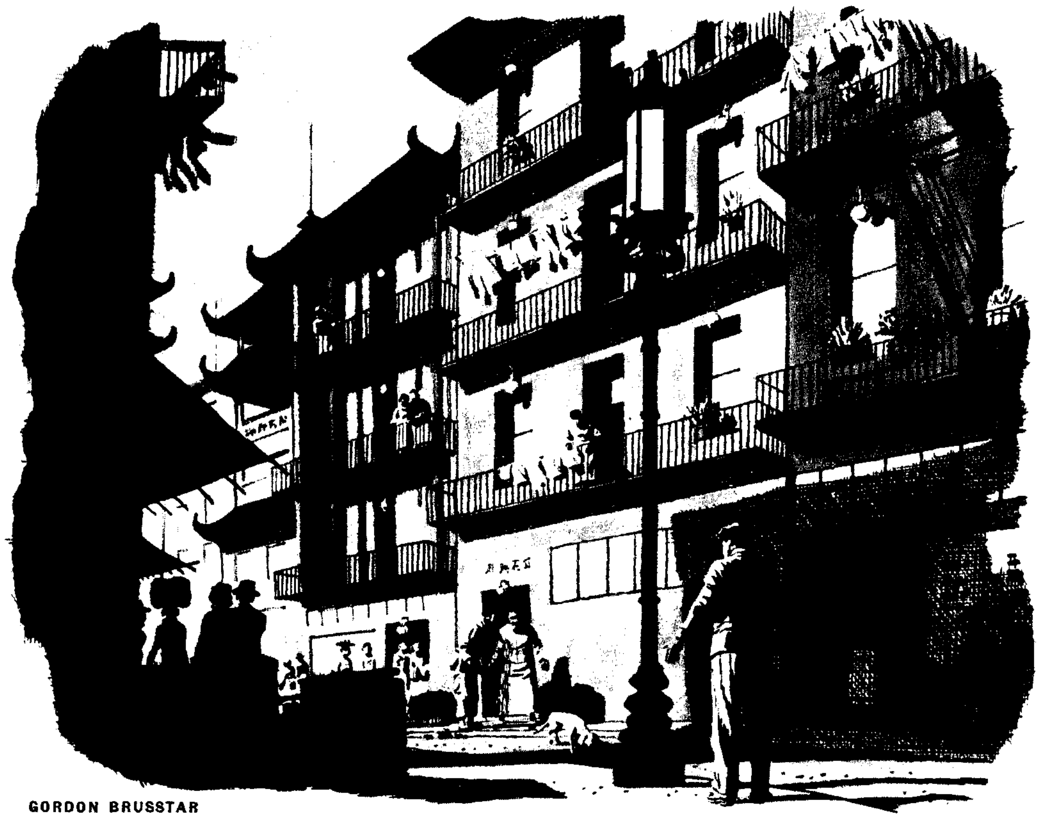
This sort of thing didn't set too well with the more conservative element in the social group in which she had grown up, and in the third year following her debut—after having been photographed in the ring embracing a triumphant bearded wrestler—Lily was silently dropped from the Social Register. A more empty gesture of rebuke could scarcely have been imagined, for Lily's interest in that sort of society was already less than nothing. She was busy forming her own society, which democratically included anyone calculated to draw attention to Lily—so long as Lily wasn't overshadowed.

HER father was delicately approached by various ladies to whom the behavior of what they considered their class was important. Jess Tallant was a poor subject for their kind of well-bred coercion. Tallant had been brought up with rigid strictness by a tyrannical mother in one of the gloomy mansions on Fifth Avenue. When he was left a widower soon after the birth of Lily, he consciously chose to lavish upon his daughter everything that had been withheld from his own childhood.

He listened earnestly to the well-meaning ladies during their calls on him, but when he talked to Lily—with her rich, arrogant laugh and her extraordinary ability to make anything sound ridiculous—he always found himself and his checkbook hopelessly at her beck. Jess Tallant had inherited his father's money-making ability and at the age of forty-eight he had found himself so extravagantly rich that it had seemed only good taste to retire, which I suppose was some sort of mistake, because three years later he was dead.

Lily continued to be a fountainhead of delight, envy and curiosity to that little group in Greater New York *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT



GORDON BRUSSTAR

Day of the DOG

By SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL

THE sun was behind the buildings, but its warmth clung to Chinatown. Old Cantonese, waiting for grandsons to summon them to evening rice, talked in the doorways; and no old man was more contented than Su'ey Kee. He stood in the doorway of an apartment house which he owned.

Su'ey Kee was a rich man who was still adding to his wealth. Chinatown guessed how this was being done. By wholesaling opium. How else could a man own buildings and lend money? There was suspicion, not proof.

Previously, a smuggled shipment of narcotics had led federal agents in Su'ey Kee's direction. They had entered his rooms with a warrant, but had found nothing.

Now, he stepped out of the doorway impolitely while another old Chinese was speaking, walked to the curb, and kicked the mongrel sniffing at an empty paper bag. The little dog yelped and ran across the street. The other old men laughed.

"Su'ey Kee," one cackled, "kicking a dog brings luck."

"I do not like dogs," snapped Su'ey Kee. "One great ugly beast in some way entered my building a few days ago. A white man was with him. The man said it was the wrong address. *Hai!* I drove them out!"

There was nothing unusual about such dislike, as Henry Ling, watching from the far side of the street, knew; to China-born old men, dogs are traditionally ill-treated. He also knew that the old man had a particular reason for his dislike. Henry, young, slim, alert, had not heard what Su'ey Kee said, but he had heard about the incident.

He had been told about it because he was temporarily assigned to the Narcotics Bureau. Hating the drug traffic, he had taken the transfer willingly from his government job as translator. He had not counted what the cost would be if he should fail, but he knew that he was failing.

Trained agents had been unable to catch Su'ey Kee. Trained dogs, who could recognize the odor of opium and alert the accompanying agent by barking, had also failed, because they had to be brought near enough to smell the drug.

The agent whom Su'ey Kee had thrown out had suspected that the shrewd old man realized what the dog was able to do, although this was supposed to be a secret. Henry was convinced now that the old man must have found out. There was a raging vindictiveness on Su'ey Kee's face when he kicked the mongrel.

The little dog crossed to where Henry Ling was standing. Henry scratched it behind an ear.

"Have you nothing to do but catch fleas on a dog?" shouted Su'ey Kee. "You are a lazy fool!"

Henry, to justify his being in Chinatown during working hours, had let it be known that he was out of a job. Su'ey Kee knew this; he had yelled about it merely to cause Henry to lose face.

Jobs, for Chinatown's young Americans, were hard come by. Henry feared that he himself would really have none after his failure. He had been given a final week to find some evidence against Su'ey Kee, and he was aware that because of his Chinese ancestry there was some suspicion that he was not trying. Still, if he should instigate a false search, Su'ey Kee was bound to learn of Henry's part from underworld gossip, and he would take vengeance on the entire Ling family.

Su'ey Kee, Henry supposed, would buy up the debts of the Ling family shop, and demand payment. Grandfather Ling would be disgraced. Henry's father would be dishonored, lose all face. Chinatown would say that evil had come to a fine family because of Henry's stupidity.

The little dog was investigating a tub of edible black snails. The old pig would kick a little dog, thought Henry; and then, forehead furrowing, he said aloud, "A small dog!"

He had a plan. As he walked away, he wondered whether the Narcotics Bureau would permit him to try it. If he succeeded, Su'ey Kee, if guilty, would be trapped. But if he failed, Henry would have trapped Grandfather and Father and Lady Mother and Small Sister and Smallest Brother.

Because of what could happen, Henry wondered whether another agent would be willing to carry out the plan; and yet who other than someone *living in Chinatown could accomplish it? And then* he couldn't help thinking that it was difficult to be both Chinese and American at the same time. As an American, one hating drugs and believing in duty, he tried to tell himself, "What have I got to lose?" but as a Chinese he knew only too well. . . .

His plan was approved. And so Henry, the next day, appeared in Chinatown carrying a big sample case containing cheap fabrics.

In Chinatown's apartments—one or two rooms to a family—the lower entrance doors were kept locked. Henry rang doorbell after doorbell above the mailboxes in street doorways. He was admitted a few times, but only because he spoke Cantonese and was known and his voice was recognized over the speaking tube. He sold little or nothing.

It was on the sixth day, positive that Su'ey Kee was upstairs in his rooms, that Henry began to ring bells in the old man's building in spite of the No Peddlers sign. Again and again admission was refused, proof of people's fear of disobeying the sign, which old Su'ey Kee himself had put up. It took Henry's knowledge of Chinatown to get him inside. He told a resident that he was a food-shop waiter and that the shop owner was sending a present of a tray filled with fine food.

This Chinatown custom got him in—with his sample case. In it now were no fabrics, but a small terrier trained in opium detection and, during the week, taught to lie within the case. There were air holes near the bottom.

HENRY climbed the stairs and went directly to Su'ey Kee's rooms. He knocked. When the old Cantonese finally opened the door a few inches, Henry could see the chain which would stop anyone from pushing the door wider and entering.

"I have good merchandise," said Henry, "and—"

"Who let you in? I want no cheap wares."

"Cheap," smiled Henry. "Yes. Black silk. Smuggled."

Su'ey Kee blinked. "That is different," he said.

Henry walked inside. A thick Chinese rug was on the floor. There were comfortable chairs, a radio, porcelains, and a big Po'u Tai, god of wealth, with the marks on his belly where Su'ey Kee had rubbed it nightly for good fortune. One door led to a bedroom, the other to the kitchen. Su'ey Kee, Henry saw, had been enjoying food, tea and the contents of a squat black bottle.

There was no reason to delay. Henry opened the case. The terrier hopped out, shook himself and stood still, his nose wriggling. Henry was prepared for Su'ey Kee to scream and kick at the dog; he was totally unprepared for what the old man actually did.

With unbelievable swiftness, Su'ey Kee whirled, grabbing from the table a strip of fat duck.

"Nice little dog," coaxed Su'ey Kee. "Eat, dog."

He did more than offer the tidbit. He rubbed it on the dog's nose. The terrier, accustomed to being rewarded, swallowed the morsel.

The old devil is smart, Henry thought miserably. I am licked. With the rich smell of the roast duck covering other odors, how can the dog smell out hidden opium? Su'ey Kee is far smarter than I.

The old Cantonese, continuing to feed the dog, fondled one of its ears. What he was doing, he who hated dogs, seemed proof to Henry that Su'ey Kee understood about dogs and opium, and that he was guilty. But what could be done about it? Su'ey Kee might not know exactly how a dog revealed the presence of opium, but he had found the perfect way to stop the revelation.

Su'ey Kee placed the dish before the dog. When the terrier ate, the Cantonese chuckled, "You brought him to sell, Ling? *Ho!* Duck is salty. I will get the dog a drink. Then we can talk price."

Without waiting for a reply, Su'ey Kee went to the kitchen. Henry stooped and took away the dish. With quick, firm strokes, he rubbed the grease from the dog's nose. The terrier half growled when the food was removed; then, as Henry heard the sound of water running, the dog turned toward the kitchen and sniffed. Henry stood up, waiting. The dog sniffed again, and barked once, sharply. It had smelled opium.

The sound of running water continued.

If you're wrong, little fellow, Henry thought as he shoved the kitchen door open, this will be a mess.

The water was running. But Su'ey Kee, swiftly, was placing five-tael tins of opium in a suitcase, preparing to leave with them.

Henry said, "You are under arrest!"

The old man made no move to run. He stood looking at Henry. A slobber ran down his chin.

"Dogs!" snarled Su'ey Kee. "Caught by a dog!"

"Yes," Henry agreed. He reached down and patted the terrier, who had followed him into the kitchen. Then he grinned. "Chinatown will enjoy the story of how a dog was smarter than Su'ey Kee."

THE END

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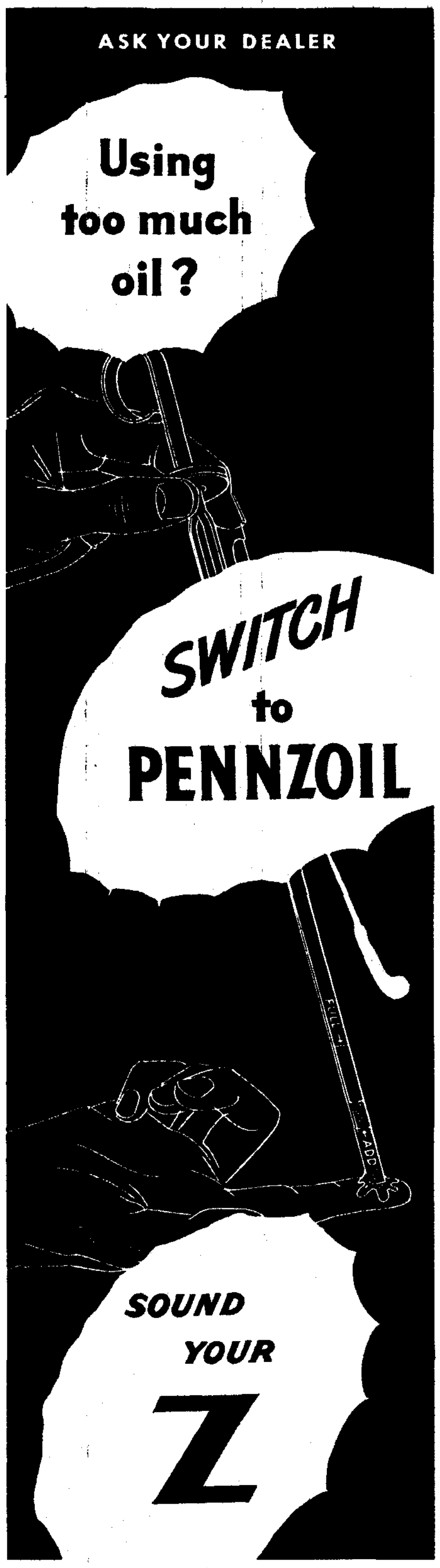

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The Lantern

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

would sometimes go in to town on Saturdays to get the week's groceries while Price finished up the week's work on the farm. People talk pretty easy. Most times there's nothing much to it. Sometimes there is.

Linda never meant to do wrong. But Check was always there. It was nice to have someone not so much older than she was on the place, to be complimented on her cooking and her looks, and teased in the kitchen, with Price listening to the market reports in the sitting room while Check helped her with the supper dishes. It was natural for Price to let them go to town together now and then on Saturday afternoon. Price didn't care much for town. He'd rather go over on the creek with a pole, or out in the woods with a gun.

Then one Saturday night in town Check teased her into taking a drink from a bottle he brought to the car with him. Just to show him she wouldn't take a dare she took a second deep swallow. The choking sensation and harsh taste were unpleasant, but when Check turned the car into a dark side road on the way home she didn't object too strenuously, and then the warmth brought to her brain by the whisky combined with the fire that lived in her blood to take her further, perhaps, than either had intended. Life changed then for Linda Applemeyer, and for a long time she wouldn't stay alone in a room with Check.

She felt exonerated somehow one evening, when Check said he was going to leave next week, and Price persuaded him to stay.

"Shucks, Check," said Price, aggrievedly. "You can't run off just when I got to get the corn shocked. You stay around for a few more weeks, and I'll pay you reg'lar wages. What's the matter, boy? Don't you like Lindy's cookin'?" The end of the matter was that Check stayed on, and Linda kind of felt like things weren't her fault any more.

ALL the same, she wouldn't have gone up into the loft with him that Saturday afternoon, but she heard the big Plymouth Rock with the wandering disposition clucking away up there and she knew the ornery creature had gone and made another nest away from the chicken house. So she went up to get the eggs. And there was Check, smiling at her.

Price had said he was going over to the sheep pasture to mend a fence, so they didn't pay much attention to noise. She giggled some, and there was a certain amount of floundering around and maybe a noisy kiss or two. She didn't let things go very far, but they talked a good deal. Check went down the ladder first, and he was smiling up at her as she put her foot on the top rung. Then she saw his face, uptilted, change and pivot and heard his voice, strained and hard.

"Hello, Price. Didn't know you were around the barn. Me'n Lindy's been gittin' some eggs for you. If I's you, I'd wring that old hen's neck. Lindy says she's always runnin' off and nestin' in some out o' the way place."

Linda nearly fell from the top rung. She heard Price's voice answer; he sounded strange, but he was only saying something about the fence looked so bad he'd decided to put in a wire one and let the old rail fence fall down. Check helped her from the ladder, and she made herself smile at Price. He looked pale, but he only said, "Hello, Lindy. How many eggs did you find?" He acted natural enough as they went into the house together, and Check's smile was easy again.

Price had said he was going to town with them that afternoon, and at first Linda was frightened when he turned to her and said, "Lindy, I don't feel so good. Kind of a lightness in my head. You and Check go ahead and get the groceries. I'll just lay down for a while and see if I don't git better."

They both tried to talk him into going with them. Check with a heartiness that rang false in Linda's ears, and made her hate him for a moment. Price stood firm however, and pretty soon the two of them were bumping over the road toward town, in Check's old car, with the grocery list in Linda's purse.

It was their first moment alone after the shock of seeing Price in the barn.

"Do you think he heard us, Check?" whimpered Linda.

"Naw. 'Course not. If he heard us carryin' on like that he wouldn't've sent us on into town together. Besides even if he did hear us, we didn't do nothin'. Shucks, what's a kiss?"

"You know what you said, Check! About us and the other night. You shouldn't have said that, and you said it loud, too."

"I didn't either say it loud. Anyway, that proves he didn't hear us. Now quit yappin'. Everything's all right. I didn't go to do nothin', anyhow, but I can't keep my hands off you. Guess I better go away like I meant to do."

"I'll hate to have you go, but I reckon you'd better," said Linda miserably. They rode for a while in silence, but gradually the conviction stole over them that all was well, that Price hadn't, after all, heard their racket in the loft. . . .

The crowded Saturday-night square looked good to them. Linda shopped for groceries and a notion or two while Check knocked off a few games of pool in one of the halls. After they met, later, they went in to a beer parlor and had some beer; more than Linda had intended. They stopped once more at Grey's roadhouse on the pike; to both of them the dread of the moment of seeing Price again was mounting.

When Check turned the car into the dark side road of their first parking, Linda didn't object. Two cigarettes glowed and faded and were at times forgotten. The moon went down. Cicadas whirred ever more sharply. A wind came up and the corn leaves of the shock-dried corn in the neighboring field whispered.

Check turned the car into the familiar gate and parked in the usual spot under the big elm tree. He turned off the coughing engine in a way that made Linda feel that he hated to have the racket die.

"Check!" she whispered. "The house is dark! Oh, Check, I'm feared!"

"Jest turned in!" he whispered back, fiercely. "Git a-holt of yerself now!" Then he said in a loud bluff voice. "Well, hyar we are, sister Lindy. Reckon that husband o' yourn done gone to bed. Lef' us to tote these groceries ourselves, the lazy houn'."

The loud tones echoed from the side of the house. Nothing stirred or made a noise except the cicadas and a whippoorwill.

They went in the house. The thick dark drew back as they switched on the lights. There was no one in the house. The cherrywood clock in the sitting room ticked noisily and evenly, and from somewhere far away a board creaked faintly and again in the uneven night wind.

"Oh, Check! Where is he? Where is he?" sobbed Linda, peering out the back door. "There ain't no light anyplace. He ain't never done this-a-way when we went to town before!"

THROUGH the open door the creaking sound was louder now, loud and mournfully regular; a whining creaking like a hinge that needed greasing

"What's that noise, Lindy?"

She listened, hardly breathing.

"Sounds like somethin' swingin' in the wind. Somethin' hangin' in the barn. I don't know— Check! Check! You don't think? Could it be . . . Ohhh!"

"Now don't let yer imaginin' git away from you. Hit's nothin' a-tall. Where's a lantern? We better see what it is. Don't want no damage done to the barn while Price is out possum huntin' or whatever he's a-doin'. That's what that old boy's doin'—possum huntin' or coon huntin'."

His assurance sounded faint, and the sentence quavered at the end. They lighted the lantern, and forced themselves together toward the unseen bulk of the barn.

The creaking sounded like a small, tired voice as they stood speechless and cold, watching a long, grotesque figure swinging from a rope in the doubtful lantern light. Linda moaned and crumpled unaided by her lover, to the littered ground.

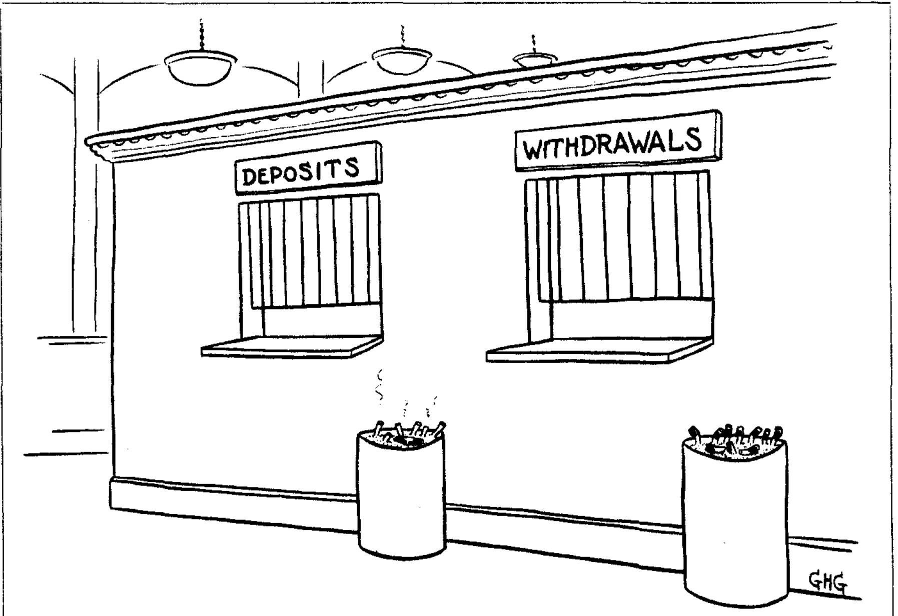
Check sprang to the ladder and climbed with hands and feet that felt dead, to the loft. He edged out onto the hay beam, cut the rope with his clasp knife and shuddered as he heard the dead thump on the ground below. "Like a dead dove a-hittin' the ground when you've made a long shot! Oh, he's dead shore! And what am I? What am I?"

Hope was gone, but he forced himself to the shadowy body. It was as cold as the ground upon which it lay.

He lifted the still unconscious Linda in his arms and carried her to the house where every room now blazed with light.

Out by the sprawling figure on the ground the lantern smoked and wavered in the wind and shed a mournful light on the last end of a man. . . .

Sheriff "Bull" Thompson was a baldish man of middle height, with a cold blue eye



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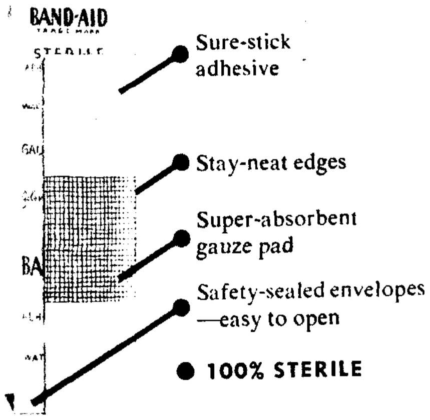

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and a square clean-shaven jaw. He stood now in the Applemeyer sitting room, close beside the bedroom where a long, white-sheeted figure lay on the four-poster bed. He kept his face expressionless as he reread the note in his hand.

It was written in pencil on a roughly torn-off sheet of cheap, blue-lined tablet paper. The dead man spoke:

"To Sheriff Thompson. I done this myself. A man gits tired. He can't hardly stand everything. The farm belongs to my woman, Lindy Applemeyer. Lindy Powell that was. Tell her it's about time them hogs was brought in off the woods and put in the pen for fattening. Price Applemeyer."

"It's Price's hand, right enough, Doc," said the sheriff, with something of regret in his voice.

"That's correct, Bull," answered Doctor Marshall, sadly. "You never know what's deviling a man, do you? Wish folks wouldn't bottle things up inside 'em so hard. I would have liked to've helped Price. He was a solid man."

"Then I reckon it's suicide," the sheriff concluded.

"Guess that's what we have to call it, Bull. Oh, well. I gave Mrs. Applemeyer a sedative soon as I saw the note. She'll sleep quiet enough now. I'll call the coroner on my way in. You figger to stay around till he comes?"

"Yep. Guess there's no use botherin' the brother any. Reckon from what the neighbors been tellin' me about him and that woman they'll have aplenty to bother 'em anyway."

The doctor shook his head, half in anger, half in weariness. Check Applemeyer slumped heavily on the front-porch steps, head in hands. The doctor ignored him and stumped off to his dusty car.

THEY buried Price Applemeyer the next day. He was a respected man in the community and many people gathered at the little church, for Price was allowed to rest in hallowed ground. The services were as bleak as the day. Linda and Check felt the looks upon them like hot irons; heard the incomplete whispers like the embodied voices of conscience.

"Look at 'em . . ."

"Heads mighty low today you ca . . ."

". . .'f I's the sheriff!"

After the ceremony was over, Fred Powell met his daughter by the church door. His face was cold, his voice that of a man addressing a stranger.

"Linda Applemeyer, from this time onward, you're not my daughter. My wife Sarah ain't your maw. Don't ever show yourself at my house!"

He stalked away, pushing Sarah Powell before him. She looked back once at the crushed figure of her daughter standing alone by the door, but her husband's firm hand kept her on her way.

Doctor Marshall, that kind man, carried Linda back to the house that was her only refuge now. A pair of crows cawed in the dark sky as he assisted the black-clad figure from the car. The neatly shocked corn in the field by the yard rustled. The gourd bird nests hanging in the yard swung abandoned. The blinds, pulled down, looked like closed eyes. Check Applemeyer's old car stood under the elm tree.

"I thank you, Doctor Marshall," said Linda faintly.

"You're welcome, Linda. Don't think for a while, girl. Best thing for you is hard work. You try and keep this place going. Price thought a lot ot it, and he's left it to you. Let me know if you need help."

In his rearview mirror the doctor could see the dark figure standing by the gate until a turn in the road shut the house of Price Applemeyer off from view....

When Linda entered the sitting room she found Check just closing his suitcase. He strapped it with the air of a man working against time. The clouds hid the sun, but it was near time for it to go down. He didn't look at Linda until the last strap was buckled.

"So you're a-goin', Check?" asked Linda. The lack of emotion in her voice seemed strange, even to her.

"Yes. I'm a-goin'. Right now. You know I can't stay here now. He was my brother, Lindy. Reckon I'm done for, but I can't stay here."

He picked up the suitcase and walked to the door. He turned then and looked at her once more.

"Guess I've brung you nothing but trouble, Lindy. I wish now things was different. Don't reckon I'll see you again."

"I don't reckon you will, Check. Iff'n you won't stay with me now, I don't ever want to see you again."

"I know. But I can't stay. Good-by, Lindy."

Her composure held for a while yet.

"Good-by, Check. Good-by."

And soon the cough of the motor died away on the road and silence descended through the neat four-roomed house. And darkness gathered first in the woods and on the ridges and flowed gently down into the hollows and seeped into the open fields.

"I kin stand it. I kin stand it," sobbed Linda, wildly. "I kin stand it, jest so long as there ain't no wind!"

She fed the chickens. She milked the cow. Every light on the place was on. It was a still night. Even the corn in the field near by stopped rustling. A whippoorwill cried. Linda tensed at the lonesome cry.

She ate a cold supper, but she made coffee hot and strong. She stayed at the little table in the kitchen long after she had choked down the last possible bite of food. The blackness outside the windows seemed thick as new-boiled molasses. Once when the electric lights flickered and dimmed for a moment Linda had to choke back a scream. Hurriedly she searched out the old kerosene lamps, no longer used but kept, filled them and lighted one, with the others close by.

There came the first faint sigh of a wind springing up. Linda bit her lip and made a great noise washing up the few dishes. In the intervals when silence came flooding unavoidably down she heard the wind, growing stronger, stronger.

Then she heard it—unmistakably! It was like a board creaking in the wind. Then *it was like the whining creak of a hinge that* needed greasing.

It came from the barn. Again and again. Though she closed all the doors, retreated to the front of the house, right against the darkness that waited outside, still she heard that silent, wind-borne creaking.

She ran from the house, not screaming, not wasting her breath. There was one refuge left—she had to reach her mother. The lantern she carried with her on her flight swung to and fro, and weird shadows danced over the cold road.

She reached the familiar gate; she ran through the yard, over well-known boards, through the house, and found her mother in the kitchen. Linda collapsed at her mother's feet, sobbing, over and over again:

"He's there. I can't stay there alone! I can't stay there alone! Maw, I'll kill myself too! I can't stay there any more! Please let me stay with you, Maw! Please."

Sarah Powell sank to a rocker, and Linda pillowed her head in her lap and sobbed. The clawlike hands touched Linda's head gently, and softly stroked the tangled hair.

"Ye cain't stay here, child. Yer paw won't allow it. But I won't abandon you. I'll stay with you there. I'll never leave you alone in that house at nighttime. Soo, Lindy. Sooo. Don't take on so. Your maw'll never leave you fallen by the roadside."

AND so the years pass slowly by. Every afternoon, when darkness begins to lower onto the land, little old Sarah Powell lights her lantern and makes her patient and slow way through the gathering dusk to the house of her daughter. The gate closes behind her, and behind her lantern. What she does there no one can say. What demons she battles, what darkness she holds back—no one knows. In the morning, in the growing light of early dawn, Sarah Powell and her lantern make their way back up the road to her home. And the light the lantern sheds is faint beside the light of her steadfast loyalty and love....

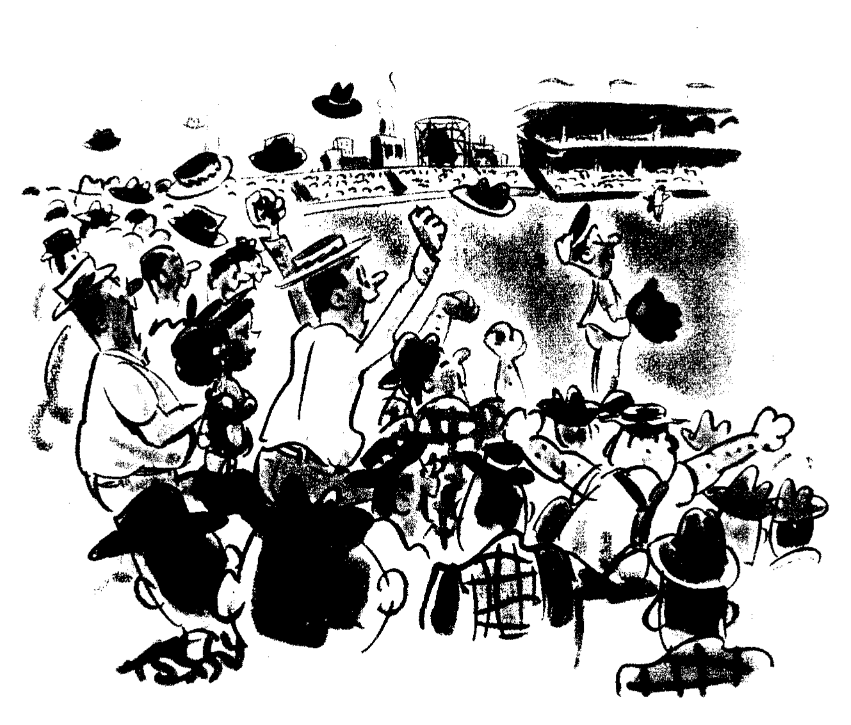
"So you see, son," concluded Doctor Marshall, "why I said the old lady was heroic, not funny. I choose my terms carefully, too, Jack."

And I agreed.

The next morning, very early, the doctor and I were driving back to town, with three nice channel cats and a couple of buffalo in a wet gunnysack in the back seat. Doctor Marshall puffed his pipe in a pretty contented fashion and the sun was just commencing to redden up the sky.

And as we drove, we met Mrs. Powell, *hunching slowly along the road. She was* dusty, and stooped and gray, but somehow, even though the sun was now above the hill and casting long red beams across the land, the rusty old coal-oil lantern in her hand spread a visible, clear, white light into the growing day.

THE END



COLLIER'S **"All this fuss because he caught the ball! That's what he's there for, isn't it?"** REAMER KELLER

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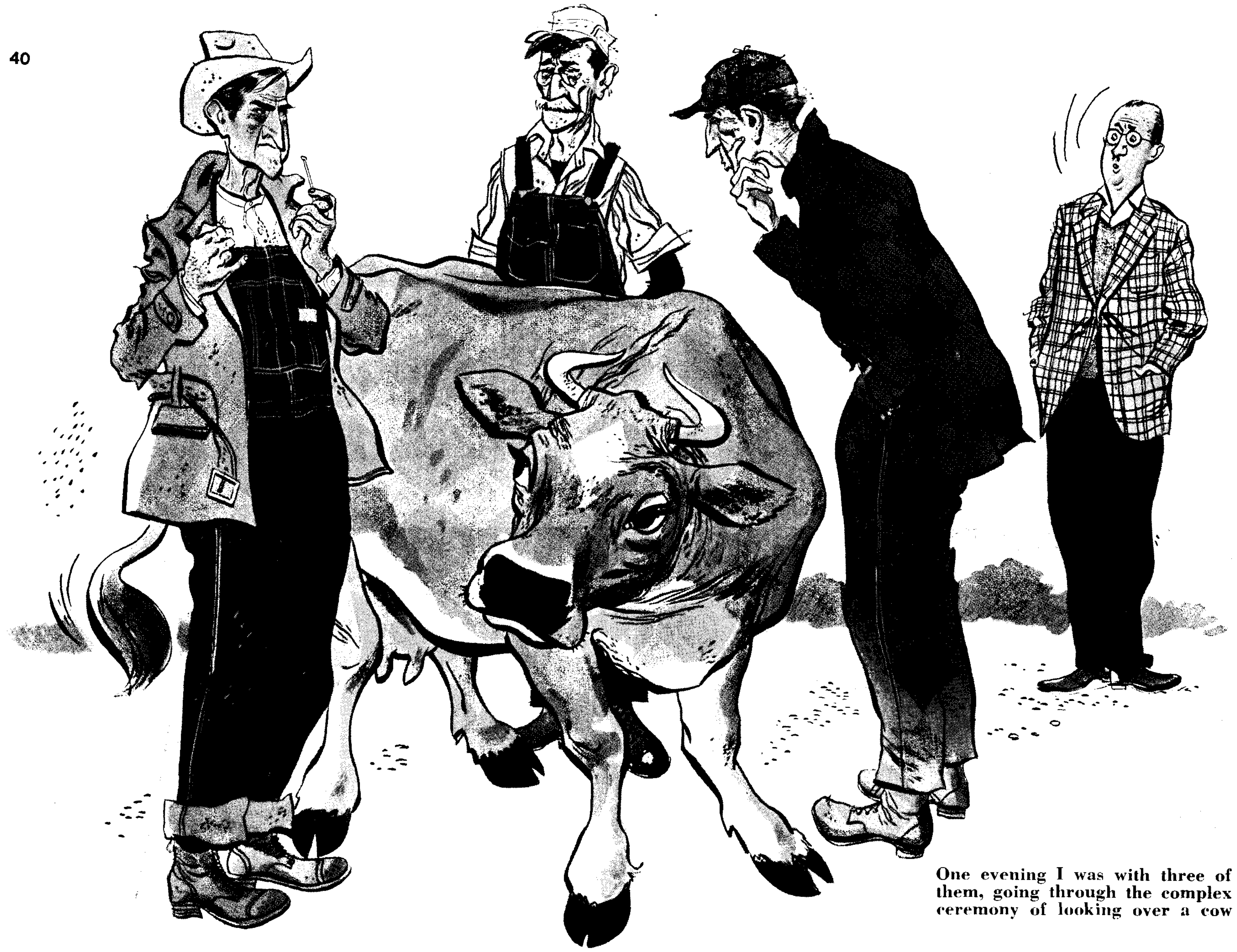


One evening I was with three of them, going through the complex ceremony of looking over a cow

Can't Set Around Here All Night

By JOHN W. RANDOLPH

They don't get any notices, but for 300 years Yankee farmers have been perfect actors

IF IT is true, as the critics say, that the American theater is dying, there is an easy and absolutely sure way to revive it. The theater only has to recruit a good supply of the greatest actors ever seen in this world. It is a simple matter. Any New England farm will supply one or more.

It is hard to understand how this fact has been so stubbornly ignored, since the New England farmer has spent all of his time for better than 300 years acting out the dramatic fiction that he is at once silent, crafty, suspicious, obstinate, insular, stingy, inhospitable and generally ungregarious. Every one of them has been doing it, except maybe Daniel Webster, and he was canceled out by Calvin Coolidge with some to spare.

The fact that the New England farmer is none of these things he so artfully pretends to be only adds luster to his performance.

The plain, bedrock truth about New England farmers is that they are all actors all of the time. Not only that, they are all stars. Almost any one of them could make a Lunt look like a lout.

I have made an exhaustive study of this matter over a period of 12 years, during which time I traveled dozens of miles, interviewed several people and learned to squat on my heels and run dirt through my fingers. I can now state authoritatively that your true New England farmer lives with a spine-chilling fear that he may be suspected of not being a true New England farmer. He will play that part to the death, against all the laws of man and nature if necessary.

That is why he will wear the shrewd, knowing air of a man getting something pretty juicy out of the deal when he is doing a sick neighbor's work for a couple of weeks, for nothing. He is playing up to the hilt the role of a man driving a merciless Yankee bargain.

Of course, this same neighbor is going to hand him the same kind of trimming next spring when his seed potatoes fail. The neighbor helps him out with the same crafty air and both of them will come out true, tight New Englanders who know a good thing when they see it.

That is why they have to play crusty and unsociable. They do it gaudily, but it is still all stage sham. Since I moved to western Massachusetts, they have kept me in my place and, without effort, maintained over me the ascendancy of a Booth over an audience of yokels. One near neighbor established his New Englandicity with a demonstration of faultless stage control.

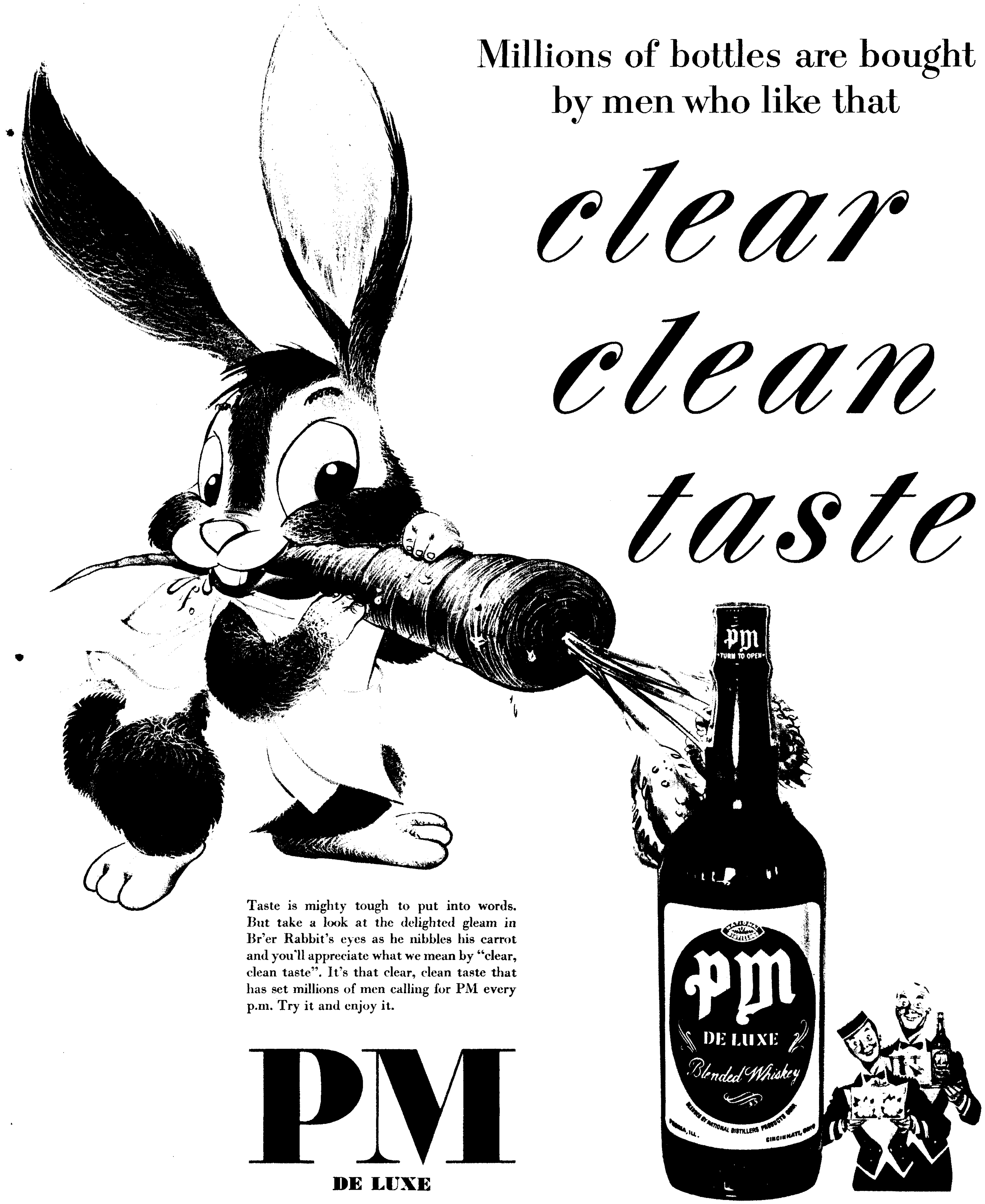
He came over one day with his hired hand to lime a field for me. He had shrewdly stipulated that I buy the lime, but it cost me nothing else. He didn't have nothing to keep him busy anyhow, he said, and his team was getting too high in flesh and needed work. Besides, he wanted to try out his new spreader and that land lay just right for it. Wanted to see how the piece took lime anyway, because he had a piece joining it. He could experiment without no risk to *his* land.

But, in spite of all he was getting, I could see I wasn't going to be able to charge him anything for his work. He was playing the part of a man who had me in a vise (*Continued on page* 53)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

Millions of bottles are bought by men who like that

clear clean taste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Taste is mighty tough to put into words. But take a look at the delighted gleam in Br'er Rabbit's eyes as he nibbles his carrot and you'll appreciate what we mean by "clear, clean taste". It's that clear, clean taste that has set millions of men calling for PM every p.m. Try it and enjoy it.

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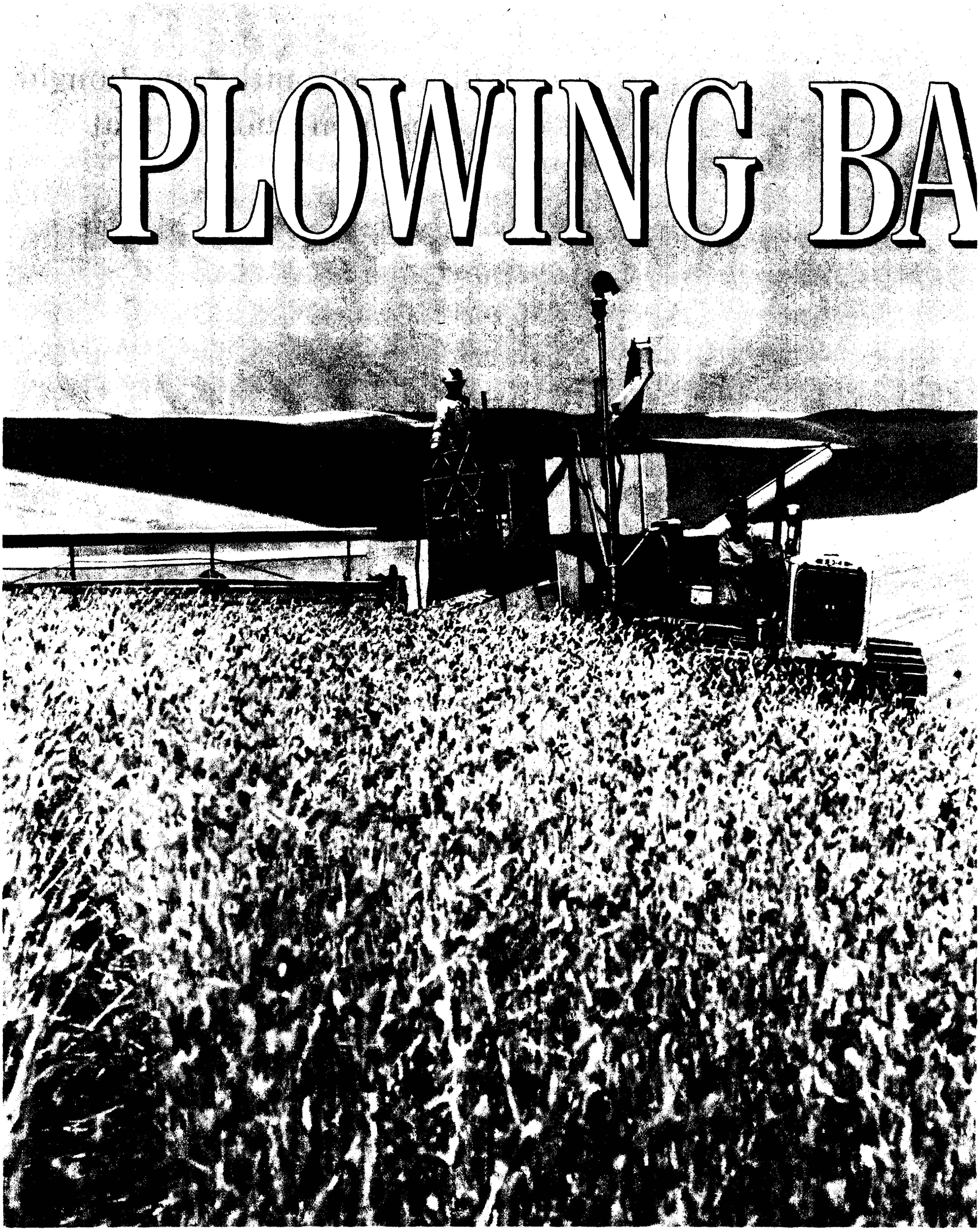
PLOWING BA



CK PAYS OFF

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DURING and after the war, as everyone knows, oil needs skyrocketed. They are still climbing.

In 1948, Socony-Vacuum plowed back $201,000,000 into the business – expanded all facilities to handle unprecedented demand.

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This is the kind of "plowing back" that builds for the future . . . that makes for National Security . . . that assures oil supply for growing millions of cars, homes and mechanized farms, for expanding aviation and *every* industry that relies on *more oil* to produce a bigger money's-worth for you.

America is already reaping the benefits, and more and more benefits are coming.

★ ★ ★

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Know-how makes them Better!

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Since horse-and-carriage days the name, Kelly-Springfield, has meant the ultimate in worry-free driving. Today—after 56 years of superior craftsmanship and tire-making "know-how"—Kellys are safer . . . smoother-riding . . . longer-wearing than ever before.

Stop at your Kelly Dealer's for expert service. He'll give you full credit for *all* the mileage left in your present tires when you swap for safe, new Kellys!

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY
CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

PROVED AND IMPROVED FOR 56 YEARS!

Runyon's Last Story —by His Friends

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

would be glad to raise much more," the letter said, "if it could be arranged for him to circulate more freely."

A few months later the Sing Sing grapevine brought news that Lanza himself was suffering from cancer. His friends, who still ran things in Lanza's old hunting grounds, the fish market, decided to tack a premature Lanza memorial onto the now burgeoning Runyon Memorial. By methods best not talked about they rounded up a bank roll.

It would have been simple enough to put the money in an envelope and trust it to the mails. But the underworld never makes a pay-off that way. Late one night Leonard Lyons received a phone call and a voice said, "Stay put, fella. Ya gettin' some visitors."

Lyons stayed put. Presently in walked three gentlemen, their coat collars raised high, their hatbrims pulled way down. Each one pulled out a cigar box and placed it on a table. Then all three of them gumshoed away, leaving the bug-eyed columnist to discover, inside the boxes, 6,000 greasy dollars, smelling strongly of fish.

A Publicity-Shy Statesman

Actually, the underworld's part in the total fund is a very small one, far overbalanced by contributions from the other end of the social scale. One of the earliest large contributions was a $5,000 check from a distinguished elder statesman. A scrawled note read simply: "Don't advertise this." A few months later Winchell buttonholed the donor and argued him into a release of his name on the theory that, if people knew that Bugsy Siegel could support the Runyon Fund, they also had a right to know it was approved and supported by Bernard Baruch.

Another small check came in, pinned to a letter which read: "I like what you fellows are doing about cancer. Please don't put this in the papers and don't look at the amount of this check. It's all I can afford from a humble soldier's pay."

This request for anonymity was honored until Winchell recently presented a check for cancer research at Columbia University. With Columbia's president standing alongside him at the microphone, he then read the note, ending with the signature, "Dwight D. Eisenhower."

Between the noteworthy contributors of high and low degree stands a vast army that now totals nearly 1,000,000 individuals—workmen, housewives, actors, ranchers, pensioners and children.

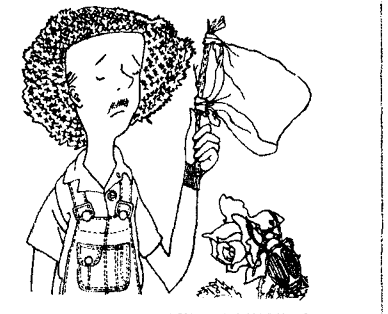
A private stationed in the Canal Zone presented probably the most heartbreaking donation in fund history. His pay had been snafued for a long time. When the Army finally came through, he received nearly $1,500 in a lump sum. He bought ten $100 money orders, every last one made out to the Runyon Fund. His letter ended with a simple postscript: "Hope this helps you catch that cancer. It killed my wife."

In New York's teeming Bronx some seven-year-olds decided to help by putting on a cellar show and charging two cents admission. Neighborhood adults contributed pennies. After a few weeks, a swarm of grimy youngsters emerged from the subway and entered the fund's office. Each toted a clinking milk bottle which he promptly poured out on the desk. The pile totaled 9,000 pennies. In Warrenton, Virginia, a group of kids from the horsy set got the same idea. They trotted out their own ponies and let other children ride them for a five-cent contribution.

At least a dozen individuals have converted the fund into their own memorials by remembering it in their wills with sums ranging from a few dollars to many thousands. The fund also is acquiring property. One woman gave it a share in an Arizona gold mine. The father of a sixteen-year-old cancer victim learned only through Winchell's announcement over the air that a close friend had donated the major share in a high-production oil well to the fund in memory of the boy. Oilman John Wrather turned over to the fund the renamed Runyon-McGee Well No. 1, with a guaranteed income of at least $100,000.

Actors and night-club entertainers have worked out ingenious methods of shaking down their audiences for the Runyon Fund. Comedian Joey Adams, for example, wrote a book and proceeded to peddle it at every performance, calmly charging $5 per volume and turning the entire proceeds over to the Runyon Fund. His collections total well over $100,000.

Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II devised another fund-raising gimmick. With ticket scalpers getting $60 a seat for tickets for South Pacific they arranged to allot 14 house seats for every performance to the Runyon Fund. These tickets are sold to the highest bidders. Saint Subber and Lemuel Ayers followed suit with their show, Kiss Me Kate. To date, this has netted the fund well over $60,000.



ANNA LAKISHIK

Recapitulation

Above all, this I know
About the things I grow:
The one to admit defeat'll
Be me and not the beetle

—S. H. DEWHURST

The latest innovation in Runyon fund raising, one that promises a tremendous sum for cancer research, was suggested in a letter by the wife of an Army colonel.

Trying It Out on Godfrey

Winchell tested it out first on Arthur Godfrey before a recent Sunday-night broadcast. "Whatever became of all the short snorters we used to collect during the war?" Walter asked him.

Godfrey dug out his wallet. Buried deep behind old auto licenses and honorary deputy sheriff cards, he found a yard or so of pinned-together short-snorter money. He displayed it, then began to return it to its hiding place.

But Winchell was too quick for him. He appropriated the short snorter and ten minutes later was screaming the story on the air, ending: "Send me a million, please!"

For days vast bundles of soiled and folded samples of every kind of legal tender in the world came through the mails.

Another inspiration occurred the night fire swept Bar Harbor, Maine, and a cancer laboratory burned to the ground. A mile away, a doctor sat in his car watching 35 years of his lifework go up in flames. Then, over the car's radio, came Winchell's voice: "This is to tell Dr. Little up in Bar Harbor, Maine, that the Damon Runyon Fund is mailing him fifty grand tonight. He will get it in the morning . . ."

A few months ago Milton Berle reached right through the television cameras to shake down all America for the fund in a 17-hour performance. By the time he dropped from exhaustion, he had gone through 76 cups of coffee and collected $400,000.

Occasionally, heels have tried to latch onto the growing fame of the fund. One of the boldest was a Midwest fight promoter who called Winchell to announce that he was going to put on a series of bouts for the fund. Winchell plugged the bouts on the air, and then waited for the check—which didn't arrive.

After two weeks Walter blew his top. He learned that the promoter had once been a partner of another shady figure whose fame rests upon his ability to get arm-twisting jobs done anywhere in the United States. The arm-twister was sent for. Winchell banged the table: "Get me that money in 48 hours!

"And if I don't get it," he added, "you can tell that no-good welsher that I'll get on the radio every Sunday night until every boxing commission in the country has barred him from the fight business."

The astounded thug backed slowly out of their restaurant meeting place.

Two hours later, $5,800, the exact amount due the fund, was quietly slipped into the columnist's pocket.

Phonies Get the Brush-Off

Occasionally a cancer faker touting a quack cure tries to horn in on the good will that envelops the fund. Winchell, Lyons and Parker, however, have learned how to get rid of these phonies. All three, recognizing that their forte is fund raising, not cancer research, have wisely used the same experts who guide the allocation of grants for research for the American Cancer Society and the United States Public Health Service.

Even here the trio has followed the rule of "not one cent for overhead." Forty days after the fund was started they voted their first grant of $250,000 to the New York Chapter of the American Cancer Society. They tied only one string onto the grant, that the society would provide them, free, with an expert adviser. That is how they acquired John H. Teeter, who makes order out of their chaos, yet lets them run as wild as they want to whenever they get an idea for raising money.

Teeter and other fund advisers have saved Winchell and his pals from a number of boners. Winchell, for example, felt that money coming from the 48 states should go back to all of them.

But, under Teeter's tutelage, the amateurs who run the fund discovered that you can't parcel out the money on a simple geographical basis. Some states just don't have the scientists and the laboratories capable of using research funds to full effect. So Runyon Memorial money goes to the institutions best fitted for cancer research.

More than $2,500,000 has already gone to colleges and hospitals in 34 states.

More Workers Being Trained

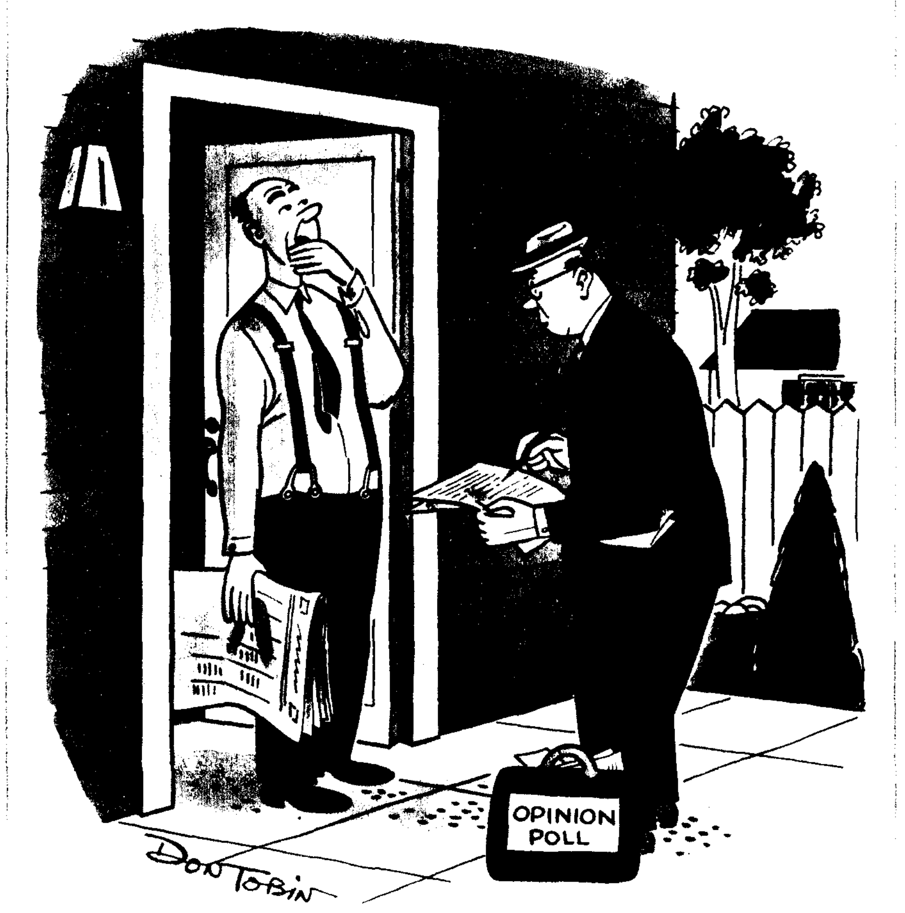
Frustrated in its original scheme for geographical distribution, the board of directors is still trying to lick this problem, really the problem of a lack of cancer experts, by pouring more than $410,000 into fellowships for individual researchers who today work in the big cancer centers but who will eventually move out to fill gaps in the national cancer research pattern.

Although experts advise the amateurs who direct the Runyon Fund, the final decision on spending money as well as on raising it rests with the directors. Only two directors' signatures are required on a fund check, but never has any decision been reached without the okay of the entire board.

When the Runyon Memorial first began, many an old-line fund raiser and scientist looked askance at the brash, promotional-minded, high-pressure team. Today, many of their unorthodox methods, such as raising money by giving away a house and lot, have been adopted by other public health and research foundations.

Winchell and Lyons and Parker have not only learned from the experts, they have taught them as well. And the greatest lesson they have taught is that the people—all people—will give and give and give and give if given half a chance.

THE END



"Twenty per cent of me says yes and twelve per cent says no, and the rest of me hasn't made up its mind yet"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

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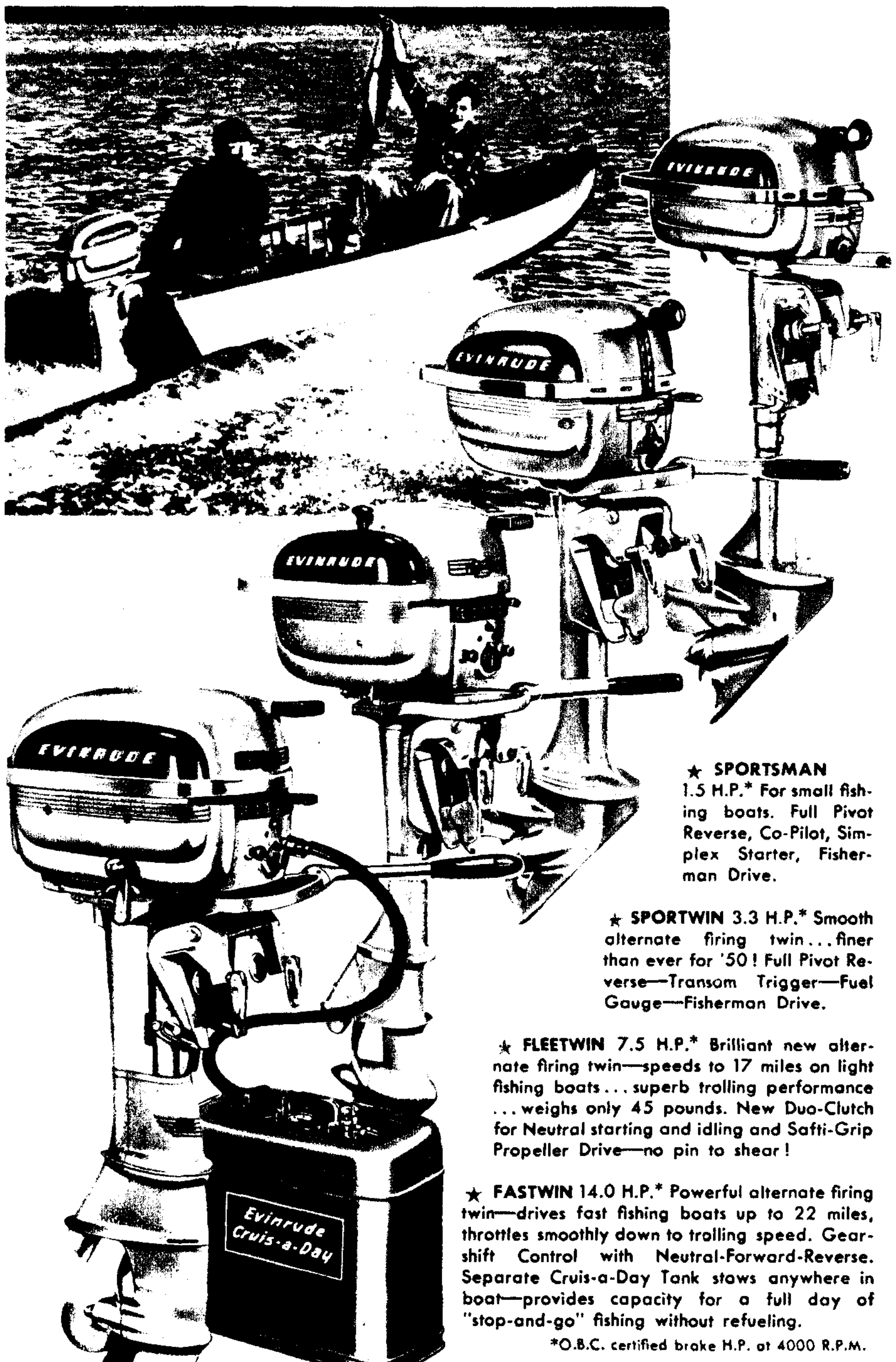

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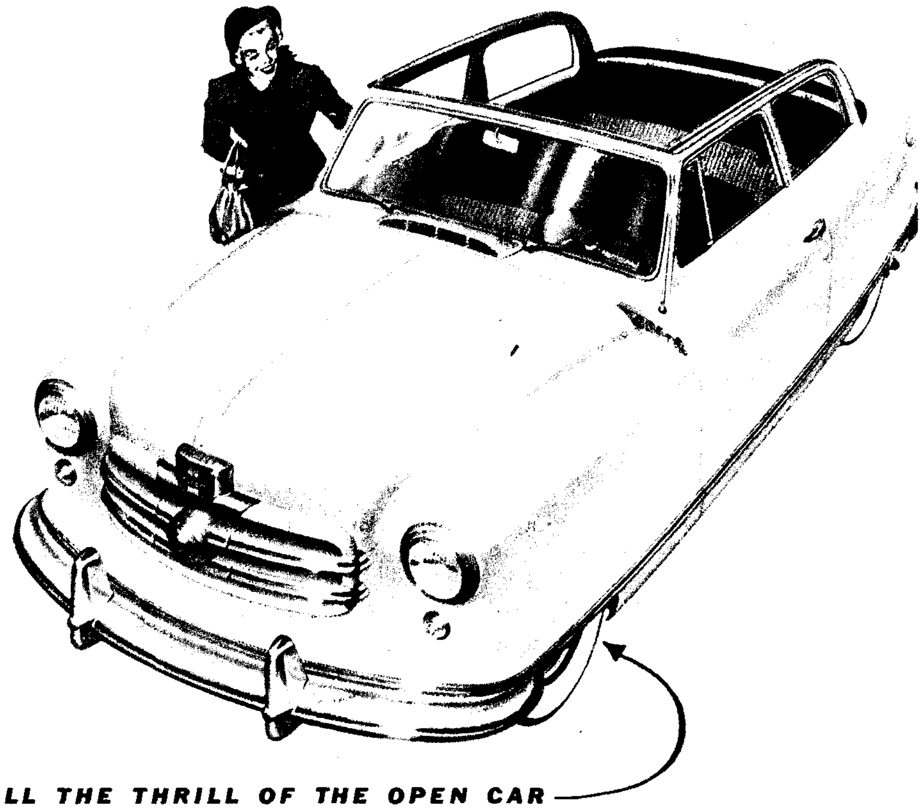

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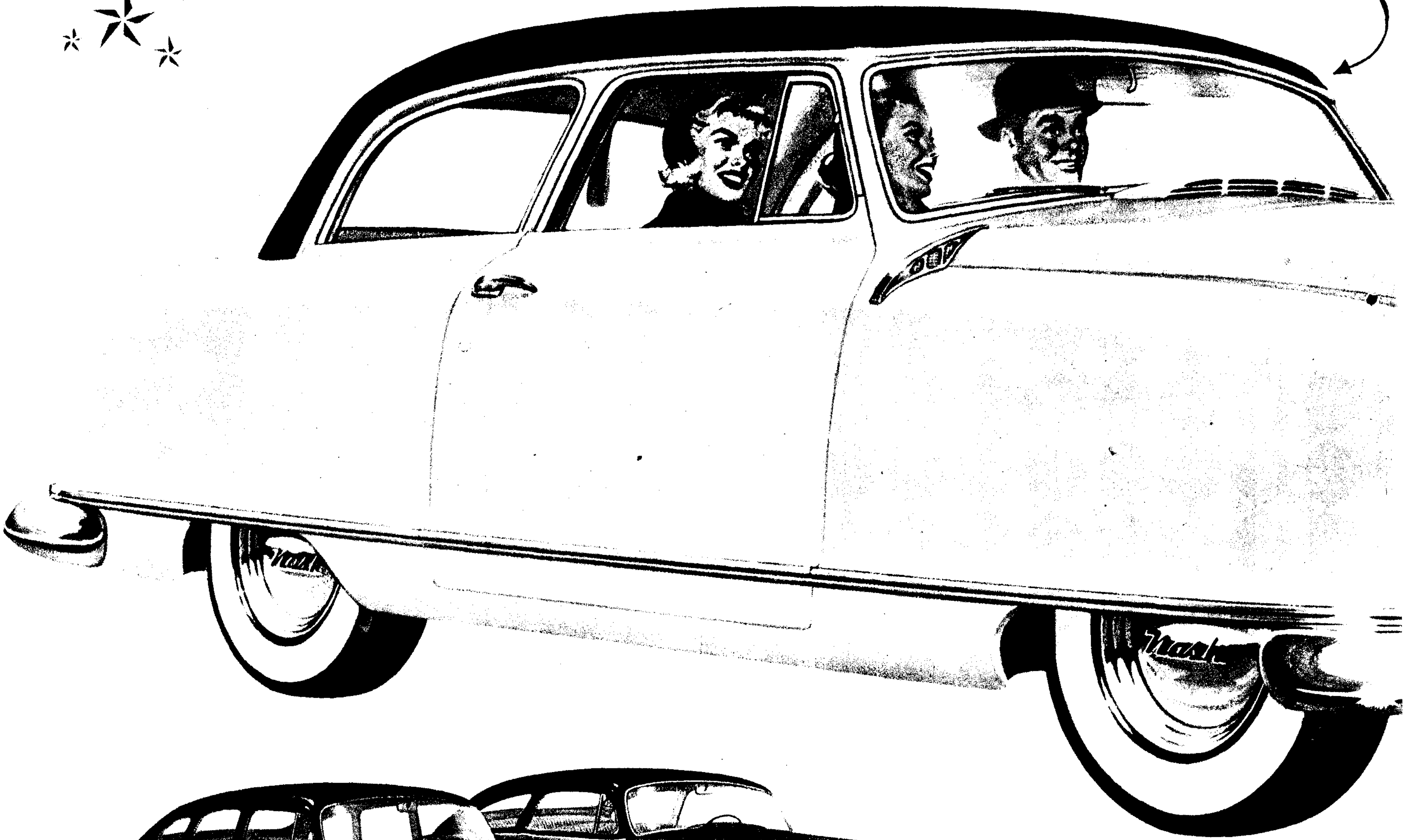

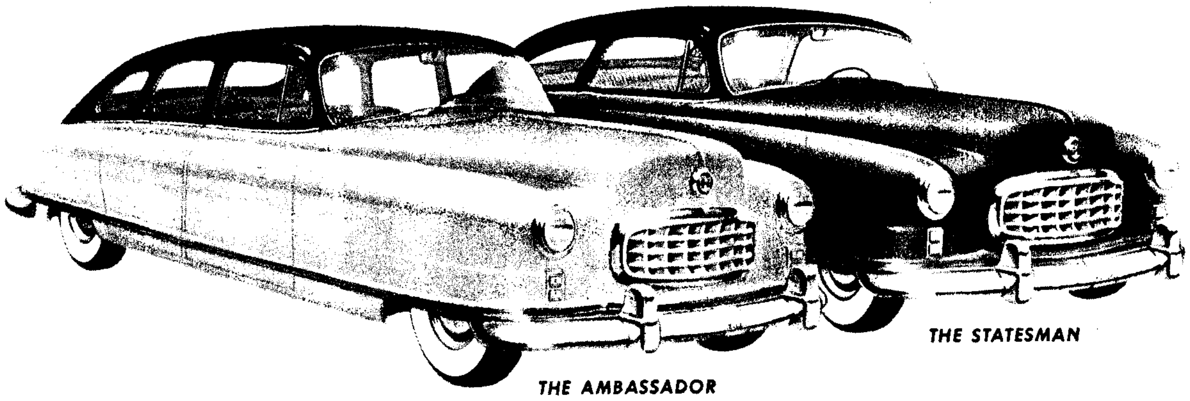

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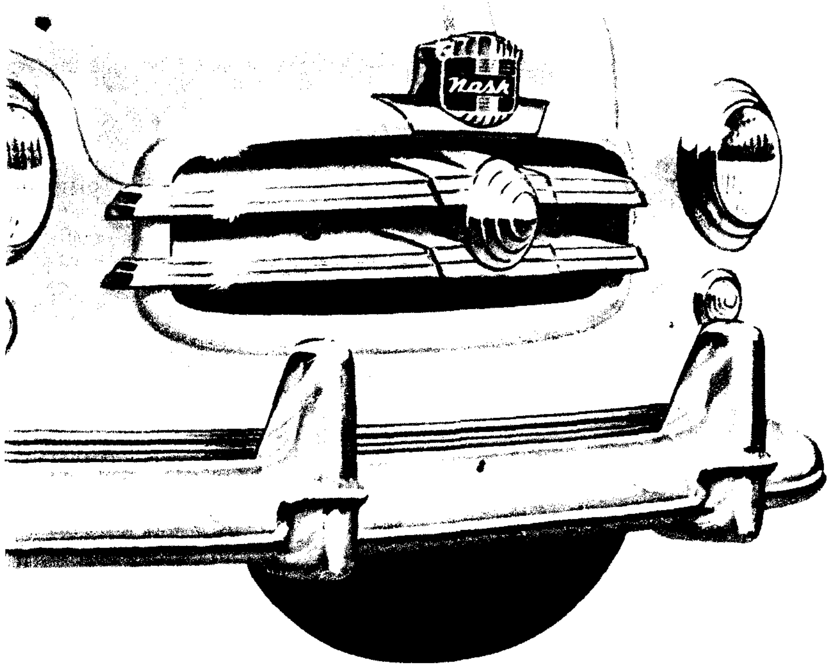

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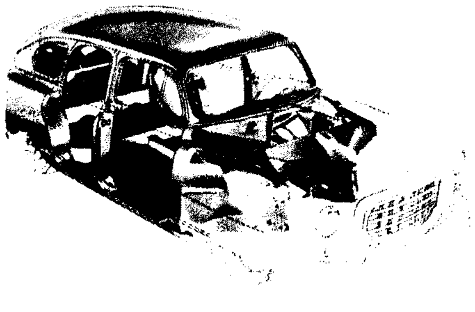

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Euthanasia: To Be or Not To Be

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

recovering right arm and leg, previously paralyzed by a spinal-cord insult, cerebral paralysis or hemiplegia, which at the same time forbade the central office of speech, producing a *total* aphasia. The loss of speech, this time, was from an interference with the brain representation of language; the previous loss of speech had been due, of course, to paralysis of the outlying speech organs, those of the tongue and throat, and therefore emerged as a defect in speech mechanics, "internal" speech having previously been retained.

About this time some movement of the pupils began to be evident, and occasionally a powerful flashlight could be dimly perceived. Hearing was now normal or almost so. Tube feeding throughout these months continued, because the weakness of the palate was such that a wrong swallow would cause food to fall into the lung and produce a fatal pneumonia or lung abscess.

One night I found that the caloric intake of her feeding was somehow or other entirely inadequate, and a discussion with the resident physician was arranged. He asked, "Why don't you let her go? She has nothing to come back to." I said, "I *would* let her go, if I could be sure of that, but this disease is very strange in its behavior, and we should pin our faith in her future in two things: First, that each insult is due to a collection of fluid in nerve tissue, *blocking* transmission of impulses, but not necessarily *destroying* tissue, and the other thing is the greatheartedness of the woman herself."

So her feedings were made adequate and sustaining and the struggle went on. Partial recovery from aphasia and resumption of some movement in the right arm and leg took place in perhaps two more weeks. The final blow, four and a half months after the beginning of her illness, came as a total paralysis, of brain type, of the left arm and leg, which persisted for some four to five weeks and from which she very slowly recovered.

Sight very, very slowly returned, although the optic nerves to this day have the appearance of complete atrophy. Four months more passed in convalescence, gradual strengthening of arms and legs, gradual rehabilitation of the mechanism of emotional control and of speech.

Now, years afterward, this patient is perfectly well except that vision has never completely returned. She can't hunt or sculpture or play tennis, but she dances with the best. She can read with the help of magnifying glasses in good light. She runs a large household. And by sending a gift to Bellevue Hospital every Thanksgiving Day she wears memory like a plume, in the helmet of courage. In all of this there has been a great reward.

* * *

And again: A lady of seventy years, having austerity of character and keenness of mind, some fourteen years ago began to get thinner and thinner, to vomit almost daily and to have a lot of pain in her stomach. She was taken care of by one of the best and kindest physicians. He was able to feel clearly a large mass in the abdomen. A distinguished medical consultant and this doctor agreed that she had cancer, involving the liver and stomach.

As a friend of the family I was present in the drawing room after their last consultation. Having been just examined, the old lady joined the three doctors.

Leaning forward from her chair on her ebony stick, and looking like a keen American eagle, she held the consultant with challenging gaze and said, "Well?"

He hesitated, and she said, "Cancer?"

The doctor slowly nodded his head.

She pursed her lips and continued to hold him with her eye. Then harshly: "How long?"

He did not answer.

"Six months?"

And again he slowly nodded his head.

She then looked at all three of us and said, "Thank you, gentlemen. I think that is all we can say."

We collected our things and found ourselves quickly and sheepishly outside the hall door.

COLLIER'S "He's just *wonderful* with children!" VIRGIL PARTCH

This lady put all her affairs in order, shuttered up her little house near Washington Square and retired to her farm in Connecticut to die.

However, instead of dying she got better and better, and fatter and fatter, and the winter snow in November drove her back to town. I went down to see her and said, "Ma'am, how are you?" To which she replied, "My boy, it's most disconcerting, having prepared oneself for the next world, to have to engage servants for this!"

Five years later I was present when she died of a brain apoplexy. During that interval it was believed that the mass which she undoubtedly had had in the abdomen was an unusual form of senile enlargement of the liver. During those five years she suffered much by arthritis, which fell upon her probably as a result of abnormal liver function. But her mind was the same sharp sword it had always been; her interest in the world, and her contribution in counsel, so valuable to her friends and to many men carrying out large affairs, as precious as ever. She would certainly have scorned the idea of not bearing her painful arthritis in order to go on having the use of her other gifts of living.

Let us think, too, of the legend of Pandora's Box. You remember the old Greeks told us of this box, which should not be opened by any mortal. We learn that man won the secret of good and evil by Eve's apple, but by the opening of Pandora's Box there were loosed on the world the miseries, the griefs, sicknesses and conflicts that have since assailed him. But after all these horrors had poured out upon us, there came from Pandora's Box the figure of Hope to make it possible for us to bear what had to be borne. Hope is the intrinsic jewel of our soul; without it, our future lies behind us, and we are already dead within. So, not only to assist recovery from illness do physicians nurture hope in their patients, but also to sustain them against inevitable disaster coming apace.

* * *

You may say that a vain hope is no hope at all, but I assert that hope is a beneficent emotion in its own right. It puts an edge on interest. It gilds the world, and without it the universe is a gray monotony lacking verve or savor. People say, "Tell me the truth, Doctor." But I believe that by the fingers of one hand I can count those who, in their innermost, have wanted the truth, *if the truth were journey's end.*

Then, there is the case of a man of sixty-nine who, for several years, had confronted a sea of trouble. First, he had had an operation for the removal of the prostate, then there came a small stroke which did not in any way paralyze his limbs but did deprive him of all vision on his left side. Some months later the right eye became painful and dim in vision; an unsuccessful operation for glaucoma was carried out in it. Later, two and a quarter years ago, he had some backache, and one day some blood appeared in his urine. The right kidney had to be removed and was found to be the seat of a hypernephroma tumor, which is often malignant. This one was.

After a couple of years of well-being there came upon him a tendency to cough, with occasional bloody sputum, and there appeared, here and there, over his body, small shotty masses, some the size of buckshot, a few like shrapnel bullets. He cannot have more than three or four months to run, for these multiple tumors, in that time, must certainly invade vital mechanisms.

In the meantime, however, though weak, he is only occasionally in severe pain, and the most severe pain in the right arm has

Next Week

THE TEEN-AGE PUNKS: A City Tries to Tame Them

CHARLIE McCARTHY: The Double Life of Edgar Bergen

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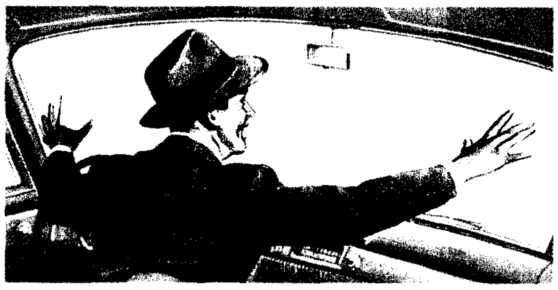

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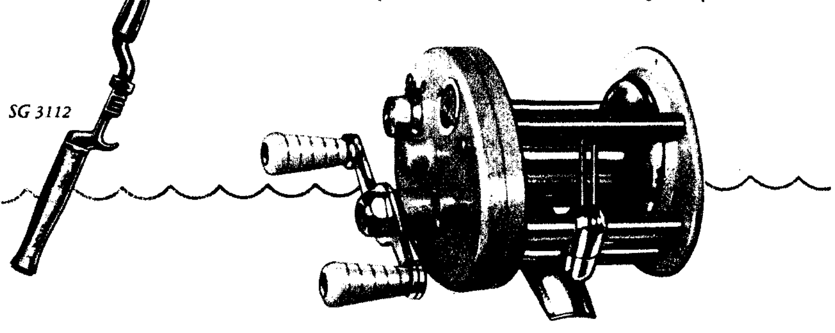

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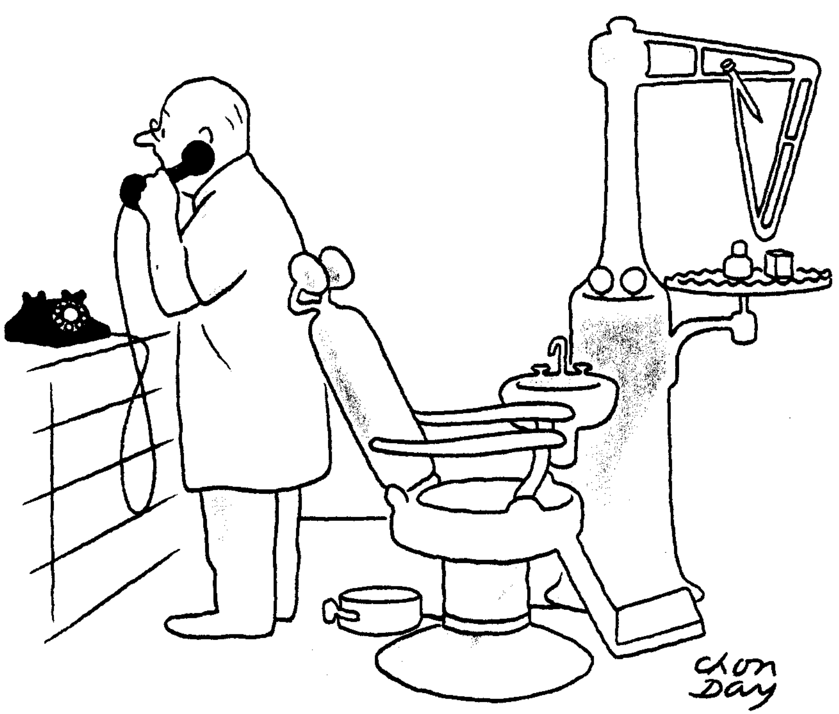

COLLIER'S "Someone bet you twenty dollars you couldn't remove a beer bottle cap *how?*" CHON DAY

been successfully stopped by an alcohol injection into the cervical spinal nerve roots. He is, for days at a time, pretty comfortable and says so. He conducts his business affairs by telephone and interview. He avidly reads the news of the day. He is passionately interested in following political developments on the Continent, and his particular business experiences have given him great knowledge of conditions in Europe. To boot, he is a man endowed with a happy nature, lacking any streak of underlying melancholy. He has the gift of gladness, by nature unaware of himself, with no capacity for self-pity (and surely the sin against the Holy Ghost is to be continually sorry for yourself).

It seems as though this mortally sick man really has hope of his own recovery. He asked whether Florida sunshine would make him well and should he go there? He was told he was hardly strong enough at present to make the journey. After he had gathered up his forces a bit better, we would see about it.

* * *

This not telling of the "truth" is in no sense a deception of the sick. Indeed it may be almost a social expedient, like any other white prevarication, to smooth the hard places of living and preserve the appearance of dignity and good manners.

In order that a man who is sick unto death should be able to ask to be released from living by due process of law, it would be necessary for a doctor or a committee of doctors, looking that sick man in the eye, to tell him that he had come then and there to the end of the road. That interview, as I have said, would strip him of something which through all his pain had sustained his spirit.

And further it would leave him bereft of the power of performing those little courtesies to assuage the grief of those about him which every sick man wants to be able to perform. If the doctor has already passed sentence of death, and all about him know that this has been done, the ritual of the wife's morning visit—"How are you?" "Thanks, my dear, I think a little better"—becomes a horrid mockery, and the common words of solicitude and good sense die on the lips of them both.

And the law is slow. Imagine a scene, after the doctor has passed sentence, of the sending for the lawyers. There would be certainly several, for the Bible tells us that where the body is the eagles are gathered together! The filling out of forms, necessary for government action, probably in triplicate. The finding, perhaps, when all the blanks have been filled (including no doubt, the statement that the man about to be mercifully killed has received a high-school education!), that the notary has gone for the day and will only be back after lunchtime tomorrow. Then this bundle of forms must go to a judge. Possibly, if this sort of euthanasia should become the law of the land, not every judge would be willing to affix his signature to such a document, and people would have to scurry about looking for a judge, acquiescent and kindly in this regard. Then perhaps the form gets lost in the judge's chambers for a day or two, under a pile of his papers. And when it finally has been found and brought back, who is going to carry out the sentence of death?

I am sure not I. To carry out the behest of a committee in this regard is altogether too grisly a notion for the profession of medicine to stomach. As doctors, most of us ease a dying man in his hard and necessary road but I am sure that that is a gentle and beneficent service and not at all to be confounded with being made a myrmidon of murder.

After all, humanity is a workman under sentence of death—with reprieves. But the fear of death sometimes is not emotionally important to us; the hope of reprieve now is. Even the criminal condemned to die is sustained, up to the end, throughout his vigil by the hope that something or anything may happen to cheat "the dread Fury with abhorred shears that slits the thin-spun life." When such hope cannot be longer nurtured, there must be accorded to the man about to die an opportunity to keep up his decent dignity and good manners which live often in such circumstance only as the ritual of hopeful words.

* * *

One of the best-known surgeons in New York State, in his middle fifties, noticed in the mirror one morning, while shaving, a lump behind his left collarbone. He felt it and, one cannot but believe, must have known its malignant nature the moment he touched it.

Two or three weeks later he began to have some discomfort and pain in his chest, to cough a bit, and once in a while he brought up blood. He was taken care of by his colleagues who, of course, among other things, took very many large X-ray photographs of the chest.

Treatment by radium, for the malignant tumor within his thorax, was instituted; but he grew weaker. Two or three weeks earlier he had begun to be troubled with headache and frequent vomiting. It was perfectly apparent to everyone connected with the case, and must certainly have been so to him, that a secondary malignant tumor—fatal—was growing in the brain.

The moment I entered his room he greeted me from his bed, and before I could reach him said he was glad I had come, as he wanted to talk to me about his encephalitis (that is an infectious disease affecting the brain, often recovered from). I took my cue from this remark of his, and after my examination we argued at length whether he should go to Florida the following month by boat or by train. We decided gravely that he should go by boat. He died soon after and, of course, never saw Florida. His wife had done more than three years as a medical student and he must have known that she was aware of the truth of his situation. But he had taken the precaution of never asking to see the X-ray plates of his chest so that he could pretend that he expected to get well and thereby maintain the decent courtesies of the sickroom. For when hope is gone, there must surely be no outward aspect of despair.

* * *

A distinguished physician, a close friend of my own, went through a similar but longer illness than the surgeon's just spoken of. He maintained his happy appearance, as far as was possible, to the end, usually saying each day he felt a little better. Once, when I was alone with him for ten or fifteen minutes he said with a whimsical smile, "You know it's a strange experience to go through a long illness like this; to be the center of everything happening in the house and to have to hold one's front and position for the benefit of all the others."

Remember, too, a man of this gentle and courteous nature, were euthanasia legalized for him, might feel it his duty to relieve his family of the burden—or beauty—of caring for him long before he had lost his ability to be interested in the affairs of the world, or in his love of some people in it.

The widow of a famous New York physician who, during her widowhood, had been living in France was sent back to America by her doctors in Paris, with all the evidence of an inoperable abdominal cancer. She had been a great singer. For six months, in frequent physical discomfort but with laughter and the love of friends and music, she lived in a hospital, with the given diagnosis of a—probably hopeful—"localized tuberculous peritonitis."

One day she demanded an exploratory operation, and couched her request in such a way that it was impossible to refuse. Next day she said to the surgeon, "I wasn't out of my room twenty-five minutes for the operation, so you must have found there was nothing to be done for me."

The surgeon then told her that such was indeed the case. Next day she was most unhappy that she had forced him to tell her the facts and said, "I more than half knew the truth, but as long as I did not know it certainly, I could smile and keep my courage up."

Physical courage, if combined with hope, is the common denominator of mankind. The valor of the body seldom quails but its implementation by a dream of a continuing future must be supported as long as may be, not crushed, by the physician.

But, as has been already said, the case is far different with nature's mistakes; here the brain, damaged beyond repair, perhaps in birth, life's first hazard, lacks power to grow. Here there can be, after five years of life, no error in diagnosis, nor any hope of betterment even to near normality. Nor is there mind enough to hold any instillation of a dream to live by; no hope either of normal dying.

To these unfortunates we surely might be allowed legally to grant a dreamless and unending sleep.

But many may say: "But these creatures have immortal souls." To them, I would answer, in all respect and reverence, that to release that soul from its misshapen body which only defeats in this world the soul's powers and gifts is surely to exchange, on that soul's behalf, bondage for freedom.

It would be wrong to narrate here the sad procession of these deformities—on the outskirts of every community are kind institutions where their hopeless care is wearily carried on. A week ago there came a man of forty bringing his idiot girl of four, unable to sit up or speak. She would follow a light and look toward a sound—and that was all. The heart and lungs and digestion were perfect. With such care as he gave her she might live seventy years. The mother's absence from the clinic was explained by her having had to go back to work, for she could make more on full time for the household than could her carpenter husband who could only get work three days a week. So they'd swapped jobs and he—flabby in body and dulled in spirit—stayed home to mind what he called "the baby."

Asked if a neighbor woman couldn't help him, he said quite simply and without resentment, "No, they won't touch an idiot." He'd tried to find full-time work but in his search he had to take the child along with him—and, "When they see the look of her, there's nothing doing."

So these fine folk are hopeless and on a cleft stick. It was possible to set them in the way of eventually having their futile burden taken care of in a charitable place, but they'll feel their contribution must always be paid, and on all their holidays and Sundays these two people will lower their value to each other by trudging wearily to see, without benefit to any, what should not be seen at all.

So I am opposed to the legalization of euthanasia for those persons who, having been well, are now ill. I believe it would be for the general good that euthanasia be legalized for creatures born defective, whose present condition is miserable and whose future, in the opinion of a properly constituted board acting under state authority, is hopeless. Action here should come on application of the guardians of the defective individual. The decision to grant euthanasia to such patients should be ratified twice, at four-month intervals, before lethal action be taken.

* * *

May I quote here the decision of 1927 given by Supreme Court Justice Holmes in another—but cognate—matter, the sterilization of the supremely unfit? "We have seen more than once that the public welfare may call upon the best citizens for their lives. It would be strange if it could not call upon those who have already sapped the strength of the state. In order to prevent our being swamped with incompetence, it is better for all the world if instead of wanting to execute degenerative offspring for crime or to let them starve for their imbecility, Society can prevent those who are manifestly unfit from continuing their kind. The principle that sustains compulsory vaccination is broad enough to cover the cutting of the Fallopian tubes—three generations of imbeciles are enough."

The law is a tissue—a garment to be exactly fitted to the body it clothes. It grows and shrinks with the growing and shrinking of that living organism—sometimes too loose, sometimes too constricting. If the vital body of our society grows large with the ideas set down here in writing—which are new to us but indeed are as old as man—then the law covering it as a garment must grow also. But growth must in both be gradual. We can proceed to the complex from the simple. We must not attempt to aim or draw laws for the idea of euthanasia as a whole. I have tried to indicate where these ideas could be most mercifully applied with the least, the minimal, chance of error, and I have warned of those problems in which our wisdom and judgment may sometimes err.

For the present, let things be as they are for the man bound in pain for a while (a civilization that deliberately refuses all suffering has already slipped from virtue). Our ways of assuaging pain grow apace. But let us try to relieve of living the young person or child who should never have lived at all.

THE END

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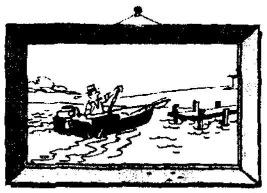

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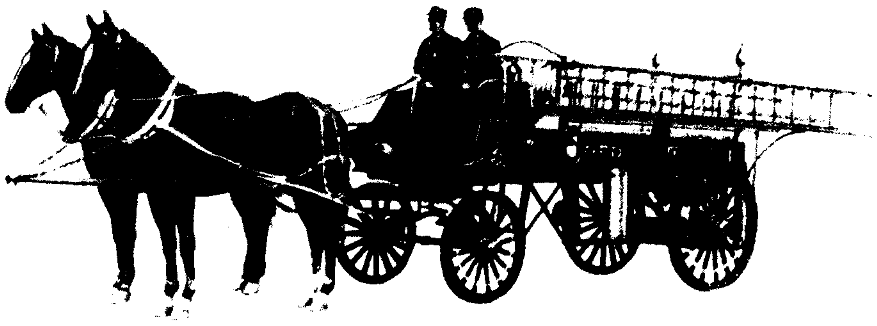

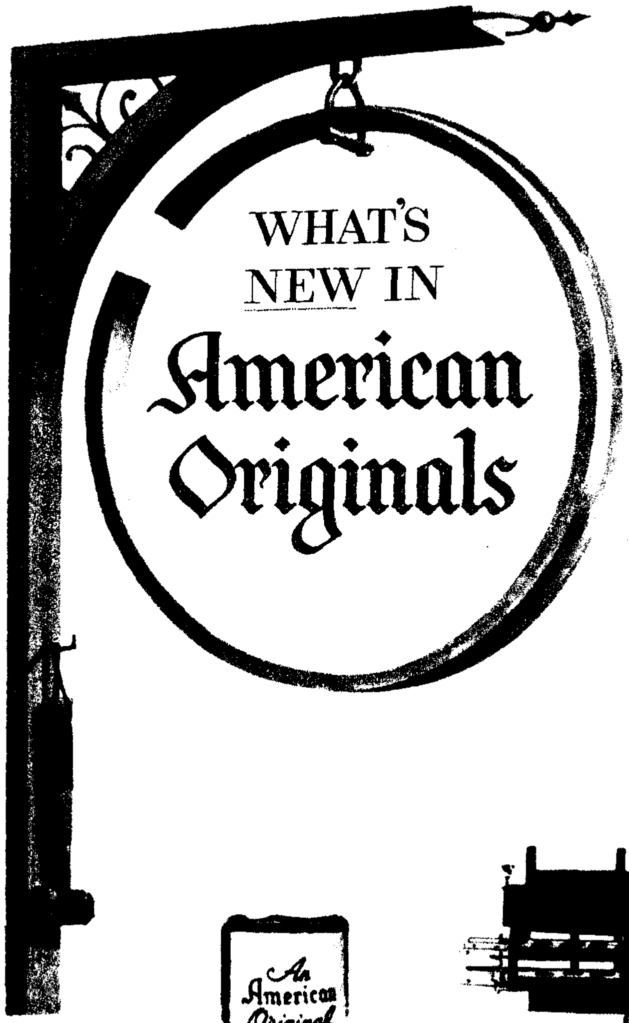

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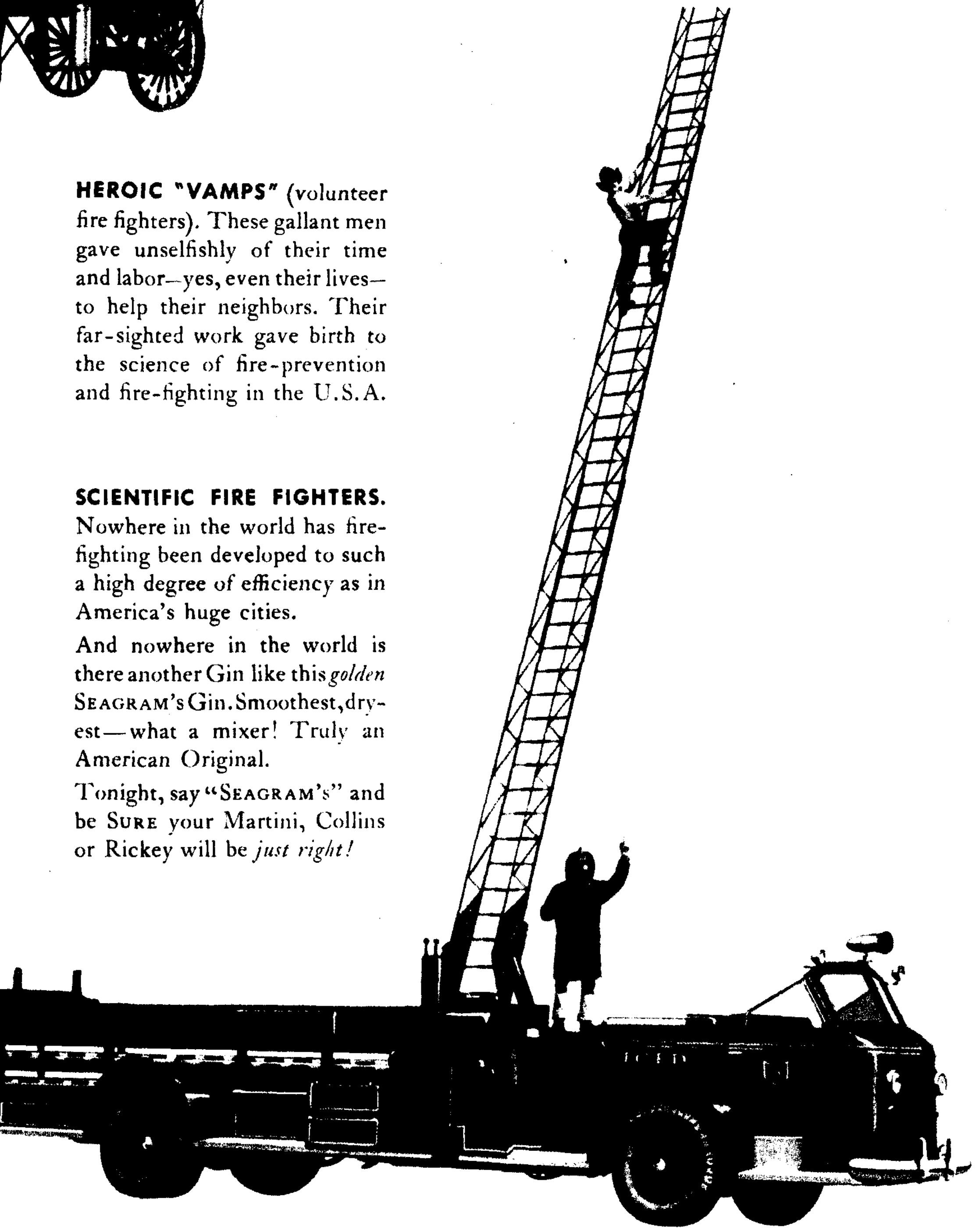
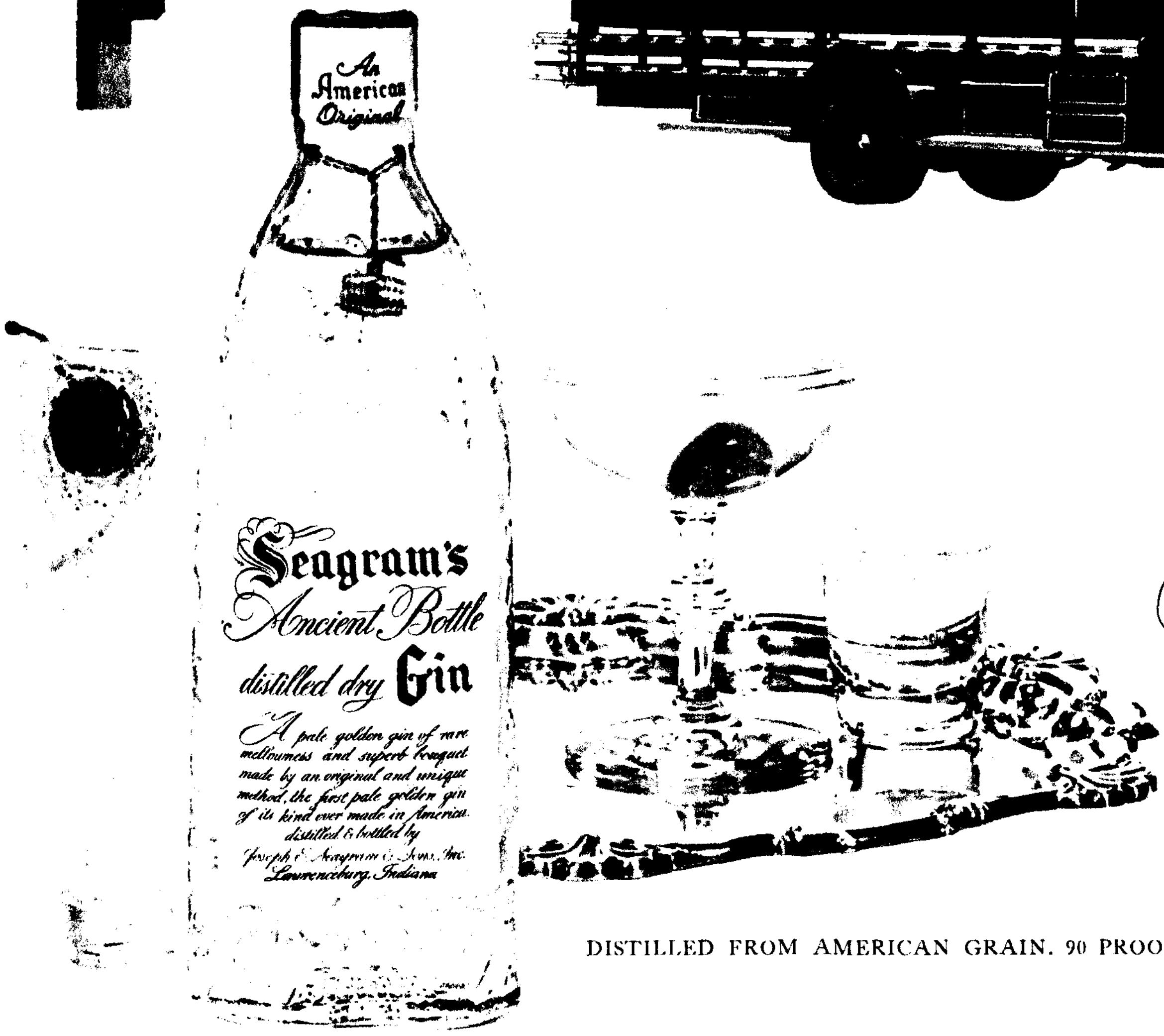


HEROIC "VAMPS" (volunteer fire fighters). These gallant men gave unselfishly of their time and labor—yes, even their lives—to help their neighbors. Their far-sighted work gave birth to the science of fire-prevention and fire-fighting in the U.S.A.

SCIENTIFIC FIRE FIGHTERS. Nowhere in the world has fire-fighting been developed to such a high degree of efficiency as in America's huge cities.

And nowhere in the world is there another Gin like this *golden* SEAGRAM'S Gin. Smoothest, dryest—what a mixer! Truly an American Original.

Tonight, say "SEAGRAM'S" and be SURE your Martini, Collins or Rickey will be *just right!*


An American Original
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distilled dry Gin
A pale golden gin of rare mellowness and superb bouquet made by an original and unique method, the first pale golden gin of its kind ever made in America.
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Seagram's Ancient Bottle
DISTILLED DRY
Gin

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Can't Set Around Here All Night

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

and meant to squeeze without mercy.

I helped the hired man, unaccountably called Shoes, to load the lime. By the time we had lifted about 30 bags into the truck, my back was cracking. Shoes, 30 pounds lighter, seemed to be lifting nickel bags of popcorn. He didn't even look bored.

Shoes impressed me so much that, at the end of a long, silent day, I tried a little New England understatement on his employer.

"Shoes is a pretty good worker, for his size," I said.

That was good understatement, and short. But a New England farmer will always cross you up if you try to take the lead. My neighbor slapped me down, convicted me of slander and showed me to be a senseless babbler, all in less than 15 words.

"Shoes is a fine worker for any size," he stated with dry authority. "Hardly ever says a word."

With that last sentence, he gazed at me stonily. It didn't seem to me that I had worn out much English saying what I said. But suddenly I found that I had just been making footless chatter with a man who had no time for it.

He kept me under control for years that way. Besides such extemporaneous skits, he had a number of standard acts, all worked out with lines, business and an imaginary stony-mountain backdrop. Sometimes it would be Patience with Ignorance, then Wry Humor, then Calm Judgment, or Native Caution, or else I-Know-All-Right-But-I-Ain't-Saying, or Contempt for the Administration, or Scorn for Shiftlessness (such as mine). But always, of course, Rugged Individualism, New England-style.

Then, one summer evening when my neighbor was passing my house, he turned onto the lawn, sat down on a canvas chair and without preamble hurled himself the trickiest sustained monologue I ever heard. He tore up the Administration in detail, criticized the news policies of the New York Times and Christian Science Monitor, took a swing through public education high and low, worked over the civil rights program and public power and made a quick, penetrating review of American and other foreign policies.

In this section of his soliloquy he made two notable slips, but I cannot believe he didn't do it on purpose, just to confuse.

During his attack on American education he revealed that he was a Cornell graduate. And for one considerable period he lapsed carelessly into correct grammar.

A Well-Informed Citizen

I noticed also that he knew the status of bills before Congress, down to the subcommittee level, understood the functions of the United Nations Security Council, and had closely followed the acts and words of David Lilienthal in both public power and atomic energy.

Having polished off that part of his act, he brilliantly switched roles without a pause. He passed smoothly into the rockiest dialect and also into a half hour of the fastest, solidest lying I ever heard anywhere, and I have associated with hunters and fishermen all my life.

He told us the history of our house for 100 years, 40 of them by his own observation. The place (as he told it) had been occupied by the most fantastic set of radically different, outrageous, eccentric, fascinating characters ever seen on or off Broadway.

Everything had happened there, including berserk night chases, murder, insanity, tragic practical jokes, wife trading, common bootlegging, wild debauchery, violent feuds, desperate work for work's sake, bestial sloth, dog poisoning, sheep stealing, arson, cockfighting and even grinding piety.

One distinguished occupant had traded a heifer for a mail-order wife, killed her with a stick of stovewood when she declined to work in the fields in addition to doing her housework and the barn chores, and had laughed himself to death in the state booby hatch.

When my neighbor had brought in his last great lie on a dead run, like the field thundering into the stretch at Pimlico, he stood up abruptly and announced in a sorely tried voice, "I got chores to do to home. Can't set around here all night listening to people gab."

And with that he made off, a purposeful, laconic man who put every waking moment to thrifty use.

Great as he was, this man had a master, an ancient citizen who lived on the same road. The old man was widely regarded in those hills as a deep character, full of judgment, who rarely opened his mouth except to eat or say no. As a matter of fact, what he was really was a rare stage performer, an actor's actor.

One day I had a blowout near his house, and no spare. When I asked to use the phone, he led me to the kitchen and pointed it out. While I was using it, he turned the gas on under a pot of coffee and brought out a jar of cookies automatically, as a man would who didn't know there was any other way of treating a casual guest.

But he was not the man to be caught *acting* hospitable. When I had finished phoning, he gave me a surly look and said, "Set down. Might's well finish this coffee; it's been setting around here all day."

• *John W. Randolph is a member of the editorial staff of the New York Times*

The voice should have told me. He was over seventy-five years old, but that voice was full and well oiled. Disuse hadn't made it that way.

I told him my name, which didn't mean anything, and identified myself as so-and-so's son-in-law, which did. He stepped into his act.

He said he had worked for my father-in-law's father 50 years ago and more. For 20 minutes he examined the business of being a farm hand in those far-off days. Nobody but a man of whalebone could have done it and God don't make men like that no more.

Nowadays, he said, a farm hand minces daintily out into the field along about eight o'clock, pulls on a pair of store gloves and sets on a tractor for a few idle hours toying with little levers. Didn't use to be that way. Man was in the field at daybreak—daybreak, not sunup—and slaved until dark—dark, not sundown—then did the chores.

Didn't have no tractors, either, and stuff like manure spreaders, potato diggers, corn cutters, hay balers, stuff like that. He was a *farmer*, not a grease monkey.

"In them days it took a *man* to farm," he snapped. "You had to get out there and crack your back all day and there wasn't no setting around on lowery days or any other days. Men *worked* in them days."

He leaned back and gathered himself for the big line, and he timed it like Shakespeare the manager would have wanted it timed. With every word he gave me a tap on the knee, and his brilliant eye held me fixed.

"But—we—had—beefsteak—for—breakfast—*every—morning*."

I judge that was the biggest lie he could think up in a minute, and I saw he was going to stand on it. What artist would drag in anything after a curtain line like that?

Typed as an Idle Blabmouth

To fill in time, I said a couple of polite things about the weather. The garage car came in about five minutes, but in that short time he had me hopelessly cast as a shiftless, chattering modern jackass who didn't do nothing all day but set around and blat.

How could he do that, after beating his ancient gums for nearly an hour without stint? It was a combination of sound lines, timing and expression, but mostly it was stage presence that he had been consciously acquiring for three quarters of a century.

Later I got to thinking about that big beefsteak lie and I realized that these fellows had shoved many a great one straight down my throat and I had never been able to do anything about it. They can even hand you a wild exaggeration *in the very presence of the fact.*

I was riding with three of them in a car one evening, coming down from a mountain pasture where we had gone through the complex ceremony of looking at a cow. I was already way off balance, because I obviously had not known the ritual or the responses and when I try to look knowing about a cow, I am merely silly.

We were talking about deer. By that I mean, of course, *they* were talking about deer. Five minutes earlier, I had ventured to quote the game warden as saying that there were more deer this year than last. The embarrassed silence after that remark had shown me what an asinine chatterbox I was. So now I was listening, and even that timidly.

A deer ran across the lane in the woods ahead of the car. I saw it and the farmer on the right in front of me saw it—nobody else. Naturally I didn't dare mention it. He dared mention it, and he made a production out of it that would have stunned George S. Kaufman.

I think he must have counted, say to five. Then he deliberately took his pipe from his mouth and said with shattering placidity:

"There went one. Buck. Crossed uphill by that little beech."

They played up to him in an instant. There was a short silence to fix and build up attention. Then the driver, idly:

"Running, was he?"

Count of about eight. Man on the right, cautiously:

"Well—he weren't loiterin' around much."

Now I saw that deer, and he was running, all right. But he wasn't running anywhere near *that* fast.

That is your outrageous falsification in the presence of the fact. And the whole company had done its supporting part. It wouldn't have stood for any heckling from the audience, either. If you venture to doubt out loud that the deer was going as fast as all that, two of them will give you a puzzled stare and one of them will ask, as he might ask an idiot: "Fast as all *what?*"

That one taught me part of a lesson. But it didn't do me any good. I had to learn the rest of it.

For two years I practiced saying nothing in that region. It got so my children were startled if I asked somebody to pass the sugar. That was preparation. Then I went to my brother-in-law to get me a farm fact. He gave me one. He said the tobacco crop in the valley was good; and, friends, when my brother-in-law says a crop is good, it is terrific. Then I laid for my neighbor.

Double Talk About a Hinge

He was coming over to rehang a broken barn door for me. He knew I couldn't do it myself and that it would cost me cash to hire a carpenter. I was grateful, but he said he was tired of seeing it that way and besides he wanted to try a new type of hinge he had. The implication was that he wasn't going to wreck his own barn experimenting with this untried device so long as he had a fool like me around.

While he was hanging the door I sprang my fact. I sprang it as a shrewd piece of my own observation. I knew he couldn't contradict it because it was a dead-sure thing. I said it looked to me like there was a pretty fair tobacco crop in the valley. Then I waited fatuously for agreement.

I waited fatuously, all right. He didn't even turn around. Just looked over his shoulder at me for a second or two and turned back to his work with a little smile.

"Think so, do you?" he asked, amused.

And behold, my New England education was complete in an instant. I saw that this was a closed company; no amateur could ever hope to get in the show, even in a walk-on part.

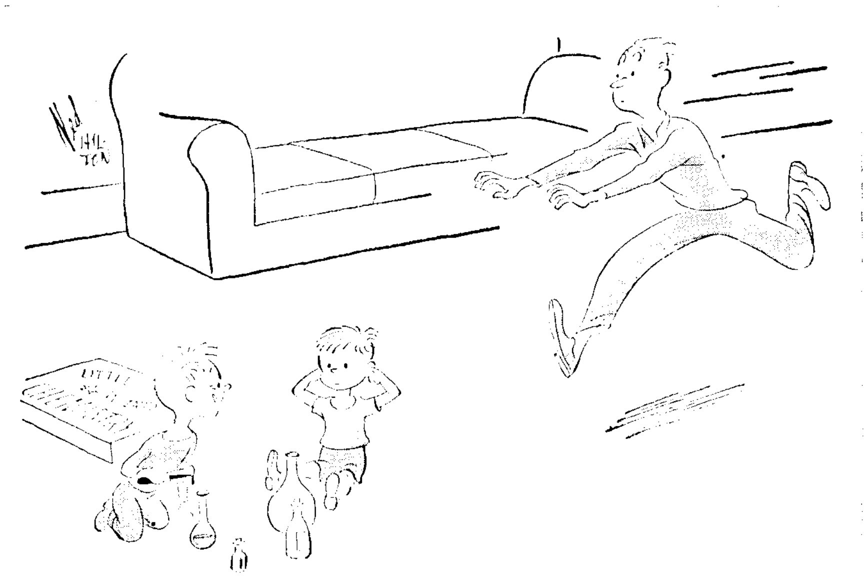
Since then I have remained a respectful audience, and it is wonderful. The show is always top-grade and the actors are always friendly and charmingly condescending.

The other day one of them spent the whole afternoon (for nothing) showing me how to trim apple trees. All I had to do was listen to him ad-lib and, at the end of the day, look abashed when he said, well, he had chores to home and couldn't waste the whole day listening to me.

I honestly believe just a few of them could save the American stage, if it needs saving, with ease: no audience would dare disapprove of them.

And they have one great attribute not shared by any other stars in this world: They do not require, or even want, applause. To them it is not only superfluous; it is as silly as praising a man for having two legs. Haven't they been great actors, steadily employed 52 weeks a year, for three centuries?

THE END



"Remember the time I blew all the feathers off the parrot? This is supposed to be 1,000 times more powerful"

COLLIER'S

NED HILTON

The Sacrifice

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

which frequents the more expensive night clubs and the gossip columns. It was Lily's kingdom.

The only major difference between Lily and the others in the kingdom—which I believe is essential to an understanding of Lily Tallant and her lion—was the fact that while the others wrote plays, drilled oil wells, composed music, traded on Wall Street, acted, danced or painted pictures, Lily's career consisted single-mindedly of being Lily. She was her own work of art. There was no more to life for her.

When the war came it was apparent almost at once that Lily's kind of exhibitionism was no longer going to be chic. The fact that the world was going to hell seemed likely to cramp her style, but Lily made the best of an irritating situation.

She did it by marrying Tommy Burdett, who at that time was recognized in Washington as a sort of notoriously anonymous influence in government. Burdett—who started as a newspaperman and later turned down a Cabinet appointment—was one of a comparative handful in the capital who could bring real influence to bear in high places. He was a widower of forty-one at the time Lily married him.

Lily met him early in 1942 with some friends in a New York night club, learned everything there was to learn about him on short notice, decided to marry him and did two months later. That sounds pretty simplified, but whatever Tommy Burdett may have thought at the time, there was not much more to it than that.

The move got Lily to Washington, which had all at once become the hub of the world, and Lily planned to become the hub of Washington. It didn't work out quite that way for obvious reasons, but Lily tried, and became at least a legend there. Anyone who has known Washington for any time will tell you about Lily's parties, about what she said on New Year's Day to the wife of the Swedish ambassador, and about the nature of the picture of herself which she had taken in the lap of the Lincoln statue in the Memorial—which Tommy Burdett was in a position to hush up.

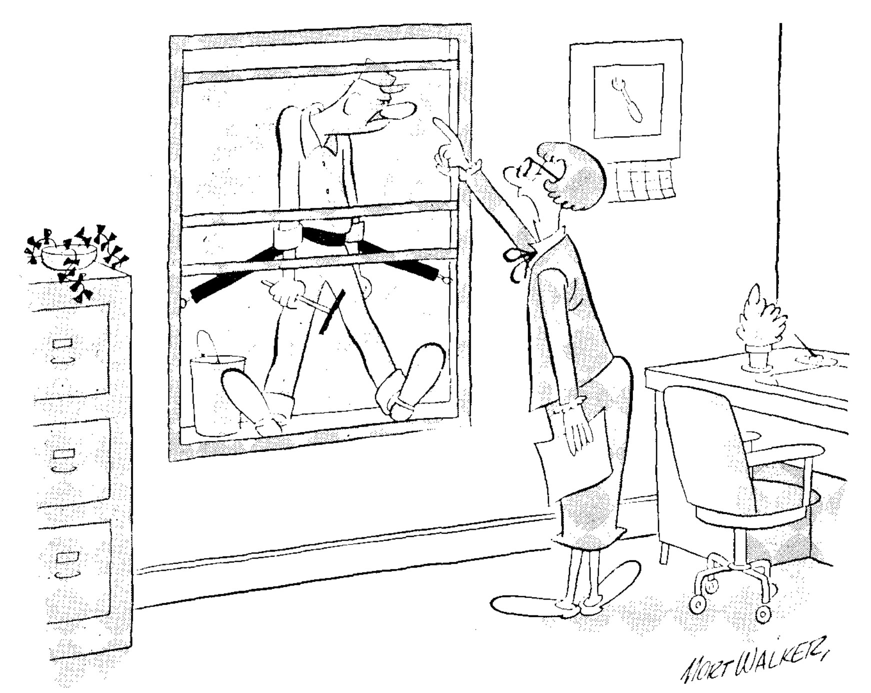
I served a four-and-a-half, almost a five-year hitch, mostly out of this country, and I lost track of Lily except through rumor. Sometime not far from the finish I read in Stars and Stripes about Tommy Burdett's death at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington from what seemed to be physical involvements resulting from the desperate fatigue of his nonofficial work. Tommy, the account said, had crossed the Atlantic fourteen times in the last twenty weeks of his life.

Lily returned almost at once to New York, and on V-J Day she gave a party whose intention seemed to be not only the celebration of the end of a murderous war, but the celebration of the end of something more flamboyant than herself. She was once again in her own territory, and the party ended in Greenwich, Connecticut, where Lily married an English motion-picture actor named Tad O'Niell, who was going great guns just then. The marriage was annulled, on dubious grounds, three days later. Both events were page-one material in the tabloids, featured items in columns and their radio counterparts. Lily was back.

I didn't run into her until I'd been back in New York for more than a year. I was one of the very few lucky ones who came out of the war with more to show for the time than my skin, having had a chance to do some cartooning for various of the service papers and magazines. Some of the drawings were reprinted over here from time to time, so that when I got back I was able to dig up a contract with a first-class weekly magazine in town. I'd been drawing for them and they'd been running my things for about a year when somebody said I wasn't a cartoonist at all but a "social satirist."

I'll tell you the difference. You go to bed one night a cartoonist and you wake up the next morning a social satirist. Your drawings don't look any different, you feel the same and you don't make any more money, but you get asked to different places. People who wouldn't be caught dead with a cartoonist invite a social satirist to their birthday parties and because he's like most people, he goes. Anyway, that's the way I ran into Lily Tallant again.

I saw her across a big roomful of people. I saw only her back at first but if I'd been given three guesses I'd have guessed with one of them that it was Lily at the center of the group of men. You could tell by the way the men laughed. By some miracle or other, I cornered her later while she was alone for a second or two.



COLLIER'S "... And there's another streak right here" MORT WALKER

"Hello, Lily," I said, "I'm Johnny Deeter. Go way back."

I guess she went way back. She threw her arms around my neck and kissed me on the mouth, spilling a little Martini down my front. "Darling, angel-puss!" she said, louder than was strictly necessary. "Do you think you have to tell me? Your devastating pictures, Johnny! I've been talking about you for months!"

"Have you? Good," I said. "I heard about you once in Iraq."

In case you've lost track of the time, we are now in the late fall of 1949, almost exactly ten years after Lily's debut in New York. Lily was twenty-eight and in all outward ways she hadn't changed. By anybody's standards she was strikingly attractive. Nobody keeps on looking eighteen, but Lily's skin had kept its radiance, her figure was completely unaltered, and her hair was the same bright black cap, cut short by fashion.

But change there was, all the same, though it wasn't too easy to put your finger on. Lily was unable to look at you and to carry on a rational conversation. She pretended to look at you, to listen, to react appropriately, but her eyes went past you, over your shoulder, around you, looking always for something else, for something I don't believe she could have named herself—for something, anyway, which might bring the general focus more sharply on herself.

Her laugh was just this side of shrill; she called to people on the other side of the room, although she had nothing particular to say to them; her clothes, though no doubt smart, were in the last measure extreme. All of which is not to say that Lily received any less attention than before. Far from it. She only seemed to need it more. The method was the same as it had been at her debut party ten years earlier, only a lot of the subtlety had gone out of it.

I'd been at the party for about an hour and I was thinking about leaving, when something happened to Lily's face that made me wait a little longer out of curiosity. She had been rattling along to me and some others about something, when all at once her eyes actually did come to rest and focus directly on someone behind me. For only an instant it was as though her mask had slipped, and from behind it a real person had peeped out.

She finished what she was saying gracefully enough, but she finished quickly. I turned around and saw that our hostess had just brought a new man into the room and was introducing him to some people. He was a tall, angularly built man somewhere in his middle thirties, with a pleasant air of modest self-possession about him. He smiled easily as he was introduced to people as though he were really interested to meet them. He was well dressed, but there was something about the way he wore his clothes which suggested he was not entirely comfortable in them. My immediate impression from across the room was that I would like him if I knew him—he looked like the kind of fellow you could ask to hold your watch and find him there when you got back.

He got cornered somewhere and I had to leave before I saw whether Lily met him or not. I had absolutely no doubt that Lily would arrange it. I had never seen that kind of look on her face before, nor, I'm convinced, had people who knew her better than I. Something new was happening to Lily Tallant.

I found out about the man the next day. Rather, I had been hearing the name of Russell Saunders around town for a couple of months but I hadn't identified the name with the man at the party. I'd heard that Saunders was a millionaire cattleman from Arizona who had come to New York and put a lot of money into an evening newspaper. I guess in my insular New York way I had unconsciously expected a millionaire Arizona cattleman to wear a big hat and say yippee all the time, but Russell Saunders was the man at the party.

He had a great deal of native charm and a quiet sort of humor, he was unattached and he was a millionaire, which made him overnight the hostess' delight and the quarry of a sizable body of predatory women. Saunders used his privileges a good deal more sparingly than the members of these two pressure groups would have liked. As a man who was trying to learn the business of running a big metropolitan daily, he turned down three invitations for every one he accepted, but he got around too—thoroughly unawed by his extravagant popularity and I think a little entertained by it.

A week later I saw Lily and Saunders together—a different room, a different party. Lily had met him all right. When I came in she was sitting next to him on a long sofa in a group with some other people, talking to him with her extraordinary animation. There was no question about who she was looking at today. There was no one else in the room for her.

Lily Tallant in love was something it took a little time for me to get used to. But there it was, and it didn't look any different on Lily than it does on anybody else. It showed all over. To make sure, when I sat down with them I called her Harriet but she didn't notice.

Her concentration on Saunders was extraordinary. That's not right: her concentration on his *attention*. For it was apparent that being in love had not essentially changed Lily's method of getting what she wanted. What she had wanted before was the attention of as many people as possible; now she cared only about Saunders. She could not allow his attention to waver from her for a single second—or even allow his eyes to leave her face—without an immediate, intense effort to get it back again. She kept dropping her hand on his, she interrupted other people when they were two words into a sentence, twice her cigarette fell unaccidentally on the sofa to be retrieved by Saunders. They were desperate actions, deliberately performed.

On his side Saunders was completely charming to Lily. He listened to her attentively, he smiled his interest, he lighted her cigarettes. And each of these things he did with equal charm and attentiveness for the two other women in the group. His impartiality was artless and instinctive, and it was complete. It was a knife buried in Lily's throat.

The situation didn't last long; it couldn't. One of the other women started to say something to Saunders. Lily said, "Russ, I almost forgot! You remember that incredible woman—"

She got no further. Saunders, facing the woman who had addressed him, didn't turn. He simply reached behind him and put his hand gently on Lily's arm. "Excuse us a second, Lily," he said, and went back to listening.

I could see this mildest of rebukes cut across Lily's face like a whiplash. And after the pain came panic. For a few seconds she looked around her wildly, seeing nothing and no one. Then she got up and hurried out of the room. . . .

A few days later I read that Lily had left the country—for the week end. That she should choose to leave at all just at this point was surprising until I read the whole story. She was flying to Cannes to be matron of honor at the fourth wedding of her friend Gogo Phelps Matzennauer LaFleur Fitzrandolph, the automobile heiress, who was marrying some sort of Eastern princeling or minor potentate.

The wedding, in the terms of Lily's circle, was an event. It would get an international press, and no doubt she had long since promised Gogo that she would show up. Anyhow, she went, and a couple of days later the New York papers were full of the wedding. There was a new wrinkle in connection with the wedding which made it particularly good copy. The couple were

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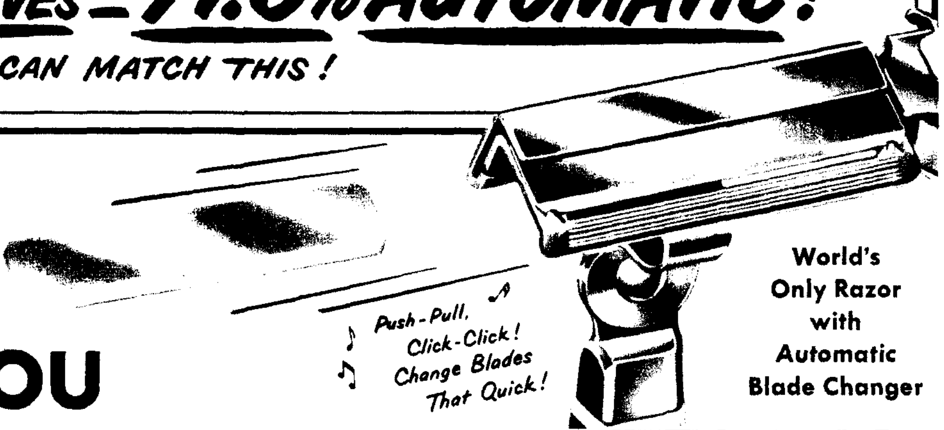

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married in France, then flew with a handful of intimates, Lily among them, across the Mediterranean to a town in northern Africa for a wedding breakfast.

The point of the switch in continents was that Gogo and her potentate were to spend their honeymoon on a sort of chic safari into central Africa with gun and dry vermouth, and their wedding guests went along to keep them company. Reading the account, I had no way of knowing how Lily and, more remotely, I were to be affected by her own little safari on the Dark Continent. . . .

She got back just after Easter, on the day of the party of the season. I don't know *why* it was the party of the season except that everyone who had been invited to it had decided weeks in advance that it was going to be, so it was. It was being given by Dwight and Mary Henderson, a couple who gave parties well, who chose their guests imaginatively and had an extremely handsome apartment and a lot of money to help out, Dwight Henderson being the composer of the scores of a dozen or more hit musical comedies over the years. Lily, of course, had been invited, as had forty-odd hand-picked others, including Russell Saunders. At eight o'clock on the day of the party my phone rang.

"Johnnycake?" Lily's voice said. "You're going to the Hendersons', aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want you to take me."

"All right, fine," I said. "I'll come by around nine thirty, shall I?"

"No. Come now. I want to show you something."

"Something you brought back from Africa?"

"Yes."

"A batman?"

"No, a lion."

"What?"

"Come on over, Johnnycake," she said, and hung up.

I finished dressing and took a cab to Lily's apartment. It occurred to me that there had been a peculiarly giddy note in Lily's voice on the phone. I don't mean the Johnnycake business—that kind of stuff you put up with if you saw Lily at all—but she had sounded a little as though she'd been drinking. She had always been too clever to drink much.

LILY opened the door and I must say she looked pretty wonderful. She had on a long dress made of some sort of iridescent gold material, and no jewelry at all except for a pair of hanging onyx earrings. Her short hair was brushed forward around her face, gleaming and black. The whole effect was one of a sort of uncivilized splendor, which, you may be sure, was about as uncalculated as a train schedule. But I didn't have the whole picture yet.

"Wow," I said, in honest admiration. "Eaten any good men lately?"

Lily was pleased. She led me in and kissed me. She'd been drinking—some anyway. As I took off my coat and hat I heard the radio blasting away in the living room.

"Come in and see my *simba*, Johnnycake." Lily, too, was talking too loudly, trying to compete with the radio.

"Who?" I said. "Oh. The lion. Your command of Bantu dazzled me for a minute. Sure, let's go."

We went into the living room, a long, gracious room in gray and yellow, one wall of which was made of mirrors. On the piano stood a graceful vase of Easter lilies.

"What lion?" I said. "I don't see any—" But I had to stop there because I'm damned if there wasn't a lion right under the grand piano.

It was a little tawny cub, which couldn't have been more than four or five weeks old. It was curled up on the carpet with its head resting on one paw, yawning and looking at me sleepily.

"*Simba*, this is Johnnycake," Lily said. She waved her hand at me and at the lion, then turned away to a coffee table where she had a glass mixer of Martinis.

I got down on my hands and knees beside the cub and scratched it cautiously behind its ears, little round, unpointed ears. At once it began to purr, making a sound like an outboard motor on the other side of a lake. It was a male cub. His paws and joints were enormous for his size, already hinting I suppose at the vast stature and power which would come to him. I found him a completely charming character.

In a little while he was lying sleepily on his side, letting me rub his stomach, purring away, and I seemed to have lost the grasp of the situation. It was just when I became aware that I was lying under a piano in a tailcoat, saying to a lion, "Maybe Lily calls me Johnnycake, but you can call me Androcles," that I was conscious of Lily's specific attention.

"You look like a bloody fool, Androcles," she said.

She was so right. I sat up and watched her for a moment.

A LITTLE tardily, the whole picture came clearly into my mind. It startled me. "Lily," I said, "you don't mean you're going to try to take the lion to the party."

"Of course, I am."

"But, Lily, don't you see—" I didn't try to go on because it was plain that she didn't see. She had no doubt made the plan four thousand miles away in Africa, had no doubt seen the picture then, as I saw it now, of herself making her entrance at the party of the season, in her golden dress and bold earrings, carrying a lion in her arms. Could anyone turn away from Lily then? Could anyone divert his attention even for a moment from such a sight? Could Russell Saunders?

It was Lily Tallant being Lily Tallant just as she had always been, using the only tactics she understood, the only ones which had ever got her what she wanted; but it was a somehow desperate Lily now, a Lily who perhaps already sensed the towering emptiness of her plan.

"If I were you," I said, "I wouldn't drink any more until we get there."

"I'm not you."

The little lion sneezed. When I turned my attention to him I noticed for the first time that his breathing was audible during the occasional lulls of the blaring radio, an only perceptible wheezing sound. I saw, too, when he looked at me that what I had mistaken for sleepiness in his eyes was a dullness, a cast of cloudiness across them. "Lily," I said, "the animal's sick. You can't take him out in the cold."

"He's not. He's fine," Lily snapped, "fine." She whirled a silver spoon in the Martini mixer, not looking at me. I realized she had known it all the time.

I got up and turned down the radio, then went back to the lion. He gave a convulsive little twitch to his body, like a shiver. I got a blanket from the bedroom and wrapped him in it.

Lily watched me silently for a while, sitting at the coffee table and clicking her lacquered fingernail against the rim of her glass. At last, she said, "Oh, stop making such a fuss. He's perfectly all right, I tell you. The man I got him from told me so. Now sit down and drink your drink. What makes you think you know anything about lions, anyhow?"

"I don't know anything about them," I said, "but somebody in New York does." I got the phone book and looked up the number of the zoo. I started to dial.

"What do you think you're doing?" Lily said. She was looking coldly at me across the room, coldly but not entirely steadily. "Don't think you can—"

"I'm just calling to get some advice," I said.

"Advice," she repeated irritably. "I keep telling you he's fine. Fine, fine. Have you ever been to Africa? No."

"Hello?" I said into the phone.

Deliberately Lily turned up the radio to full volume.

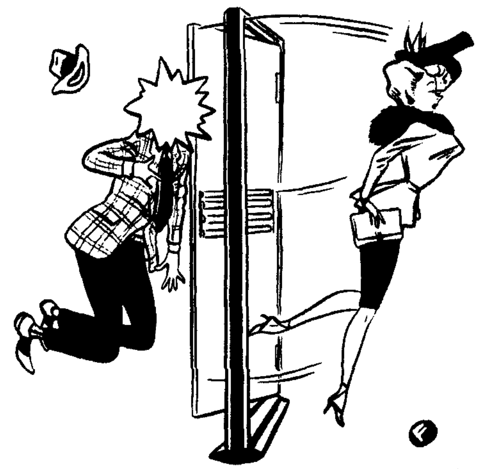
Fortunately the phone had one of those long cords on it which allowed me to carry it into the bedroom. The switchboard girl told me the staff except for one attendant had gone home for the day. The attendant gave me the phone number of the zoo's veterinarian. I called him. "Yes?" he said. His voice sounded tired.

My question suddenly seemed a little ridiculous. "I—I have a sick animal," I said. "A lion. He's a male cub four or five weeks old. He was brought from Africa, this morning, and I'm afraid he's not at all well." I started to recite some symptoms, but the doctor took over, describing accurately and in detail the lion's condition. "That's it exactly," I said, when he was through.

There was a considerable pause. "Well," he said finally, "what do you expect me to do?"

I guess that hadn't occurred to me. Somebody's sick, you call a doctor. I said something like that.

There was an even longer pause, then when the doctor spoke I felt that he was controlling his tired-sounding voice with conscious effort. "Since it apparently seemed like a good idea to you," he said, "to take an unweaned, subtropical animal from one hemisphere to another in the middle of a cold spring into a steam-heated apartment, you can bring him up here now, if that's what you want to do."


FRITZ WILKINSON

Pull and Push

I am happy to hold the door open;
When she fails to say, "Thank you," I shrug.
But I do regret not having tripped her
When she lets it slam back in my mug.

—LOYD ROSENFIELD

There didn't seem to be any point in going into the facts. "All right," I said. "But do you mean the chances aren't good?"

The doctor had hung up.

I went back to the living room. The radio was still howling. Somehow the vase of Easter lilies had got knocked over. Both Lily and the lion were gone.

IN A little more than a minute I was downstairs and outside on the sidewalk. Lily was just getting into a taxi. She was wearing a full-length ermine coat. The lion was wrapped in a chinchilla jacket. It was a nasty night, cold and raining.

I got to the taxi just as Lily was closing the door. She let down the window about halfway. "Oh, so you decided to come," she said. She was smiling at me.

I'd pretty well run out of talk. I opened the cab door and groped for the lion's head in the chinchilla jacket. I could feel his little body trembling. His nose and eyes were running.

Lily's fingernails raked along the back of my hand. "Keep your hands off my lion," she said with slow deliberation, trying to keep the fuzziness out of her speech. "If you want a king of beasts, go get your own king of beasts."

I drew back. Lily slammed the cab door and called to the driver. I was left standing in the middle of the street. It took perhaps half a minute for another taxi to come along and Lily's was already out of sight. And we didn't catch her either. As I was paying the cabby in front of the Hendersons' apartment house a mile uptown I caught a glimpse of Lily's ermine coat in the foyer, just as she was getting into the elevator.

I ran in and got the car on the next trip up, aware even as I did so that I'd probably missed my chance.

THE Hendersons' apartment was one of those big duplexes where the elevator opened directly into the apartment's first floor. Lily was nowhere in sight. From the living room upstairs came the genial hubbub of the big party, which was evidently in full swing.

I got out of my coat and was halfway up the stairs when a voice, a woman's voice, rang down from above. I don't know whose voice it was and it doesn't matter. It was the tone that mattered—high and shrill with delight and excitement and incredulity—the tone that had been the food and drink of Lily Tallant's life.

"You amazing, you wonderful Lily!" the voice cried. "Look, everybody, look at this mad creature, she's brought a *lion!*"

I got upstairs in time to see Lily's entrance. Her anonymous herald had set the stage, and the entrance was all that the most demanding theater queen could have wished for.

Forty faces turned to the doorway to stare at Lily—forty of the most important faces in New York. Russell Saunders, who had been standing talking to a group of men near the door, turned to watch.

Somewhere Lily had got rid of the lion's chinchilla jacket. I was at one side of the doorway where she stood, the center of attention; and for a second I couldn't help thinking of her as she had been at her debut a decade and a war earlier, a different center of attention then.

Now Lily Tallant stood, swaying a little in the doorway, but with no single hair out of place, a startling figure in her golden gown, her eyes focused on only one face in the room.

Saunders, and I guess some others, noticed before she did that Lily had lost her race with the lion. It was from Saunders' face, in fact, that she discovered it—as its expression slipped in quickly perceptive states from amusement to seriousness to horror. There was complete silence in the room.

"Don't let me be a nuisance, lambs!" Lily called out, smiling her dazzling smile. She lurched only the tiniest bit. "I just wanted you all to see my *simba!*"

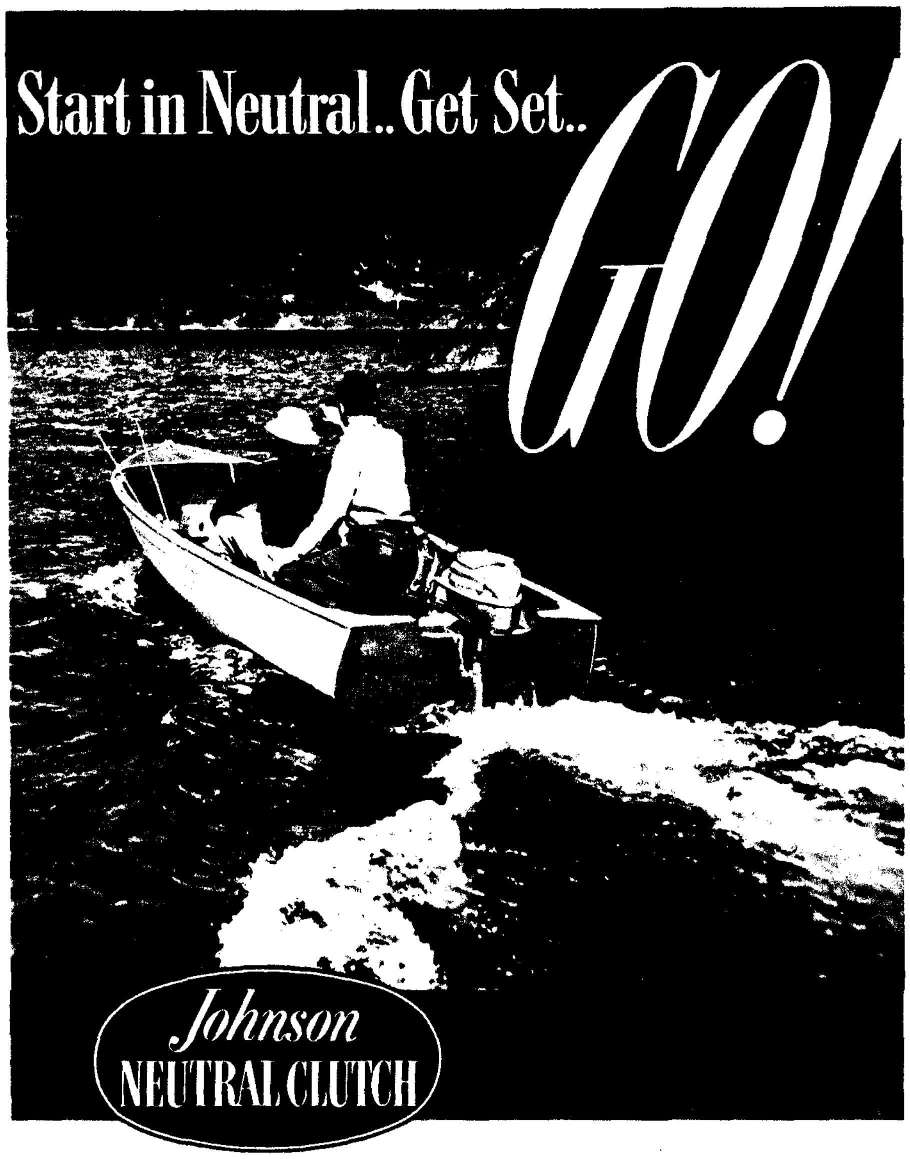
She extended her arms, across which the lion lay, his tawny little body limp, his mouth agape, his eyes staring, his forelegs with their great paws already stiffening. He had evidently bled from the mouth just at the last, and on the bosom of Lily's golden dress were crimson streaks.

Saunders' involuntary movement was toward the little animal, but he checked himself because of the patent uselessness of what he wanted to do. Deliberately he avoided looking at Lily. At last he turned his back and walked away.

Lily looked down at her small sacrifice, already growing cold in her arms. Then suddenly she dropped it at her feet, and stared at it.

"What a horrible thing," she said, unsteadily. There was panic in the eyes that pleaded with the shocked faces around her. "What a horrible thing for that man in Africa to do!"

THE END



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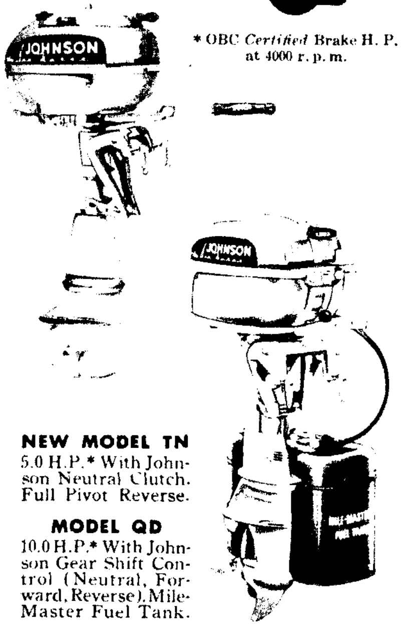

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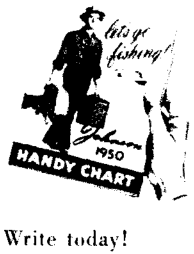

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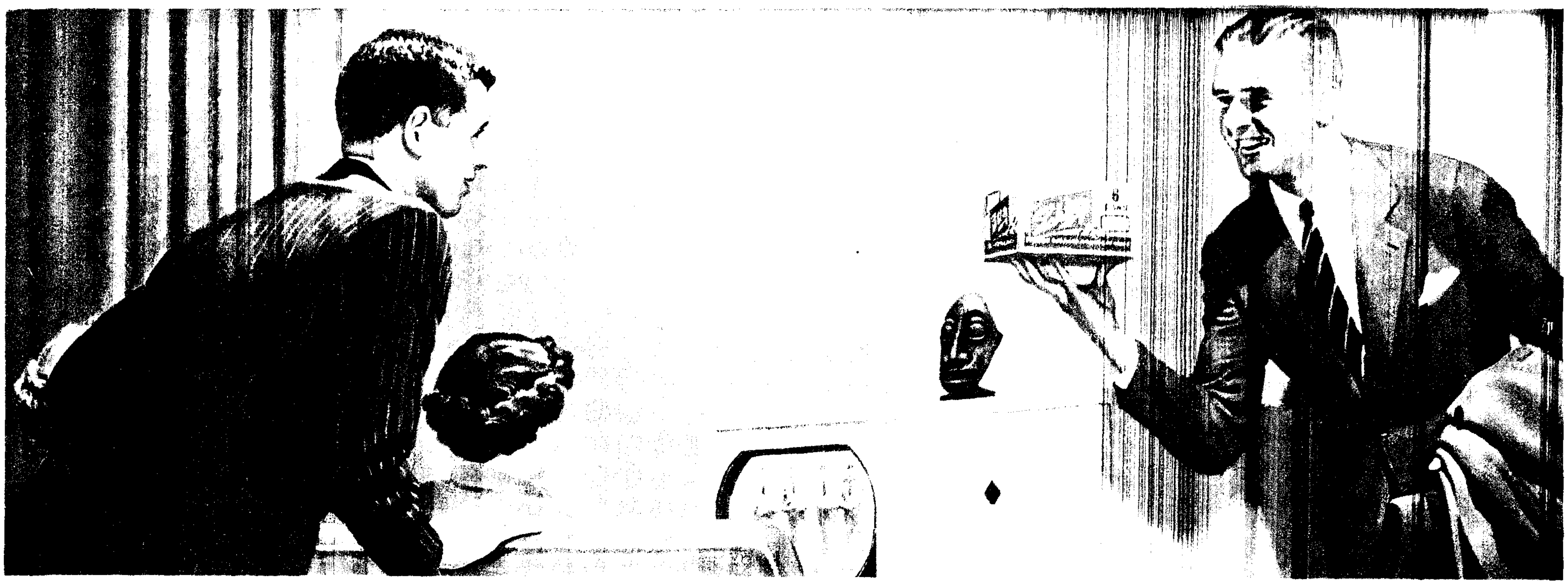

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TUNE IN! *Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman, "The Halls of Ivy," Friday nights on NBC*

The Case of the Smuggler's Bell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

the assumption that they know everything that is to be known. The coroner is satisfied he has the cause of death, and he probably does. But I want a complete necropsy performed and I either want to do it or I want to be there when it's done."

"You do it," Colonel Stepney said. "That much we're entitled to."

"I can tell you one thing," Captain Harmon said. "It won't make a darned bit of difference what you find out. They're going ahead with a murder prosecution against Robert Trenton. The prosecutor wants to be judge and this looks like a good steppingstone."

"Well, it probably is," Dr. Dixon said. "It bothers me that Trenton was able to pull the wool over my eyes the way he did. It's too bad the fire consumed so much of the evidence. What do you make of it, Colonel?"

Colonel Stepney said, "Captain Harmon has made a rather complete examination. Suppose you tell him, Captain."

Harmon said, "Well, the situation is a little peculiar. We aren't dealing with anything stationary like a house. We have to take into consideration the fact that a drifting boat will swing around in the river and the wind might blow the flames from several different directions, but the fact remains that from my examination of the boat this fire started up in the bow in what evidently was a locker room."

"In the bow?" Dr. Dixon said. "But the engine is in the stern and the gasoline tanks are in the stern."

Captain Harmon nodded.

"Yet the fire *started* in the bow?"

"That's my best belief."

"What caused it?"

"The sheriff's theory is that it was a short circuit between two wires. I asked him what caused the short circuit and he just looked at me. My own theory is that it was set by an incendiary—it started near the bow and I'm going to take photographs that'll prove my point. There's an unequal area of charring, and quite evidently parts of the structure there in the bow were subjected to greatly varying degrees of heat. It's as though there had been some inflammable liquid used in starting the fire. Then the flames swept back toward the stern."

"We're taking photographs?" Dr. Dixon asked.

"We're taking photographs and we're preserving bits of evidence."

Dr. Dixon said, "There were several people aboard this boat. The sheriff thinks he's only concerned with what happened up to the time the shots were fired. I think we have to know everything that happened in order to get a complete explanation."

"So do I," Colonel Stepney said. "I've just been talking about that."

"You'd be surprised how uninterested the sheriff is going to be in all this stuff," Captain Harmon said.

"Yes, I suppose so," Colonel Stepney admitted, smiling. "However, Captain, I want you to have the men work this case up just as though there were no problems of jurisdiction. I want every bit of evidence discovered and preserved. I want a complete file made so we can refer to it at any time."

"How about a post-mortem?" Dr. Dixon asked. "If they try to bluff me out, how tough can I get?"

"Just as tough as is necessary," Colonel Stepney said. "You make a post-mortem."

CAPTAIN HARMON rang Colonel Stepney's office. "The sheriff from across the river is here, Colonel."

"What does he want?"

"Wants to talk with us about co-operation."

"That's fine," Colonel Stepney said. "Bring him up."

Captain Harmon hung up the telephone, said to Sheriff Landes, "Come on up, Sheriff. The colonel will see us."

They climbed the stairs of the barracks, went through an outer office where a secretary motioned them to go on into the private office. Colonel Stepney came around the desk to shake hands with Sheriff Landes. "How's everything coming over on your side of the river, Sheriff?"

"Fine," Landes said, sitting down, and accepting one of Colonel Stepney's cigars. "I want to see you folks about a little co-operation."

"What?"

"You have a man under arrest—Marvus L. Gentry."

Colonel Stepney glanced at Captain Harmon.

Harmon nodded and said, "He's the man we caught digging up that dope."

"Oh, yes," Colonel Stepney said.

"Now then," Sheriff Landes went on, "we've got pretty much of an open-and-shut case against this Robert Trenton for murdering Harvey Richmond, but we want to sew it up just as tight as we can."

"You think he's guilty?" Colonel Stepney asked.

"I know darn' well he's guilty. But you know how those things are. Trenton has a lawyer who's pretty slick and we want to get it sewed up so there's no possible loophole. This man Gentry would turn state's evidence, if we could give him a break."

"How much of a break?"

"Immunity."

Colonel Stepney shook his head.

"Now, wait a minute," Sheriff Landes went on quickly. "When you come right down to it, you haven't so much of a case against him."

"We caught him with about forty thousand dollars' worth of dope in his possession."

"I know, but he didn't know it was dope at the time."

"Oh, sure," Stepney said sarcastically.

"Now, wait a minute," Sheriff Landes said. "We've always co-operated with you and we want to co-operate with you. This man is an important witness for us. Why not hear his story?"

"What is his story? He's refused to talk to our men."

"Well, a lawyer came to us and told us a very sketchy outline of what his story would be in case we co-operate by giving him immunity." The sheriff paused and then continued:

"Gentry had been in the dope racket about two months. He was a new man. At first he didn't know what the racket was. He knew it was smuggling, but thought it was diamonds.

"The gang was marking time waiting for a shipment to come from Europe. Last week they got all tense because they knew they'd have a small fortune if everything went all right. The ship was due to dock Monday.

"Monday afternoon the gang got word that everything was all right. Then early Tuesday morning they received word everything was all wrong.

"Gentry knows that Robert Trenton was the one who was supposed to have the dope. Then he was told Tuesday afternoon that Trenton was aboard, and shortly after dark he was sent to the place where Trenton had buried the dope. He was given a sketch map. You people have that map. It was on Gentry when you arrested him. It's in Trenton's handwriting.

"Gentry wants immunity. That seems a small price to pay for sewing up a murder."

AT THIS point, Stepney asked a question: "How did Richmond happen to be aboard that houseboat?"

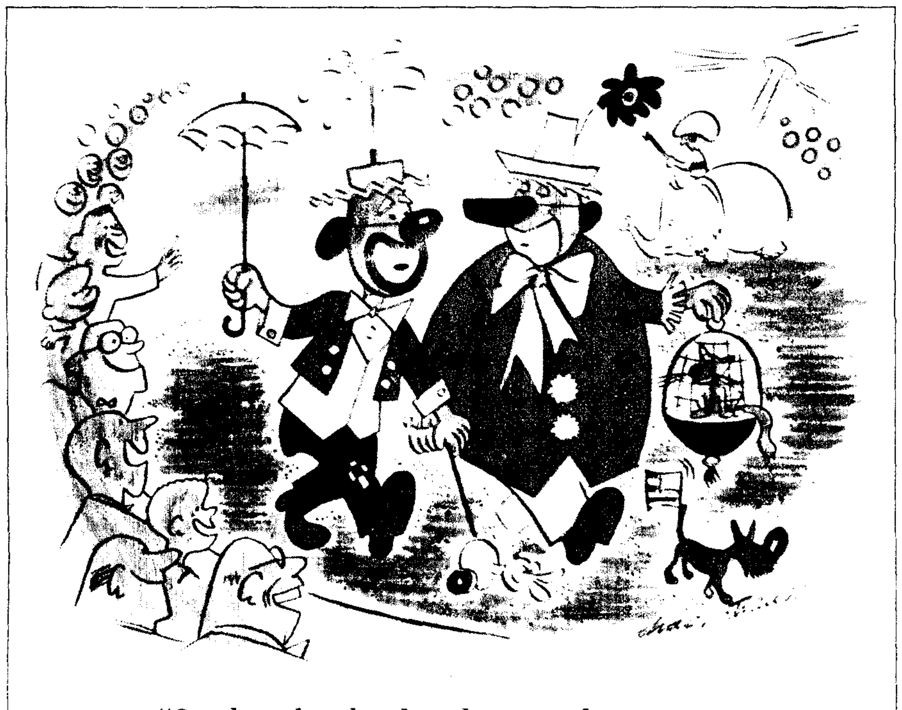
"Because he found out that was Trenton's headquarters."

"How do you know it was Trenton who killed him?"

"We have an absolutely dead open-and-shut case on that. Trenton had a gun in his possession. A .32 automatic. We've traced it from the numbers. It was a gun that was stolen from a house about a year ago in a burglary."

"Any fingerprints?"

"We've got it all tied up, I tell you," Sheriff Landes said. "You know you don't get fingerprints on a revolver, particularly if it's well-kept and oiled, but with an automatic the situation is different. You do get fingerprints on the cartridge clip, usually the print of a thumb. In this case that's exactly what we have. A thumbprint of Robert Trenton. What's more, we can prove Trenton had a gun in his possession. Thanks to the good work your men did, that gun was found in a desk where Robert Trenton had locked it. We have three witnesses: Linda Mae Carroll, Linda Carroll, her niece, and Merton Ostrander. They're all of them friendly to Robert Trenton. They'll dislike very much to testify anything against



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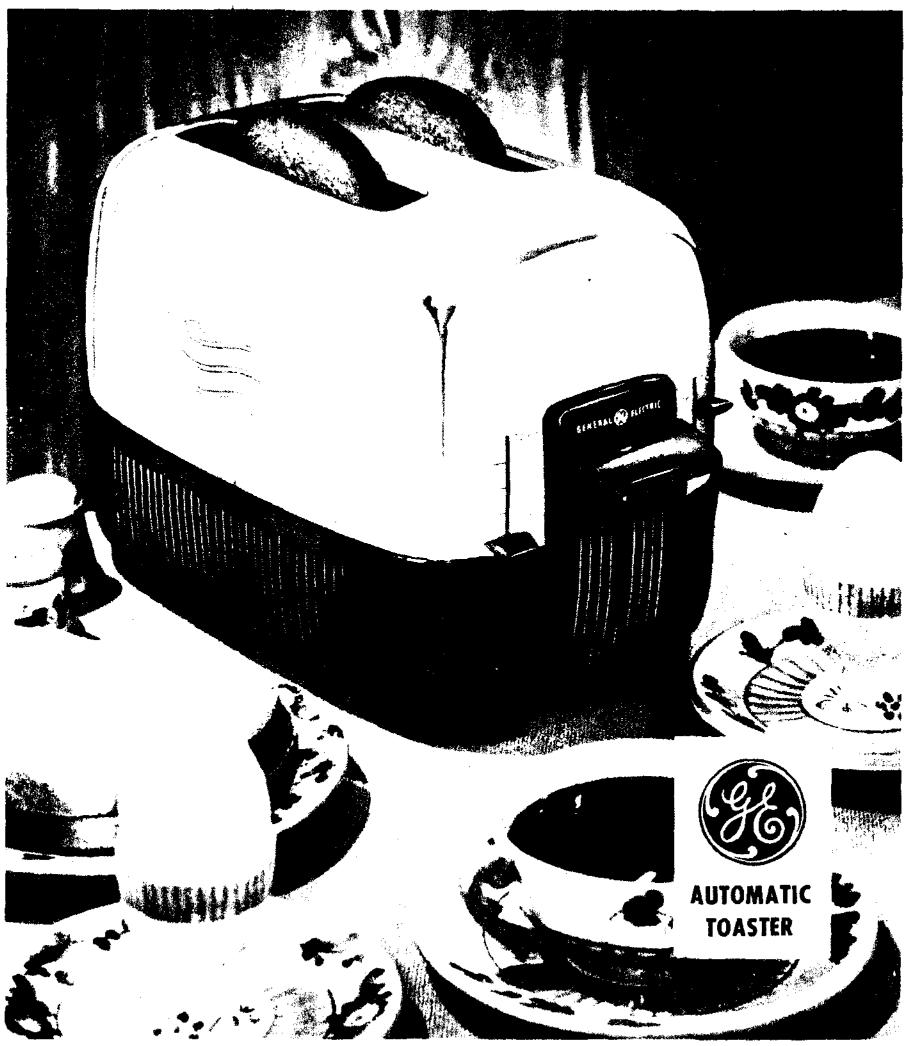

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him, but they'll have to admit that gun was in his possession, that it was locked in the desk."

"Who had the key to the desk?" Colonel Stepney asked.

"Merton Ostrander."

Colonel Stepney glanced quizzically at Captain Harmon.

Sheriff Landes interpreted the glance and said hurriedly, "Now look. I know what you're thinking, but let's be reasonable about it. Suppose Trenton tries to claim Merton Ostrander waited until he'd gone to sleep and then went down, opened the desk, and got possession of the gun."

"Well?" Colonel Stepney asked.

"It couldn't have happened that way."

"Why not?"

"The bullets that were fired into Harvey Richmond's body were immediately fatal. They were fired right under the heart. That is, one of them was in the heart and the other was just above the heart, severing the big artery. Now remember the *time* at which the shooting took place. Remember the *time* at which the fire started. Remember the *place* at which the fire started.

"Robert Trenton admitted to these witnesses that he fired two shots at a man on the boat. He *says* that he couldn't even see the sights, but he admits he fired two shots.

"It was immediately after that that the boat caught fire. When the boat caught fire it drifted down the river and came to rest on that sand bar. The men aboard the boat finally got the fire out using hand extinguishers and a power pump. Then they cleared out. The boat was badly damaged. Fire trucks saw the blaze, rushed to the location, found it was on a boat in the river and turned back because they weren't equipped to handle anything like that, and because they could see through binoculars that the crew was getting the fire under control.

"I didn't hear about it until this morning. I went down shortly after daylight. I found the charred body. The boat was owned by Sam Joyner. I hunted him up. I didn't like his story, so I put him under arrest.

"Then he cracked. He *saw* Trenton fire the fatal shots. There's no question about the time Trenton left the boat, no question about the time the shots were fired in relation to the time of the fire on the houseboat.

"But we need a motive. If we can prove Trenton was smuggling dope and that Richmond was on his trail, we have a perfect motive. All you need to do is to dismiss the charges against Gentry."

Colonel Stepney said, "There was a woman with Gentry at the time he went to dig up the dope."

Sheriff Landes was quick with an explanation. "That was his girl friend. She was out with him for the ride. She had nothing to do with it and wasn't anywheres around when the dope was being dug up. That's why your man lost her."

COLONEL STEPNEY arose from his chair and paced the office floor, giving the matter frowning consideration.

"Look," Sheriff Landes said, "I've fixed it all up with everybody. The Narcotics Division is all ready to play ball because they're anxious to get a case against the man who murdered Harvey Richmond. All you have to do is just play ball with us—"

"Does Gentry have a record?"

"No, he doesn't. He's completely in the clear. We co-operate with you boys all the time and I don't see why you won't co-operate with us."

"How long was it after the boat was turned loose from the moorings that the fire broke out?"

"Just two or three minutes."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I'm figuring the way it must have been from what the witnesses say. Judging about the time they began to notice the red spot in the sky and the reflection of burning on the water, it couldn't have been ove two or three minutes."

"I don't like it," Colonel Stepney said.

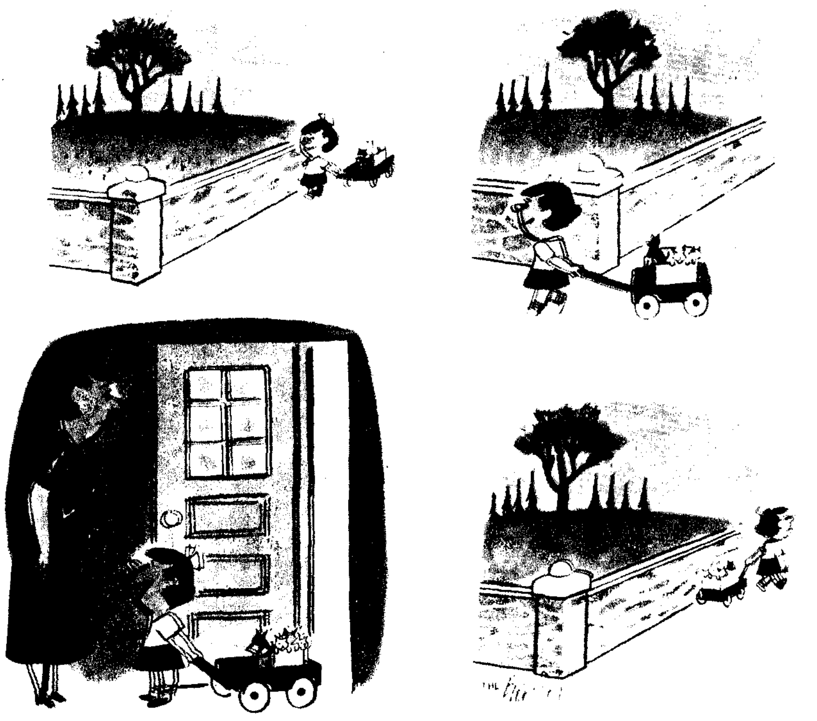
Sheriff Landes' face darkened. "You fellows are always asking us—"

"Now, wait a minute," Colonel Stepney interrupted. "Don't get off on the wrong track. I'm simply saying there are some aspects of the case I don't like. So far as this man Gentry is concerned, we'll play ball. If that's the way you want it, that's the way it'll be."

Sheriff Landes' face broke into a broad smile. He crossed the office and shook hands with Colonel Stepney. "You aren't going to regret this," he said. "This is going to mean a big thing to me. It's going to mean a big thing to the prosecuting attorney." . . .

Sam Joyner sat in conference with his lawyer. The attorney counted the sheaf of

SISTER



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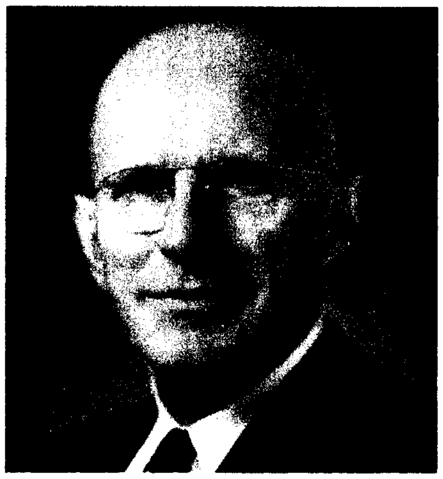
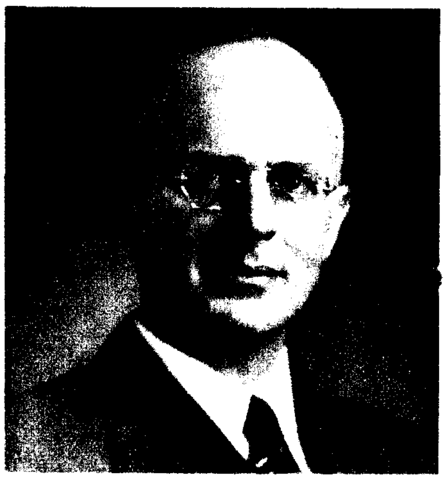


JAMES L. CRUMP
President of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as a *lineman* in Winfield, Kan., in 1905.



HAL S. DUMAS
President of the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started with the Bell System as a *traffic student* in Atlanta in 1911.

WILLIAM A. HUGHES
President of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company. Started his Bell System career as a *ground man* in Kansas City, Mo., in 1917.

Up from the

GRAHAM K. McCORKLE
President of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as an *office boy* in Eminence, Ky., in 1902.

KEITH S. McHUGH
President of the New York Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as a *clerk* in New York City in 1919.

EUGENE J. McNEELY
President of the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as a *student engineer* in St. Louis in 1922.

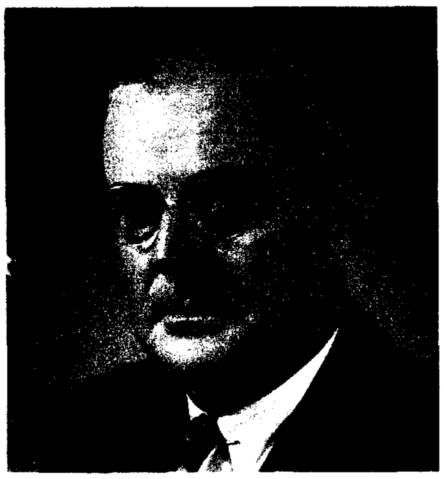
JAMES B. MORRISON
President of the Wisconsin Telephone Company. First Bell System job was as an *engineering assistant* in Washington, D. C., in 1925.

These are presidents of operating telephone companies of the Bell System. They all started at the bottom of the ladder.

Twelve years ago the Bell System first published an advertisement like this, except that there are now sixteen new faces in the pictures.

The Bell System is an up-from-the-ranks business and it aims to keep the opportunity for advancement open to all.

That has been true of the business for many years and nowhere is it better illustrated than in the careers of the men who



RANDOLPH EIDE
President of The Ohio Bell Telephone Company. First Bell System job was as a *special inspector* in New York City in 1911.

WILFRED D. GILLEN
President of The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania. Started with the Bell System as a *clerk* in Philadelphia in 1923.

HARRY S. HANNA
President of the Indiana Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as an *engineer* in Cleveland in 1922.

JOE E. HARRELL
President of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started with the Bell System as a *clerk* in Atlanta in 1913.

Ranks

THOMAS N. LACY
President of the Michigan Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as an *installer* in Philadelphia in 1905.

H. RANDOLPH MADDOX
President of The Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Companies. Started with Bell System as *student engineer* in Washington, D. C., in 1921.

FLOYD P. OGDEN
President of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co. Started in Bell System as *student* and *clerk* in Kansas City, Mo., in 1911.

MARK R. SULLIVAN
President of The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started with the Bell System as a *clerk* in San Francisco in 1912.

now serve as presidents of Bell Telephone Companies throughout the country.

They have had wide telephone experience. Together they have put in 598 years of service, an average of 35 years each.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRESIDENTS OF BELL TELEPHONE COMPANIES AND THEIR FIRST JOBS

Name	*Company*	*Date*	*Place of Start*	*First Pay*	*First Job*
Leroy A. Wilson	Amer. Tel. & Tel. Co.	1922	Indianapolis	$110 month	Traffic Student
Allerton F. Brooks	Southern New England Tel. Co.	1911	New Haven	$12 week	Engineer's Assistant
James L. Crump	Southwestern Bell Tel. Co.	1905	Winfield, Kan.	$25 month	Lineman
Hal S. Dumas	Southern Bell Tel. & Tel. Co.	1911	Atlanta	$50 month	Traffic Student
Randolph Eide	Ohio Bell Tel. Co.	1911	New York City	$15 week	Special Inspector
Wilfred D. Gillen	Bell Tel. Co. of Penna.	1923	Philadelphia	$117 month	Clerk
Harry S. Hanna	Indiana Bell Tel. Co.	1922	Cleveland	$250 month	Engineer
Joe E. Harrell	New England Tel. & Tel. Co.	1913	Atlanta	$14 week	Clerk
William A. Hughes	New Jersey Bell Tel. Co.	1917	Kansas City, Mo.	$60 month	Ground Man
Thomas N. Lacy	Michigan Bell Tel. Co.	1905	Philadelphia	$10 week	Installer
H. Randolph Maddox	Chesapeake & Potomac Tel. Companies	1921	Washington, D.C.	$30 week	Student Engineer
Graham K. McCorkle	Illinois Bell Tel. Co.	1902	Eminence, Ky.	$20 month	Office Boy
Keith S. McHugh	New York Tel. Co.	1919	New York City	$35 week	Clerk
Eugene J. McNeely	Northwestern Bell Tel. Co.	1922	St. Louis	$110 month	Student Engineer
James B. Morrison	Wisconsin Tel. Co.	1925	Washington, D.C.	$120 month	Engineering Assistant
Floyd P. Ogden	Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co.	1911	Kansas City, Mo.	$40 month	Student and Clerk
Mark R. Sullivan	Pacific Tel. & Tel. Co.	1912	San Francisco	$50 month	Clerk

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genuine
White Buckskin

Only the lush Imported Skins of rare South American Jack Deer give you this velvety texture, this frosty full nap.

Science cannot duplicate the porous, tho firm, fibre which makes Genuine Buckskin so cool so comfortable, so easy to clean. Taylor adds a soft deep-yielding Red Rubber Sole for complete foot luxury.
Style 6510, $12.95, higher West. Most styles $12.95 to $15.95.

Write Dept. C for other styles, dealer's name
E. E. TAYLOR CORP. MAKERS BOSTON 10, MASS.

hundred-dollar bills Joyner had given him. He nodded, pocketed the money.

"Don't think you're getting that for nothing," Joyner said grimly. "That's not for just being a mouthpiece. That's for a spring."

"Shut up," the lawyer told him. "You know I can't guarantee a case. But you do just exactly as I tell you and you'll be okay nine chances out of ten. Now do you want to buy that or not?"

"I've bought it."

"I just wanted to be sure you understood what you'd bought."

"Go ahead."

"I've rigged a deal for Gentry. They'll give him immunity if he'll sing."

"If he sings? Why, you dope, if he sings he'll have both of us—"

The attorney interrupted. "Don't be foolish. He'll sing the tune I tell him to and I'm writing the words for the music."

"What do I do?"

"You do just exactly as I tell you. First you talk to everyone. You tell them that you rented your boat to men who impressed you as being all right. When you began to realize there might be something fishy about it, you were afraid to accuse them of any wrongdoing because of laying yourself open to a suit for slander.

"So you decided to keep quiet but try to get some evidence that would enable you to take definite action. You got that straight?"

"That's what I've told 'em," Joyner said.

"Now get this. After you've told that story so that it gets well distributed, all of a sudden you clam up. I don't want you to get where you have to answer questions about being seen with Trenton in the bus station until we can get a fix on that woman witness. You can say that you're entirely innocent, but there's a technical irregularity that's worrying your attorney. Say your lawyer told you to refuse to answer any questions. Say, 'I refuse to answer on the ground that anything I may say might incriminate me.'

"Then you smile wistfully and say that it's just a technicality, but nevertheless, when you have an attorney you have to do what he says. You say it seems a foolish precaution to you because the thing your attorney is afraid of is just a little irregularity in connection with an incidental matter. And then you squirm a bit and call me on the phone and tell me that you're being questioned and you want to tell your story and plead with me to let you. I'll tell you to sit tight, and you'll get mad, but finally you'll agree that you promised me you'd follow my advice.

"You hang up the phone, but you're still mad. You want to talk the worst way, but you can't. So you cuss me and make it look as if you're sore as a boil, *but* you don't talk. You don't answer any question from anyone. You think you can do that?"

"I just refuse to say anything?"

"Yes. You read from a paper, 'I refuse to answer this question on the advice of counsel and on the ground the answer might incriminate me.'"

A smile of relief spread over Joyner's face. "That," he said, "is the best legal advice I've *ever* had."

The attorney nodded. "I'm glad you're getting wise. They have a murder they're going to have to clean up. They've elected Trenton as the one who did it. They want a conviction. They want a conviction right now. This is our chance to climb aboard for free. You get me?"

"I get you," Joyner said, relief in his voice. "And I'm damn' glad I got you!"

COLONEL STEPNEY walked into the laboratory where Dr. Herbert Dixon had his office. "Hello, Herb."

"How's everything coming, Colonel? Have a chair."

"What did you find out in that Richmond murder, Herb?"

Dr. Dixon said, "The coroner had his pet physician dig into the body to recover the bullets and determine the course of the bullet wounds. That had all been done before I got there. There wasn't much left."

"Did you see the bullets?"

"I saw the bullets but not *in* the body. However, the physician knows where he found them and moreover he had the sense to take a series of X rays showing the bullets in place."

"Sheriff Landes tells me the shots would have caused instant death, either one of them."

Dr. Dixon nodded. "I think he's right on that, but I wish I'd been there when he cut the body open."

"Why?"

"There are some things about it I don't like."

"What?"

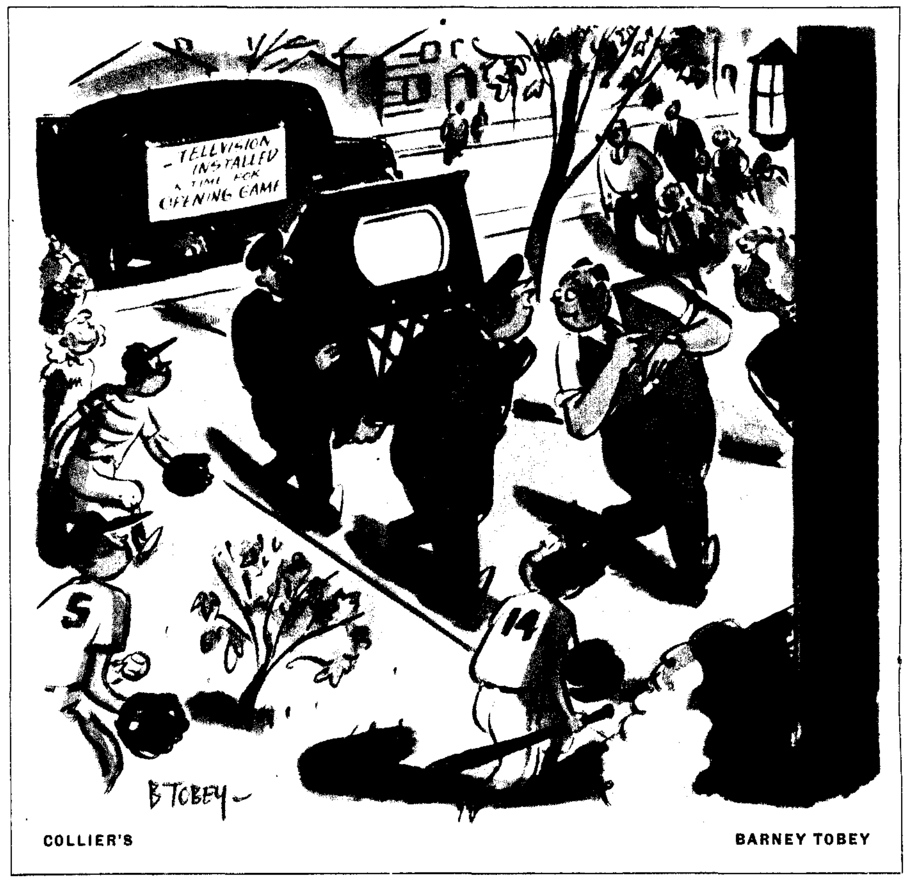
"Well, on account of the fire, the body had been pretty well cooked, but I found a blood clot inside the skull."

"Anything unusual about that?"

"It depends."

"What else?"

"Just routine. I took a sample of blood from that blood clot, and I searched around trying to find some blood from the body. I


TELEVISION INSTALLED IN TIME FOR OPENING GAME
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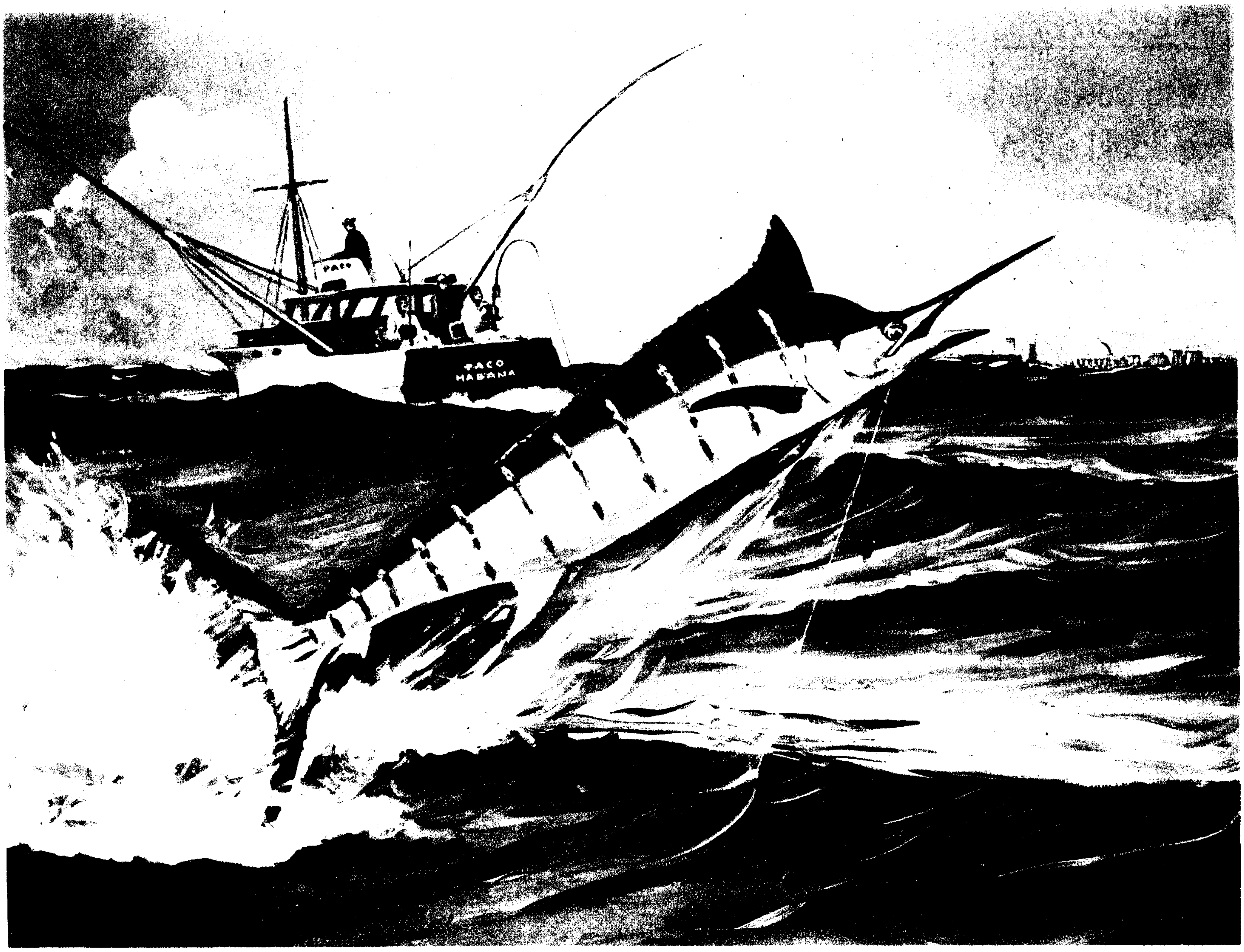
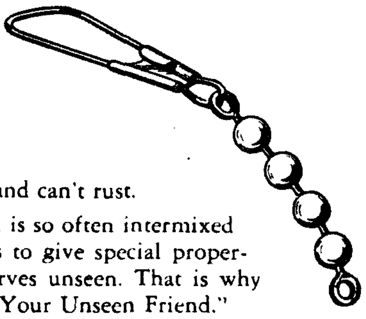
COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY



The line that catches everything...

when there are no fish near the surface

BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT, *well-known artist and sportsman*



—It's Monel line, made with the "friendly" metal.

It's the third day we've been fishing off Havana.

Under our boat's keel, the sea is oily smooth. The deck scorches our feet. Food and gasoline have run low, and tempers are short.

"Let's head back," I bark, "I'm tired of playin' hide-and-seek with these marlin."

That seems to trip something in the mate's mind.

He goes below. Then comes up, grinning.

"The Monel line," he cries, "—you said you'd try her some time. She goes down deep without heavy sinkers. Maybe she'll end your game of hide-and-seek with those marlin."

My reel pays off a hundred, two hundred yards of the tough, rustproof line. Down it settles, thirty, thirty-five fathoms into the deep blue of the Gulf Stream.

Ten minutes pass, and then I get a strike. A humdinger of a strike! I hit him once. I hit him again. My rod bends. My reel starts to sing, paying out line fast. The fight is on... He runs, he jumps, he circles, he sounds... again and again and again. But my strong, flexible Monel line has what it takes to stay with him until he's brought safely on board.

—L. B. H.

Nickel gives Monel line the tough strength, the complete freedom from rust, and the high resistance to salt water corrosion that make this line a prime favorite with fishermen from coast to coast. Since Monel line is metal, it has enough weight to make it sink far beneath the surface. And so when there are no fish near the surface, it goes down to where they are.

In scores of different ways Nickel brings fishermen luck. Nickel in Monel bead chain swivels and spinners makes them non-rusting and long-lasting. Solid "Z" Nickel hooks are strong enough for the "fightin'est" fish and can't rust.

Because Nickel is so often intermixed with other metals to give special properties, it usually serves unseen. That is why Nickel is called "Your Unseen Friend."

How To Catch Fish

"How to Catch Fish when they're not biting"—New handbook by veteran fishermen, Fred Streever and Chuck Meyer. Tells how to get bigger catches of bigger fish in both fresh and salt water—from perch and porgies to tuna and marlin. Tackle tips aplenty. For your free copy, write Dept. 134z, New York 5, N. Y.

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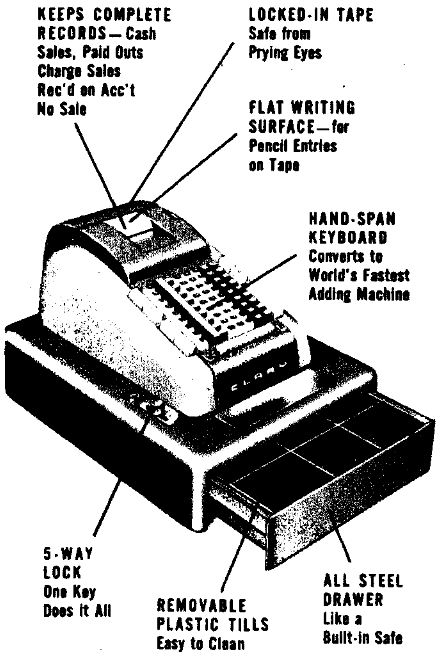
$25 Down Puts a Bookkeeping Cash Register on Your Counter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finally got a little from the liver, enough to make a test. I also picked up some of the lung tissue."

"What's that for?"

"Well—I just wanted to have it."

"If you got blood from the blood clot in the brain, isn't that enough to give you a grouping or whatever it is you want?"

"Probably."

"Then why take some from the liver as well?"

"I want to see if they match."

"What are you getting at? Isn't all blood from a body in the same group?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, why all the blood samples?"

"Lots of things. We can learn a lot from blood—extent of intoxication, things of that sort. Don't think I'm being mysterious, Colonel. I'm just being cautious and I hate to stick my neck out until I'm sure."

"When will you be sure?"

"I haven't completed my tests yet. Let's take a look."

THE doctor opened a door. Several assistants were engaged in making tests. He raised his voice. "Dick, what have we done with those blood samples from Harvey Richmond?"

"I'm just getting ready to run them."

"I'll run them with you," Dr. Dixon said. "Want to wait, Colonel?"

"No, thanks. I'll come back. I'm trying to make sure we don't overlook any bets. You know if that murder was committed while the boat was within two hundred feet of the dock, it's outside of our jurisdiction, but if the boat had drifted more than two hundred feet, the murder would have been committed in our state."

"You've made experiments?"

"Yes. We used blocks of wood and then we got a boat of about the same size and tried it."

"How soon did the fire break out?"

"Not until after the boat was one hundred feet from the dock."

"You're certain?"

"We have a witness who swears that he saw the first flickering flame coming up and thought at first it was a bonfire. Then as the flames became larger, the burning object drifted behind a hill and all he could see was the reflection of the flame in the sky.

"Ed Wallington is rather handy with a transit. We got him to run a line on the course indicated and see where it would intersect the line of the current. Then we measured the distance from the landing float in terms of driftage and time. It would have taken between two minutes and thirty-eight seconds, and three minutes and fourteen seconds for the boat to have covered that distance. We made a whole series of tests."

Dr. Dixon said, "I'd like to know the exact sequence of events. However, those shots were fired from close range."

"Powder stains on the garments?"

"No. Not anything quite so tangible. However, I've been able to salvage some of the charred cloth and I find in it distinct evidence of lead particles. Nothing you can get with the naked eye, but stuff that the X ray picks up."

"How close was the killer when the shots were fired, Doctor?"

"I'd say under eight feet and more than two feet."

"What's that?" Stepney exclaimed. "That hardly ties in with the story *anyone* tells."

"That's why I want to do some more checking of facts. Suppose I should come up with something that would prove Trenton didn't do it?"

"You couldn't. He may not have done it *when* they claim he did it, or *how* they claim he did it, but he's the murderer. He *has* to be."

"Suppose he isn't?"

"Gosh, Herb, they've picked him over there as a natural. Look at the evidence against him. Sheriff Landes tells me they have one of Robert Trenton's fingerprints on the cartridge clip."

Dr. Dixon said, "I'm having photographs made of the ejected cartridge cases. Apparently there's no question but what they were fired in and ejected by that .32 automatic."

Colonel Stepney shook his head. "We've got to be careful and objective, Herb. You knew this chap on the ship and he made you like him. You're going to have to put all that to one side."

"Of course. But I'm not going to put my conscience to one side."

"No one's asking you to. But if we should go the other way, Herb, we'd have to be so sure of our facts that we could go all the way. We'd have to demonstrate Trenton's innocence."

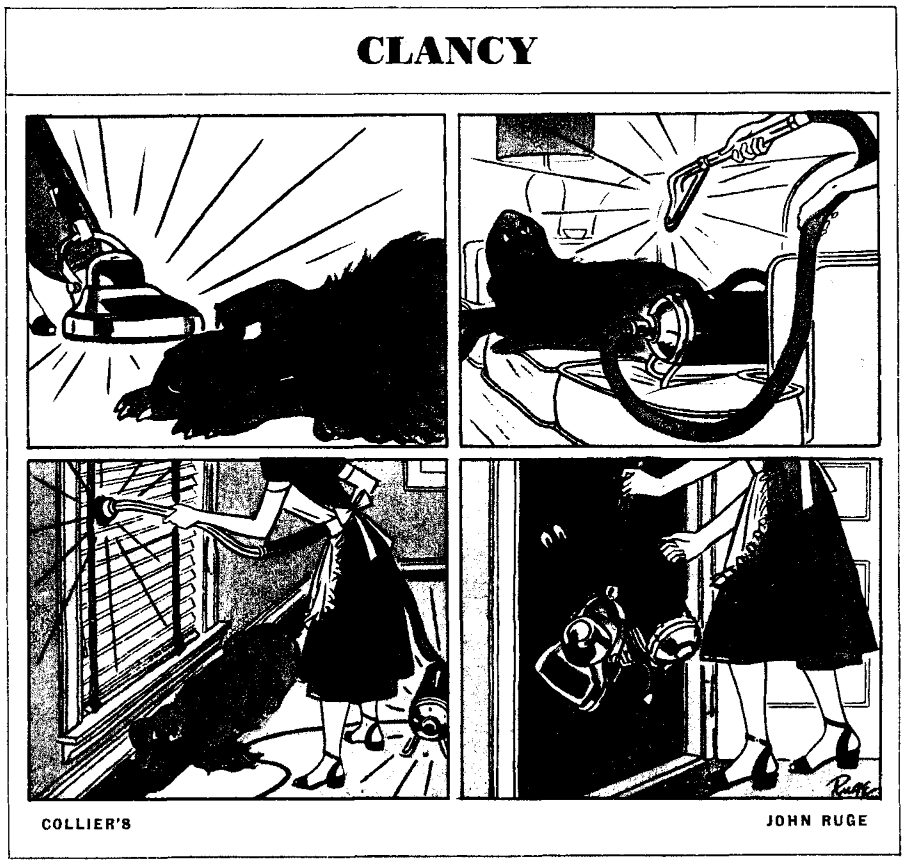
"I know," Dr. Dixon said. "I can't tell what I'm going to find—probably nothing."

"If you find *anything*, find a lot."

"I'll try to find *everything* that remains, Colonel."

Colonel Stepney paced the floor for a few minutes. "All right," he said, at length. "We'll hew to the line, Doctor. To hell with the chips." . . .

Sheriff Landes and Norton Berkeley, the prosecuting attorney, sat in conference.



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5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit. And establish your natural powers of regularity. Eighty-three percent of the cases tested did it. So can you.

Here's all you have to do: Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Pills. Second week—one each night. Third week—one every other night. Then—nothing!

Every day: drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Five New York doctors proved this plan can break the laxative habit.

How can a laxative break the laxative habit? Because Carter's Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own *natural* powers.

Further—Carter's Pills contain no habit-forming drugs.

Break the laxative habit . . . with Carter's Pills . . . and be regular naturally.

When worry, overeating, overwork make you irregular temporarily—take Carter's Pills temporarily. And never get the laxative habit.

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Fewer battery changes . . . more power . . . better hearing longer! You'll be amazed at the difference the exclusive flat-cell construction in these "EVEREADY" "B" batteries makes in your hearing! Don't wait another day to have the better hearing you can get from "EVEREADY" brand "B" batteries!

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Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo*! Acts to relieve pain and itching *instantly*—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.

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When acid indigestion woes
Upset the joys of Spring,
A little **Alka-Seltzer** helps
To settle everything.

Use it also for FAST RELIEF of
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Marathon POPPING MINNOW
For Bass and Panfish
FISH HIT IT H-A-R-D!
Whip out an MPM (Marathon Popping Minnow) and catch the *first* fish; the *biggest* fish; the *longest* string. MPM's color and commotion provokes hard bass and pan fish strikes. A featured fish-getter from Marathon's 1,500 patterns and sizes of fly rod lures now available. Ask your dealer for MPM's. If he cannot supply you, mail us only $1 for an assortment of three.
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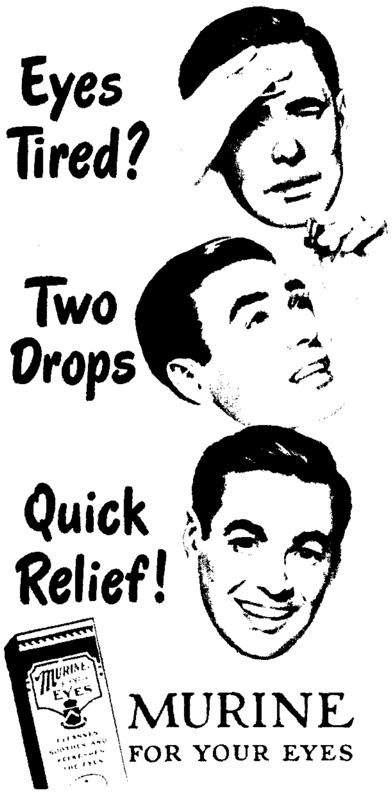
Eyes Tired?
Two Drops
Quick Relief!
MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

The sheriff looked pleased with himself, and the district attorney, making notes, from time to time nodded his head approvingly.

Landes said, "We have it all sewed up. We've made a deal with the state police. They're going to release Marvus Gentry and he's going to give us everything we need to tie Robert Trenton right up with the dope shipments."

Berkeley nodded.

"And," the sheriff went on, "that's just peanuts. We now have a bombshell you can throw in court—a perfect motive for the murder."

"What is it?" Berkeley asked.

"When we searched the room of Harvey Richmond, we found he'd been cabling the authorities in Switzerland. There's a little inn run by a man named René Charteux. Madame Charteux died very suddenly, apparently of poisoning from eating a toadstool which had been included in mushrooms she'd used as a sauce for meat.

"Apparently Richmond was suspicious, for some reason or other. He first sent a ship's wireless to the Swiss authorities. The Swiss authorities started work. What do you think they found.

"Madame Charteux died because she ate enough arsenic to kill a horse."

"Can we check that up with Robert Trenton?" Berkeley asked.

"Robert Trenton stayed at the inn."

"What dates?"

"Well," Sheriff Landes admitted, "there's a little discrepancy there. He apparently was at the inn a couple of days or so after the funeral. But he was pretty thick with the husband. And Harvey Richmond got the tip to work on the murder angle because of stuff he learned on the ship when he was investigating Trenton. The copies of the wireless messages show all that.

"Now what I figure is that you can throw all this into your opening statement, or you may want to hold it in reserve."

The prosecutor said, "It's hard to get the evidence from Switzerland in a form we can use. But there are lots of ways of skinning a cat. I might wait until Trenton gets on the stand and then start throwing questions at him on cross-examination, asking if it isn't a fact that he stayed at this inn, and if it isn't a fact that this Madame Charteux died very suddenly, and if he didn't know that Harvey Richmond was investigating the facts concerning her death at the time Richmond met his death."

The sheriff nodded. "That should do it."

Berkeley said, "Incidentally, there's no reason why you have to keep quiet about this, you know."

"You mean the newspapers?"

"*I* don't mean anything," Norton Berkeley said sharply, "but I see nothing about it that's confidential. You say you found the evidence there in Harvey Richmond's things?"

"That's right. There were copies of the wireless messages he sent, and there was a cable that was received from the authorities in Switzerland the day he died. The Swiss authorities are launching an investigation."

BERKELEY fixed his eyes significantly on the sheriff. "Well," he said. "I don't see anything about it that necessarily needs to remain confidential."

"Well, that's fine," the sheriff said. "The metropolitan papers have asked me for a statement, and—"

"Better let me handle that end," Berkeley interposed quickly. "There are some fine legal points to be considered."

"Okay. Just as you say. Now here's something else that ties right in on that poisoning plot. When the customs men searched Trenton, they found two capsules filled with white powder in his bathrobe pocket."

"The deuce they did! Where are they?"

"Harvey Richmond asked for them. The customs men gave them to him and they've disappeared. We can't find 'em."

Berkeley's manner showed excitement. "That's why Trenton killed him. He had this evidence that would tie Trenton in on this Swiss killing, so Trenton killed him and got the capsules. Get one of the customs men to say he's seen powdered arsenic and these capsules contained a powder that was the color of arsenic."

"The *color* of arsenic?" the sheriff asked. "Those customs men never even opened the capsules. They didn't taste, smell, or—"

"Never you mind that," Berkeley said. "You get those customs men on the line. Get 'em to say the capsules contained a powder that was just like arsenic in appearance."

"Okay," Sheriff Landes said. "Now I've made arrangements to get Gentry all cleaned up on that dope possession charge. He's going to co-operate with us. I thought it might be a good idea for us to talk with him together."

Berkeley toyed with his pencil. "It's better to have *all* the preliminary matters cleared up before such a witness actually talks with the district attorney."

"I know, I know," Landes said. "I know how you feel about that, but this is one time where we just can't afford to have any misunderstanding. I thought it would be a good idea if you checked with me on this thing. In that way, we could both—well, we'd sort of be together on it."

"Where is he now?"

"Waiting outside in the other room, in the custody of one of the deputies."

"All right," Berkeley said. "Let's get him in."

DR. HERBERT DIXON, closeted with Rob Trenton in the visitors' room of the little county jail, said, "Trenton, I'd like you to have confidence in me."

Trenton nodded.

"I want you to tell me what happened. I want you to begin at the beginning and tell me your whole story, from the time you first met Linda Carroll on the ship, until you found yourself under arrest."

Rob thought things over for a moment, then said, "I'm sorry, Doctor, but my attorney tells me I shouldn't talk to anyone."

"And who's your attorney, Trenton?"

"Staunton B. Irvine."

"Do you have confidence in him?"

"Naturally."

"You've known him for a long time?"

"No."

"How did you get him?"

"A friend got him for me. That is, he put Irvine in touch with me."

"Who's this friend?"

"Merton Ostrander."

"You have confidence in Ostrander?"

"Not too much."

"Then why do you have confidence in the attorney Ostrander selected for you?"

"Because when you're in a mess of this sort you have to hire a lawyer."

"And why doesn't your attorney want you to say anything?"

"Well, I suppose—"

"Are you afraid that you might get tripped up, might get caught in some lie?"

"Of course not."

"I'm going to tell you this," Dr. Dixon went on. "There's something strange about the facts in this case. They don't tie in the way they should. I want you to tell me your story. I want you to recite every single fact, even the facts which seem to you to be utterly insignificant."

"Why?"

"Because I think in some insignificant fact, some little thing which doesn't seem to you to have any particular bearing or importance on the case, the key to the whole situation may be concealed."

"When you have a lawyer you must do what he tells you."

"Not always. Are you afraid to talk to me—afraid you'll betray yourself?"

"Of course not."

"Then why not talk?"

"I've told you that."

"I'll promise to keep the information as confidential as possible. I'm actually a physician, you know."

"And you're tied up with the state police."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that police always hang to-

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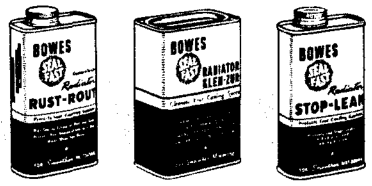
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gether and in the long run you'll try to stick me."

"I'll try to find the real criminal. If you're the murderer, don't talk with me."

"Just what do you want to know?"

"You took that .32 automatic to the home of Linda Mae Carroll in Falthaven, didn't you?"

"Yes. I'll admit that. I'll have to. They all saw the gun."

"Where did you get that gun?"

Rob said, "I took that gun from the man I overpowered there on the houseboat. If the gun had been used to kill somebody, it had been used before I got it. And if that's the case, the person was already dead."

"You fired that gun?"

Rob hesitated a moment. "Yes, I fired it," he said, "but I didn't hit anything, and I didn't kill anyone. I got off the houseboat and got to the wharf, and then I was afraid that the others might pursue me and catch me, so I cut the lines loose that held the boat to the wharf. There was a current running past there, and the boat very gently, very slowly started out into the current."

"It didn't scrape against the dock?"

"No."

"There was no bump? Nothing to warn the people aboard that they were drifting?"

"Well," Rob said thoughtfully, "there must have been something, because someone came up on the deck and looked around. By that time the bow of the boat had drifted out and started to swing. The stern of the boat was coming in so that it would almost touch the little landing dock. The figure started to run toward the stern of the boat. I shouldn't be telling you this."

"I think you should, Rob. I think you're coming to the part I want right now."

Rob shifted his position uneasily in the stiff-backed prison chair, then said, "Well, I shot the gun."

"How many times?"

"Twice."

"Why?"

"To keep the man from running to the stern of the boat."

"Did you hit him?"

"I know I didn't hit him."

"How do you know?"

"Because he didn't act as though he was hit. He flung himself down."

"He didn't fall down?"

"It wasn't a fall. Anyhow, I don't think it was. I think he just flung himself flat on the deck."

"Did you sight the gun?"

"No, I just pointed it."

"And fired twice?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure that you didn't hit him?"

"I—I don't know for sure," Rob said. "I wish I did. I keep kidding myself by saying that I'm sure he flung himself down. But how do I know how a man acts when he's received a fatal bullet in the heart? I've seen men shot in war, but those circumstances were different. Anyhow, this man seemed to fling himself down on the deck."

"Did he move after that?"

"I didn't see him move. We may as well face it, Doctor, I can't tell for sure whether I hit him."

DR. DIXON went on: "Let's think carefully. When you shoot a gun there's a split second between the sound of the explosion and the sound of the hitting of the bullet, particularly with a relatively low-velocity hand gun, and if the distance is great enough to allow such an appreciable interval. There were three things you might have struck with those bullets. One was the figure of the man, the other one was wood, such as the hull of the boat or the pier, and the other one was water. Now did you hear any thud that would indicate the bullet had struck wood—either of the bullets?"

"I—I can't remember."

"Did you hear any smacking sound that would indicate the bullet had struck water?"

"I can't remember."

"All right, you shot twice. Then what happened?"

"Well, then the boat swung around, and after the bow had swung into the current, and then the stern came out, the current hit the boat broadside on, and it started drifting downstream."

"So what did you do?"

"Put the safety on the gun and ran toward the shelter of some trees—because I'd heard a car coming."

"And then what?"

"Well, when I'd gone a short distance I heard steps. I listened and then I could hear very distinctly the sound of steps. A woman's steps."

"So what did you do?"

"I crouched down, turned around and waited."

"And what happened?"

ROB reflected before answering: "Then all at once, there was a flare of light which shot up from the houseboat. The boat started to burn. A big pillar of flame shot up as though gasoline or something had been ignited. I crouched there watching, and I saw this woman standing out at the edge of the pier, her figure silhouetted by the burning boat. There was a ruddy reflection on the water, and after a moment, the sky, which was overcast, began to reflect back the flames."

"How far was the boat from the dock at that time?"

"A little way. I can't tell how far."

"A hundred feet?"

"Well, it's hard to estimate distance at night, and with a burning object. It could have been a little over a hundred feet."

"The last you saw of this man you shot at, he was lying prone on the side of the boat that was drifting toward the current?"

"Yes."

"Which side?"

"The left side. The port side."

"All right. And you fired while the figure was on the port side?"

"Yes. I fired twice to frighten him, so he wouldn't run toward the rear of the boat and be able to jump ashore. I fired those two shots as a warning."

"And the figure stopped moving?"

"That's right—flung himself down."

"And he was then on the port side of the boat?"

"Yes."

"Lying still, the last you saw of him?"

"Yes."

"And how long was it after that when you saw the boat burst into flames?"

"Oh, I'd say it was—well, I don't know. You lose track of time on an occasion of that sort. I think perhaps it *could* have been as much as two minutes. I don't know."

"Where were you standing when you fired the shots, Rob?"

"I guess that part of it is all right. They found the ejected shell cases where the automatic had thrown them out. I was standing about ten or fifteen feet from the shore line, from the end of the pier where it touches the land."

"You were standing on land?"

"Yes."

"Some ten or fifteen feet from the end of the pier?"

"Yes."

"And how long is that pier?"

"Oh, it must be thirty or thirty-five feet."

"And the boat was a little way out in the current?"

"Yes."

"So the distance from where you were standing to the figure on the boat must have been at least sixty or seventy feet."

"Yes."

"Sixty feet would be twenty yards. That's some little distance to shoot and put two bullets in such a close grouping."

"I guess so. I didn't aim. I just pointed and shot."

"All right," Dr. Dixon said. "Now that you've told me this, I don't want you to do any more talking. Your preliminary examination is this afternoon. Have your attorney call me as a witness."

"My attorney isn't going to put on any evidence," Trenton said. "He says he'll cross-examine the prosecution's witnesses, get all the information he can, and then let the judge bind me over. He says that's what the judge will do anyway, and we'd be foolish to disclose our hand.

"Nevertheless," Dr. Dixon said, "I want you to *insist* that your attorney call me as a witness."

"What can you do if we call you?"

Dr. Dixon said, "I think I can help a lot, Rob. I want to find the *real* murderer. I'm going to talk with your lawyer now. I'm going to give him a list of questions that I want him to ask me, and a list of questions that I want him to ask the doctor who originally examined the body and removed the bullets. But you're going to have to help me. I want you to *insist* that your attorney does exactly as I have outlined."

"He won't want to?"

"I don't know. I've tried to talk with him. He wouldn't see me. He said he didn't want to talk about the case. I'm going to see him again. I'm going to tell him that if he's really going to help you in your case, he's going to have to see me. I'm going to need your co-operation."

Trenton thought the matter over for a moment or two, then said, "All right, go ahead. You play ball with me, and I'm going to play ball with you. Where's Linda Carroll? Do you know?"

Dr. Dixon shook his head. "No one seems to know."

"Her aunt knows."

"If her aunt knows, she isn't telling. She swears she doesn't know."

"Linda's testimony should be able to help me."

"She's disappeared."

"Deliberately?"

"Apparently so."

Rob said morosely, "All right, I've given you what you wanted. Go ahead and do something. What are you sticking around here for?"

"To answer questions," Dr. Dixon said, smiling.

"Well," Rob said, getting up out of the chair, and walking over to the barred window, "you've answered them."

A BIG state police laboratory truck was parked under the shade of a huge oak on the east side of the river.

Down by the wharf, a mile away, across the river, two uniformed men were moving slowly, studying every inch of the wood. At length, one of the men said, "Look here, Gerry. See what you make of this."

He indicated a section of one of the upthrust piles to which mooring lines had been fastened. There was a section of rotted wood above the place where the lines were tied, and a very careful, very close inspection showed that there had been some disturbance in this rotted wood.

Using the tip of his finger, the police officer scraped away this rotted wood until he came to wood of a firmer consistency, then carefully using a knife he uncovered a round hole.

A field telephone wire ran up to and across the bridge and communicated with the laboratory truck. "Looks like we've found a bullet," Gerry said over the wire. "Better take a look."

A few moments later, Dr. Dixon, in company with one of the technicians from the laboratory truck, drove across the state bridge and out to the pier. They examined the hole, then Dr. Dixon nodded.

THE men carefully sawed through the pile below the hole. When they removed the section of pile it was split with wedges until a .32 caliber bullet could be seen embedded in a hole which had been neatly split into two parts.

Dr. Dixon handed the bullet to the technician. "Let's take a look at this," he said.

They hurried back to the truck. The comparison microscope was mounted so that electric lights furnished an even illumination.

The technician centered a bullet marked "test bullet" on one side of the comparison microscope, and the bullet which had been recovered from the cross section of pile on the other side. He placed his eyes at the eyepiece of the comparison microscope and began slowly turning a knob which rotated one of the bullets. Abruptly he stopped, turned the knob back a fraction of an inch, then raised his fingers to the screw which adjusted the focus of the microscope.

"Well?" Dr. Dixon asked anxiously.

"They're the same," the technician said, "fired from the same gun. Take a look."

Dr. Dixon settled himself on the stool vacated by the technician, applied his eyes to the microscope, studied the two bullets carefully. "That does it," he said. "We've had to stretch our jurisdiction to get the evidence, but this is it. They were both fired from the same gun."

"Where does that leave us?" the technician asked.

There was the ghost of a twinkle in Dr. Dixon's eyes. "That leaves us with *three* bullets and two empty cartridge cases."

"Then we're short one cartridge case."

"On the contrary," Dr. Dixon said, "we're long one bullet."

(To be concluded next week)

● Since the war, I'd kept on the move—far away and alone. I wanted no part of Clover, Oklahoma, where I'd grown up and where my father had been the town drunk. But now I had to go back.

I hated what the town's suspicion was doing to my Indian friend, Charley Rainfall. I wanted to forget that our buddy, Jud Clymer, had shot a man. And I had plans that didn't include the sullen girl I had thought of as just a kid.

Oh no, I thought, they're not going to trap *me*. All I want from this town is the quickest way out.

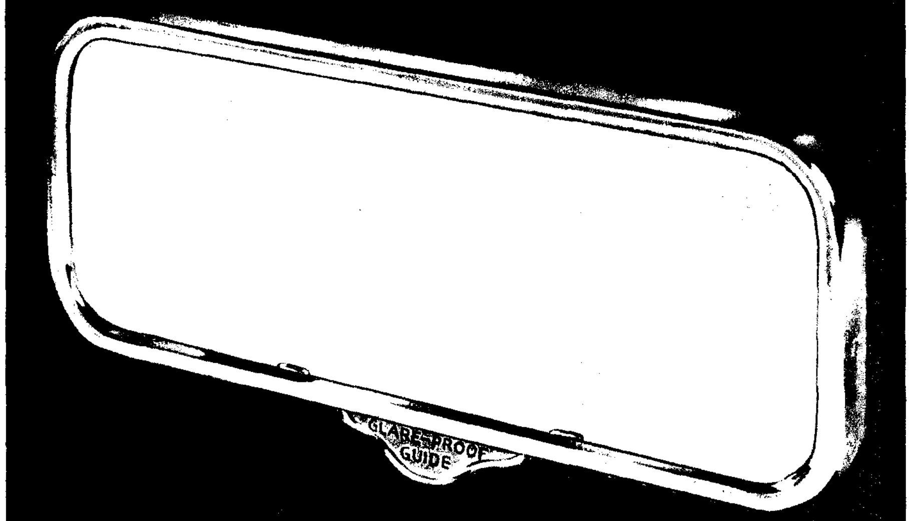
Start

When You Come Home

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

***In Next Week's* Collier's**

Click...and the glare is gone!



Guide

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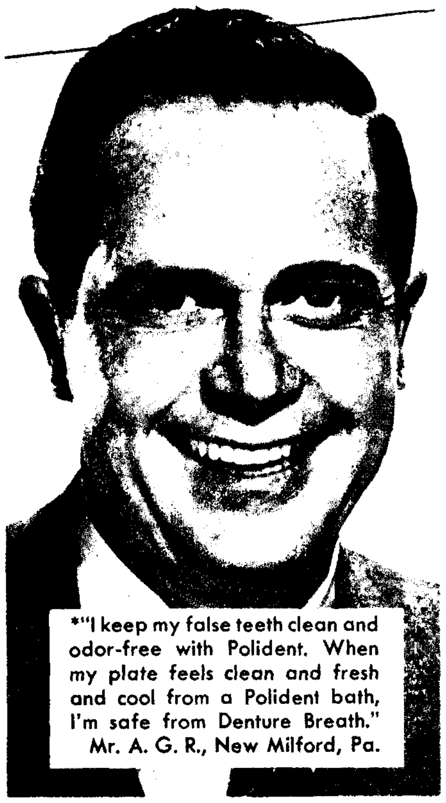

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Shock Treatment

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

of the pain to sympathy. He'd leaned over the table and added, "There's something else I know, Molly, that you don't know I know. But for that, I wouldn't have thought of asking you to marry me. Phyllis told me about your engagement to Don. When I heard of the crash of Don's plane, I wanted so much to write to you. But Phyllis had sworn me to secrecy. So, there it is. We've both known the real thing, and I've a hunch you're like me. People like us don't care that way more than once. But why should we be lonely all our lives?"

Molly had never ceased to marvel at the *uncanny instinct that had kept her from* blazing out that Phyllis had lied. That she and Don had never been engaged. That Phyllis had made it up to make sure that Jay would have no lingering thoughts about Molly. Because, before Phyllis had come on the scene, Jay had liked Molly.

Molly had never been able to decide whether it had been a good or a bad fairy who'd stopped the words on her lips. If they'd been said, she could never have married Jay. It would have been too humiliating to have him know that she was ready to take him at any price; to have him think that she, too, had loved and lost, was a face-saver.

Well, she'd married him, and Jay had been happy in a tempered way. Lately, it hadn't been so tempered. But he was still carrying a torch for Phyllis. It was characteristic of Jay's romantic, idealistic streak that he should cling to patterns. It was a sentimental removal of his scientific life from his emotional one. His mind held the pattern of his one romance in a firm grip, and, equally firmly, the pattern of his workable marriage with Molly.

Time was on her side, Molly thought, if she could be patient. Jay was wary of sentimental upheavals. It was her job to see that they didn't occur. Thank Heaven, Phyllis and Sam lived in New York. It was a good safe distance from Chicago. There was still hope that Phyllis' image would fade, if he never saw her.

MOLLY'S mind was taking a more cheerful slant when the doorbell rang—the front door, this time. She crossed the living room with quick, impatient steps. At this rate, she'd never have a chance to get the housework done, so she could look up those references Jay wanted. She opened the door, then stood, staring.

No, it couldn't be Phyllis! Thoughts couldn't materialize this way. Some strange alchemy was making this girl, whoever she was, look like Phyllis. Only, the voice was no hallucination. It was Phyllis' voice, throaty, amused, and, as in the past, faintly patronizing.

"Darling! Don't look as though you were seeing spooks! I can't have changed as much as all that." She threw out both hands with one of her dramatic gestures. "It's been such ages."

"You haven't changed at all," Molly heard herself say, as her cheek rested for a brief moment against Phyllis'. And Phyllis hadn't changed. Phyllis was as tall and dark and beautiful as ever—and as predatory. Her thoughts were reflected in her gray-blue eyes, so unexpectedly light under her long, dark lashes. "Where's Jay?" they were asking, and instinctively, fiercely, Molly was answering in her heart, "I won't tell you! You can't see him!"

What came out was, of course, quite different. "Where did you drop from?" Molly said, leading the way to the living room. "No wonder I looked as though I were seeing spooks. I've never even heard from you since you were married."

"I'm such a wretch about writing." Phyllis sat down in the Sheraton chair, and let her silver fox cape slide off her shoulders. "My dear, what a charming room! So exactly like you—gay and fresh and naïve. You haven't changed a particle, Molly. Same big, innocent gray eyes and that adorable curly hair. How I always did envy you that hair! How's Jay?"

"Fine." Molly's voice managed to sound friendly. "But tell me about yourself, Phyllis. How long are you here for? Is Sam with you?"

"He is, worse luck." Phyllis sighed and adjusted a large pearl earring. "My dear, if you knew what it was to be tied to big business. Sam likes me to go with him on his trips. This time, when he said we were flying to San Francisco, I was thrilled. Of course, I thought I could make him stop *off in Chicago for a decent length of time.* But one day is the most I can pry out of him. We're taking the midnight plane, so you and Jay must have dinner with us at the hotel."

"Oh dear, what a shame!" Molly found lies crowding into her usually truthful mind so fast she could hardly sort them out. "Of all times! Jay is off after cultures at some sanitarium, goodness knows where. And we have a dinner engagement. Jay said he'd just be back in time to dress for it. He'll be so disappointed. But can't you persuade Sam—"

"You don't know Sam! He's the most generous darling in the world, but when it comes to business he's adamant. You'll just have to put off your dinner, Molly. I do so want to have you meet Sam and have him know you."

It was easy enough to see what Phyllis was up to. Phyllis reveled in emotional debauches. The novelty of her marriage had worn off, and she was about ready for one. Not anything that would disturb the generous Sam, of course; just a subtle interlude with an old flame. Molly resolved that Jay wasn't going to be the party of the second part to any such interlude. Jay wasn't going to know that Phyllis had been within a thousand miles of Chicago.

"We can't give up this dinner, Phyllis," Molly said. "It's one of those long-standing affairs we simply can't get out of. But couldn't you and Sam have lunch with me?"

"Sam is taking some men for lunch at the hotel, and he wants me there." The amused note in Phyllis' voice was giving way to impatient determination. "Where did you say this sanitarium is—that Jay's gone to?"

"I didn't say." Molly laughed. "I stupidly forgot to ask which one he was going to. But, Phyllis, you'll be here again soon, won't you?" She smiled at Phyllis and leaned forward to straighten a vase on the table. "Next time let me know ahead. Now, do tell me something of your life in New York. I've heard about the Fifth Avenue house Sam inherited from his mother. It must be magnificent."

"It's too magnificent." Phyllis sighed. "You're so lucky, darling, not to have to *cope with anything like that. Just this cozy* little place and you and Jay working along the same fascinating scientific lines—it does make me sort of envious."

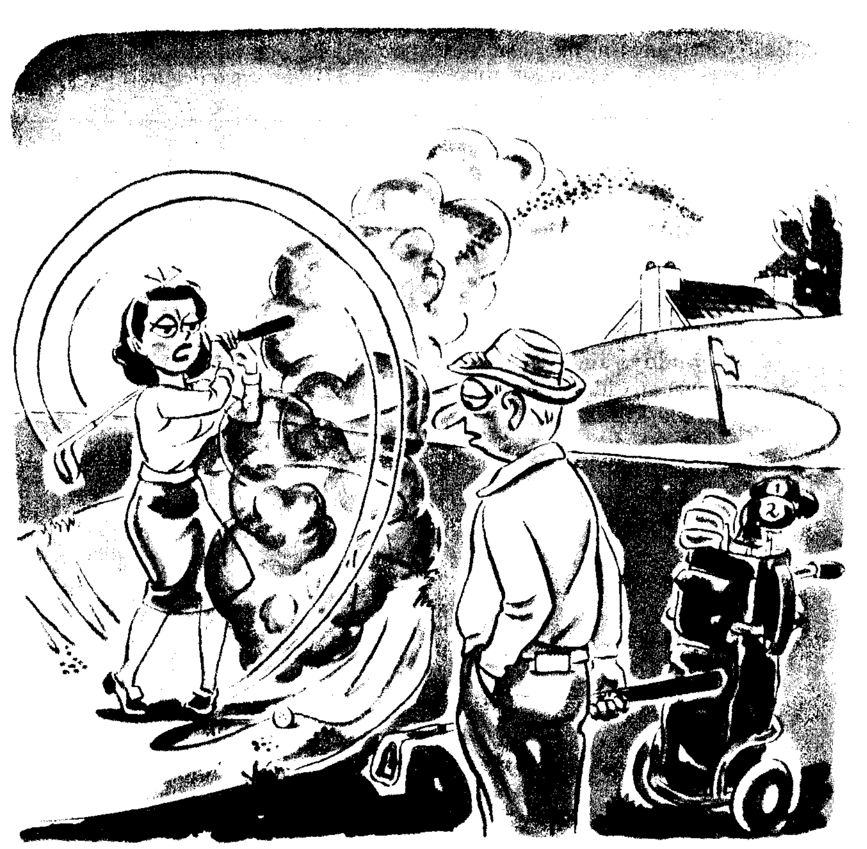
PHYLLIS' expression, however, was more patronizing than envious. Her eyes rested for a moment on Jay's photograph on the desk. She caught Molly watching her and laughed. "Oh, yes, I was in love with Jay. No use pretending I wasn't, when you were the one person I told of our engagement. But there's one thing I want you to know, darling. I was truly happy to hear of your marriage. I—oh, really, this is absurd, not being able to see Jay now I'm here!" She abandoned sentiment in her irritation. "Wouldn't they know at the laboratory where he is? I'm sure if he knew Sam and I were here, he'd manage to get home in time to have a drink with us, anyway, before this tiresome dinner."

"I'll try to find out," Molly promised deceitfully. "If I can get him I'll call you at the hotel."

"Why not try now?"

"Why not?" Molly went out to the hall, her eyes far from innocent, as she dialed a number with one finger firmly held on the cradle. "This is Mrs. Langley," she explained sweetly to the dead receiver. "Do you know where the doctor is today?" Then, after a moment: "He didn't? Well, he left in a hurry. He'll probably call back. Will you let me know when he does? Thanks." Hastily she put the receiver back as she saw Phyllis coming toward her.

Molly met her at the door. "If I hear



COLLIER'S

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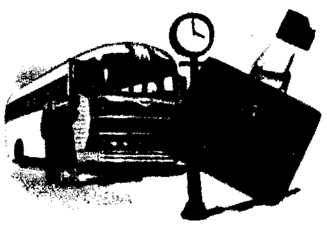

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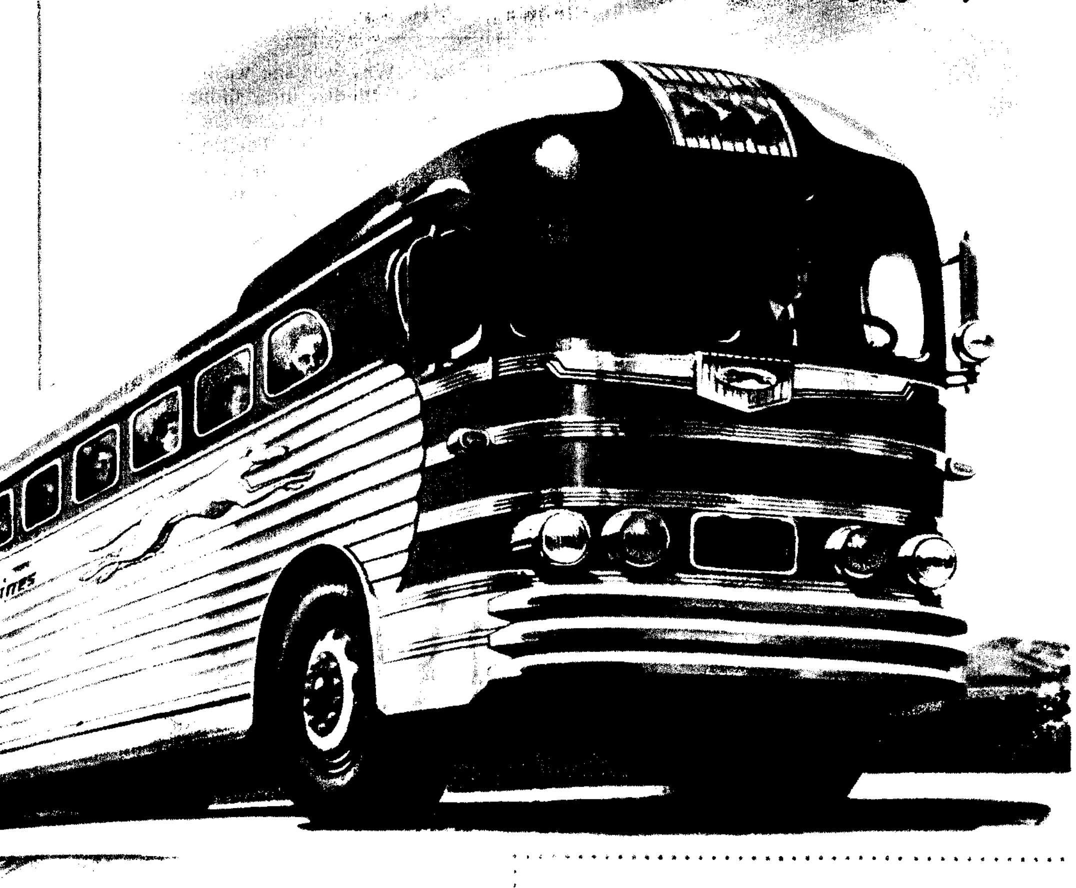

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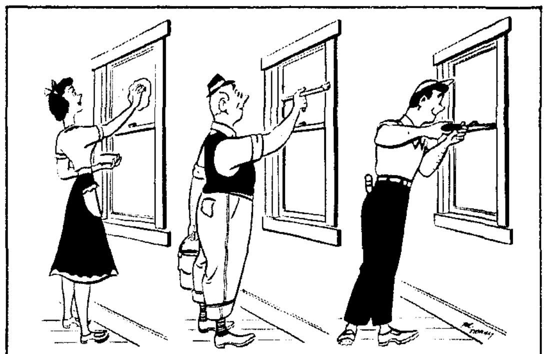
from him, I'll let you know. Jay's so absent-minded. But you don't have to go yet, Phyllis?"

Phyllis did have to go—and in a distinctly bad humor. After Molly had closed the door behind her, she faced her beloved living room. "I don't care if I did lie!" she said defiantly. "I don't care. She's not going to see Jay." But of course, she did care. She'd care very much if Jay found out that Phyllis had been there and how Molly had lied to her.

For her to let Jay see Phyllis now would be plain suicide. Phyllis was more alluring than ever; at least, men would think so. A woman could sense that there was a subtle difference in her. She'd grown bland and self-satisfied, secure as she now was in the knowledge of the power of Sam's money. More artificial, too. She'd always made capital of her nearsightedness by carrying her head at a tilt and slanting her big eyes from under her long lashes. Now, she exaggerated it. Her full, pouting mouth, was now even more sensuous and petulant. But the old insidious charm was still there, and that would be what Jay would see and feel.

The generous Sam had spoiled her, all right. But unlimited money had also spoiled her taste. Her clothes were ultra-fashionable, too extreme to be really becoming. But an infatuated man would not notice that, and Phyllis in a low-cut dinner dress—

"Snap out of it!" Molly found comfort in scolding herself. Why was she wasting time worrying about Phyllis in a dinner dress? Jay wasn't going to see her in a dinner dress or any other dress. The thing to do now was to concentrate on the anniversary dinner. It took ages to prepare Jay's favorite dish, a *blanquette de veau* made from a recipe her mother had brought back from France years ago. She must hurry down and get the right cut of veal, find some mushrooms . . .



Clean Up—Paint Up—Fix Up—*THIS WEEK*

BY SIX Molly had everything ready. Jay might be early—he just might be in a rush to get home to her tonight.

She had on the green dress he liked, and was arranging the Talisman roses that had come from him early in the afternoon. The roses had brought such a burst of happiness that she'd almost forgotten Phyllis. Jay had never sent her flowers before.

With one ear cocked for the sound of the elevator, she gave the room a last critical survey. In a spreading glass vase on the table in the dinette, the rest of the roses made a lovely splash of color. The silver gleamed, the glass sparkled, the best lace tablecloth made just the right background for the gold-edged Haviland china. A tantalizing aroma of thyme wafted in from the kitchen.

It was in that moment that she had a sudden, awful intuition. It entered her mind and took hold with a persistence that could not be shaken. Why had she so complacently taken it for granted that Phyllis believed all her lies? Had she ever known Phyllis to give up something she'd set her heart on?

Phyllis might have believed the fib about going out to dinner, but it would be just like her to drop in before they left.

"You're crazy," Molly argued with herself. Phyllis wouldn't drag Sam into an awkward situation like that. "Yes, she would!" the intuition insisted. "She isn't going to leave town without seeing Jay. She knows he'll be here between six and seven—"

Molly ran to the kitchen. There was just one thing to do: get out of here the minute Jay came home. She'd get him away and keep him away until Phyllis was safely aboard the plane.

Hardly knowing what she did, Molly dumped the precious *blanquette de veau* in a bowl and put it in the refrigerator. The hors d'oeuvres she'd prepared with such loving care followed it. The consommé, not yet out of the can, was being hustled back on the shelf when she heard the elevator.

HER relief when she burst out the apartment door and saw Jay was so great that she felt dizzy.

"Oh, Jay! I'm such a fool!" She ran to meet him. "We've got to go out for dinner after all. I was going to have sweetbreads, and when I parboiled them, I didn't put enough water in and they burned—" Her arm was tucked in his as she stammered out more lies.

His chuckle ended in a whistle of surprise as he came to the door. "But, honey! How nice everything looks. Can't we pick up a snack—"

"No, no. We've got to go out. Right away, Jay."

"But why not have a drink at home? Then—"

"Please, Jay." Tears were coming closer and closer to the surface. "I want to forget the mess I made—"

"Say, where did I get me this temperamental wife?" Jay said, laughing. "Can I have five minutes to wash my hands?" He shut the door behind them, stooped to kiss her, and was just starting for the bedroom when the buzz came at the door. Jay turned to answer it. Molly heard him open the door, caught his sharp intake of breath, caught Phyllis' throaty, "Jay, I can't believe it."

Molly could only stand and stare at Phyllis in the doorway, holding both hands out to Jay. Jay slowly took Phyllis' hands in his, with a wondering bemused look on his face that Molly had never seen before.

Then Phyllis' laugh broke the spell. She was introducing Sam, calling a mocking "Hi!" to Molly as she swept past Jay into the room. "Isn't it priceless, finding you? Sam said I ought to telephone, but it just *had* to be a surprise."

Molly went through the motions of being kissed by Phyllis; then she turned to welcome Sam. With dazed detachment she found herself liking him, noting that he was on the heavy side, big, blond and florid. He obviously adored Phyllis, waiting with an indulgent smile for her effusiveness to spend itself. One other thing was obvious from his untroubled calm. He didn't know about Phyllis and Jay.

"Oh, no, we can't possibly," Molly heard Phyllis say to Jay. "Sam's horrified as it is about our barging in this way. You—" Her glance took in the dinette. "Oh, you're expecting company!"

"We're expecting you." Jay's voice was low but excited, rough with emotion. "Of course we were expecting you! Molly's psychic. She must have sensed you were coming. But we're not having dinner here. We'll have a drink and then go out—"

He gave an amusing account of the disaster that had overtaken the anniversary dinner. "Just a minute, and I'll have the drinks—"

He was on his way to the kitchen, and Molly was powerless to stop him. She couldn't think of a thing to say; she could only stand and wait with a set smile on her face.

"How could Molly sense we were coming?" Phyllis' rippling laugh nearly tore apart Molly's self-control, but an instinct more profound than anger sounded a warn-

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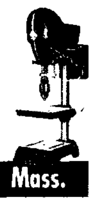

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ing. She mustn't seem jealous. Phyllis had outsmarted her. She hadn't told Sam about her morning visit and she was daring Molly to give it away.

"But of course you must celebrate our anniversary with us!" Molly seconded Jay's invitation. "At least I didn't spoil the hors d'oeuvres. We'll have a drink, then go—" Color drained from her face as Jay's surprised exclamation cut her off.

"Molly! What's in this bowl? It smells like—"

"It's just some old veal stew." Pride brought Molly's wits back to her. "You didn't think I'd give you that for an anniversary dinner? Now, Jay, you leave the kitchen work to me. Come and take Phyllis' coat."

"Stop sputtering, Sammy!" Phyllis broke into her husband's protests. "Of course we'll stay. I've been wanting for such ages to have you and Molly and Jay know each other. We'll stay right here and eat the veal stew. Then, we can have some bridge after dinner. I can't wait to show you how my game's improved, Jay."

"Look, Molly, why not?" Jay asked boyishly. "There's plenty of stew, and the rest of the dinner's okay. You've got the right idea, Phyllis." He went over to take Phyllis' coat, and Molly escaped to the kitchen.

But she couldn't escape the torturing image of Phyllis and Jay. Phyllis in her low-cut turquoise blue dress, slipping out of her mink coat—Jay holding it, his eyes alive with excitement.

There was nothing to do but see it through, Molly told herself. Better to see it through here at home, where she'd have the mechanics of getting the dinner to give her an excuse for escaping when it got to be more than she could take. The bridge game would be the last straw. Jay loved to play, but she just was no good at bridge. She'd have to—

"Molly!"

Molly spun around to see Phyllis in the kitchen, her back to the swinging door, laughing and shaking her head at her. "You don't mind, darling?" Her whisper made them both parties to the conspiracy. "It struck me as such a joke. All of a sudden, after I'd left, I remembered it was your anniversary, and I saw through your funny little excuses about dining out. This is the only time I'll have to see Jay, and you shouldn't grudge me—"

At that point, Jay and Sam both crowded into the tiny kitchen, and Molly thankfully welcomed the confusion. Jay mixed the drinks, Phyllis took out the hors d'oeuvres, and Sam helped her get the *blanquette de veau*, now demoted to the status of stew, back into the pot. . . .

Later, when they were eating the stew, Phyllis brought up the subject of bridge again. "Sammy's almost as good a player as you are, Jay. How about your game, Molly?"

"Molly's not so hot at bridge," Jay indulgently answered for her. "But she can make a fourth. And, believe me, she can make a veal stew," he added with an affectionate grin at her.

"I'll say she can." Sam's enthusiasm saved Molly from an answer. "Why don't we have food like this, Phyllis? With the price we pay a cook—"

Phyllis laughed, but the laugh had an edge. "Only a chef or someone like Molly can produce a thing like this. I've been telling you that for ages. Jay, if you knew the trouble we have with servants—"

But Jay wasn't destined to know just then. There was a bang at the back door, a rush of steps across the kitchen and Molly looked up to see the frantic face of Fred, the superintendent, who stood panting on the threshold of the living room.

"Mrs. Langley—the baby. The doctor hasn't come—she's—"

He looked despairingly at Jay. "You're not that kind of a doctor, are you? She's choking—"

Both Molly and Jay were on their feet before he finished. "Get going," Jay ordered, and the three of them ran to the service elevator. The door slammed, cutting off Phyllis' "Well, *really!*"

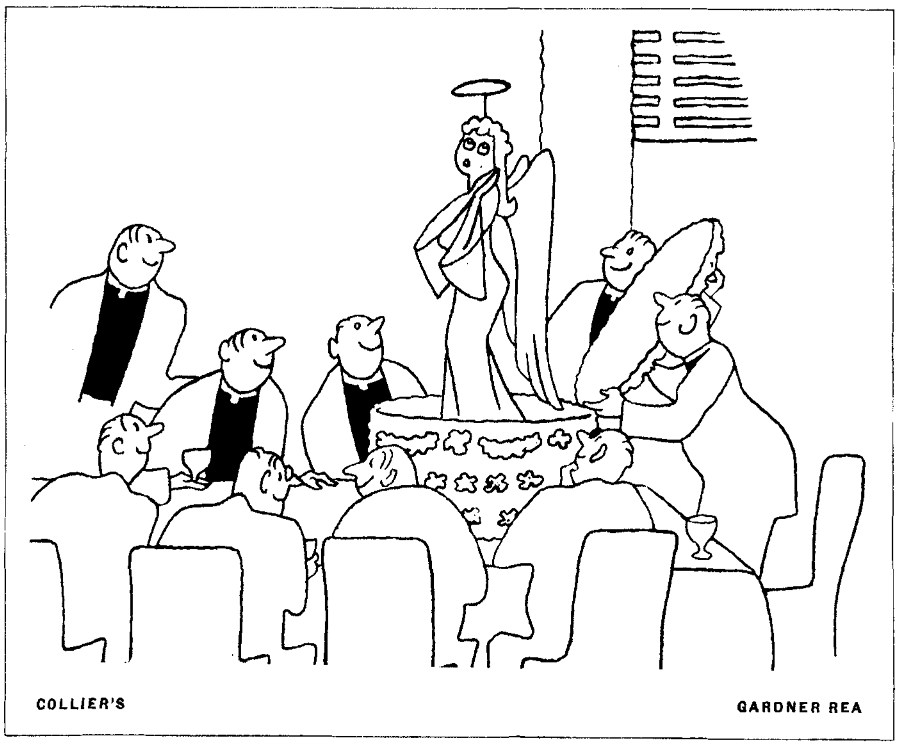
"That damn' house phone's out of order again." Fred's voice was close to a sob as the elevator took them down. "I couldn't get you. I made a tent with an umbrella, but the steam— She can't seem to get enough— She may be dead by now."

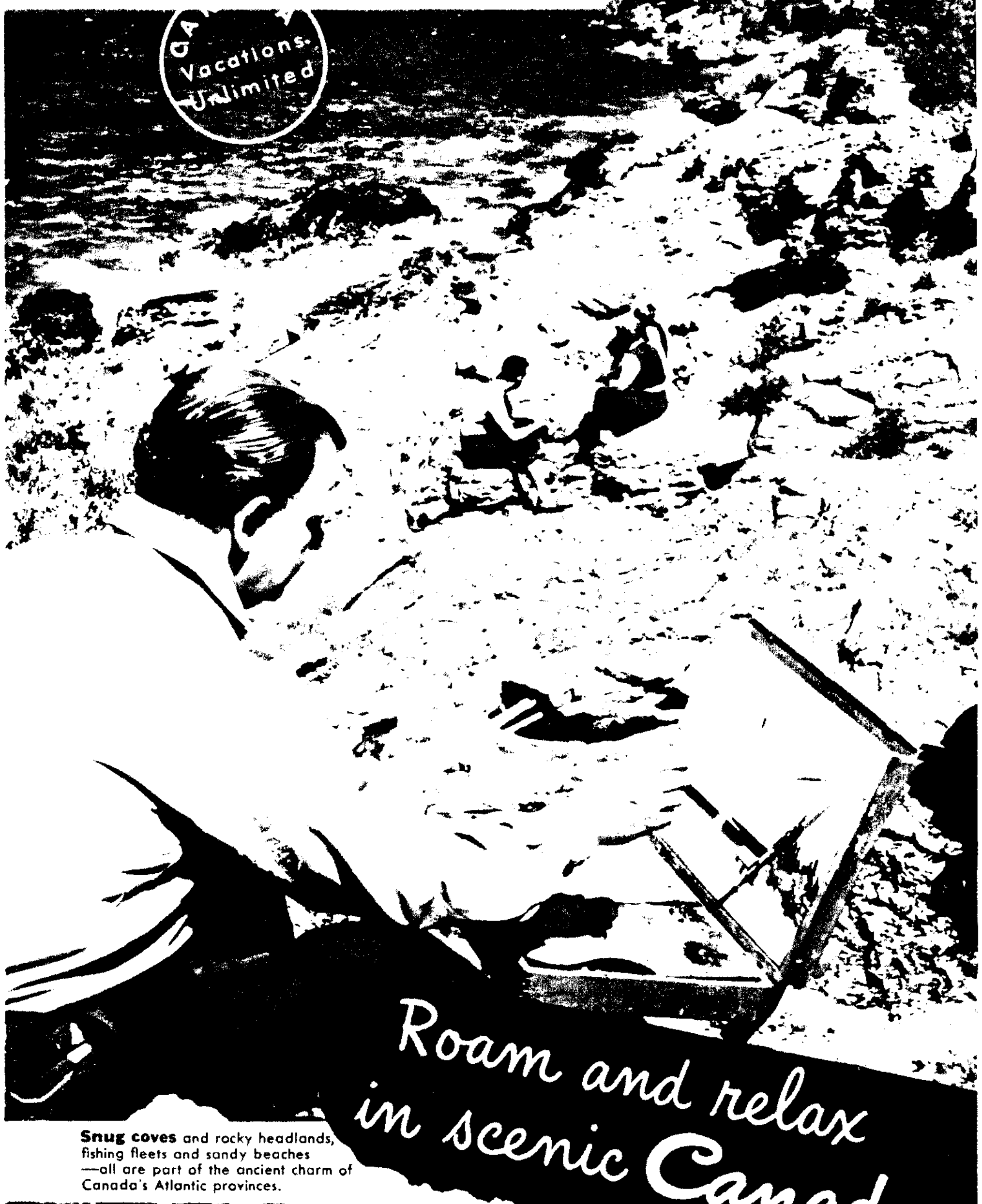
THE baby wasn't dead, but her blue face and choking gasps were terrifying. "Bring her into the bathroom, Molly." Jay rushed in and turned on the hot-water taps full force in the tub, basin and shower. Molly picked up the baby from her improvised tent, and carried her into the bathroom which was already swirling with vapor. For desperate minutes they watched and waited for the steam to take effect.

Fred gulped a strangled "Thank God!" as the choking gave way to shuddering breaths and the baby's color grew more nearly normal again. "Why didn't I think of getting steam that way?" He beat his fist against his head. "Only for you folks—"

"Come out with me and I'll rig up a proper tent," Jay said, giving Fred a friendly shove. "Molly, you stay here with the baby."

Through the door Molly could hear Jay's and Fred's voices as they fixed up a tent of sheets. Then, suddenly, another voice was added: Phyllis' voice, husky and solicitous. "I just had to come, Jay, and see how the precious baby is. Where's Molly?"





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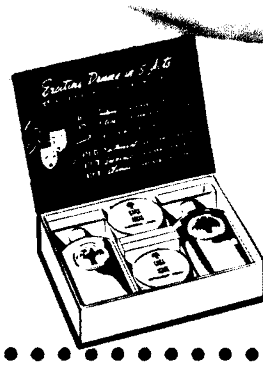

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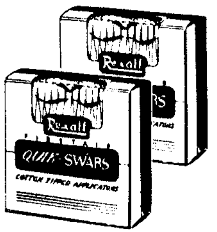

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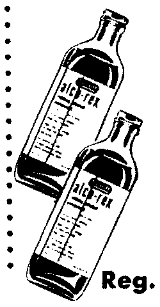

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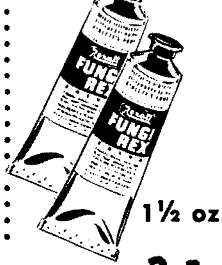

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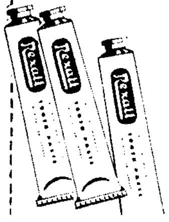

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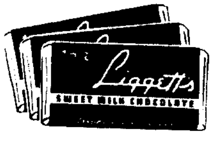

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☐ **Lavender Body Powder,** 9 oz. box, $1.00 **2 for $1.01**
☐ **Lavender Cologne,** 4 oz. . . . . . . $1.00 **2 for $1.01**
☐ **Ilasol Hand Lotion,** 8 oz. bottle . . . 75c **2 for 76c**
☐ **"8480" Talcum,** women's, lb. can . . 49c **2 for 50c**
☐ **Helen Cornell Strawberry Cleansing Cream,** 8 oz. . . . . $2.00 **2 for $2.01**
☐ **Helen Cornell Hair Lacquer,** 4 oz. . . 85c **2 for 86c**
☐ **Helen Cornell Cocoanut Oil Shampoo,** 85c **2 for 86c**
☐ **Helen Cornell Wave Set,** 8 oz. . . . . 60c **2 for 61c**
☐ **Rexall Cream Deodorant,** 1½ oz. . . . 50c **2 for 51c**
☐ **Lavender Deodorant Cologne,** 4 oz., 75c **2 for 76c**
☐ **Dainty Deodorant Powder,** 4 oz. . . . 35c **2 for 36c**
☐ **Lavender Toilet Soap,** 3-cake box . . 59c **2 for 60c**
☐ **Langlois Dry Skin Soap,** box of 4, $1.20 **2 for $1.21**

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Friday . . . APRIL 21
Saturday . APRIL 22
THROUGH
Monday . . APRIL 24

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☐ **Cascade Linen Pound Envelopes,** 50, 65c **2 for 66c**
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☐ **Wedgewood Envelopes,** 18 lge. white, 15c **2 for 16c**
☐ **Leader Tablet,** 8 x 10, ink, ruled . . . . 10c **2 for 11c**
☐ **Ink,** washable or permanent, 3 oz., 15c **2 for 16c**
☐ **Cascade Correspondence Cards,** 24 . . 70c **2 for 71c**
☐ **Lord Baltimore Golden Notes,** 10 . . . 50c **2 for 51c**
☐ **Cascade All-Occasion Notes,** 10, engraved **2 for 51c**
☐ **Every-Day Greeting Cards,** 21 . . $1.00 **2 for $1.01**
☐ **Lead Pencils, Old Colony,** No. 2 . . . . . 5c **2 for 6c**

DENTAL BARGAINS

☐ **Briten Ammoniated Tooth Powder** . . 49c **2 for 50c**
☐ **Sodium Perborate,** flavored, 4 oz. . . 39c **2 for 40c**
☐ **Denture Adhesive Powder,** 3 oz. . . . . 55c **2 for 56c**
☐ **Rexall Denturex Plate Cleanser,** 5 oz. 50c **2 for 51c**
☐ **Rexall Denturex Adhesive Jelly,** 2 oz. 60c **2 for 61c**

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

☐ **Wickstyle Household Deodorant,** 6 oz., 59c **2 for 60c**
☐ **Insect Repellent Liquid 448,** on skin or clothing, repels mosquitoes, gnats, etc. . . . 59c **2 for 60c**
☐ **Floor-Brite Liquid Wax,** no-rub, pint, 59c **2 for 60c**
☐ **Insecticide Powder,** 10% DDT . . . . . . 39c **2 for 40c**
☐ **Elkay's Klens-All Spot Remover,** 4 oz., 25c **2 for 26c**
☐ **No. 6 Disinfectant,** dilute with water for personal use or as household disinfectant, pt. 64c **2 for 65c**

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☐ **Cream Hair Tonic,** contains lanolin, 49c **2 for 50c**
☐ **Rexall Hair Oil,** scented, 4 oz. . . . . . 25c **2 for 26c**
☐ **Petroleum Hair Rub,** liquid, 6 oz. . . 50c **2 for 51c**
☐ **Rexall Hair Tonic,** regular, 5 oz. . . . 49c **2 for 50c**
☐ **Goodform Nylon Hair Net,** 7 shades, 10c **2 for 11c**
☐ **Hard Rubber Comb,** 7″, 2 styles . . . 25c **2 for 26c**
☐ **Rattail Comb,** Hard Rubber 8″ . . . 25c **2 for 26c**

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☐ **Rexall Aspirin Tabs.,** 36 in handy tin, 25c **2 for 26c**
☐ **Rexall Epsom Salts,** medicinally pure 15c **2 for 16c**
☐ **Essence Peppermint,** warms stomach 45c **2 for 46c**
☐ **Rexall Senna Leaves,** laxative, 1 oz., 15c **2 for 16c**
☐ **Rexall Boric Acid Solution** . . . . 25c **2 for 26c**
☐ **Rexall Tincture Green Soap,** 4 oz. . . 35c **2 for 36c**
☐ **Rexall Puretest Milk of Magnesia,** pt. 50c **2 for 51c**
☐ **Cascara Sagrada,** aromatic fluid extract **2 for 76c**
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☐ **Rexall Hygienic Powder,** dissolves in water for use in spray, gargle, syringe . . . 65c **2 for 66c**
☐ **Rexall Vitamin C Tabs.,** 50 mgs., 40's 59c **2 for 60c**
☐ **Rexall Ascorbic Acid Tabs.,** 100 mgs., 40's **2 for 90c**
☐ **Rexall Carbolic Salve,** burn dressing, 35c **2 for 36c**
☐ **Rex-Salvine,** antiseptic salve for burns **2 for 50c**
☐ **Rexall Surgical Powder** . . . . 25c **2 for 26c**
☐ **Rexall Saccharin Tablets,** 1000's, ¼ gr. 86c **2 for 87c**
☐ **Rexall Saccharin Tabs.,** 1000's, ½ gr. **2 for $1.04**
☐ **Monacet Tabs.,** aspirin compound 25's **2 for 30c**
☐ **Rexall Sodium Bicarbonate,** U.S.P. lb. 33c **2 for 34c**

☐ **Rexall Foot Powder,** for aching feet, 4 oz. 29c **2 for 30c**
☐ **Rexall Toothache Drops,** large size, 25c **2 for 26c**
☐ **Rexall Mercurochrome,** 2%, ½ oz. . . . 25c **2 for 26c**
☐ **Gypsy Cream Lotion,** for sunburn, 8 oz. 59c **2 for 60c**
☐ **Victoria Water Bottle,** 2-qt., sturdy $1.89 **2 for $1.90**
☐ **Glycerin Suppositories,** adult, 12's, 35c **2 for 36c**
☐ **Corn Solvent,** painless corn remover, 29c **2 for 30c**
☐ **Lavender Bubble Bath,** 20 packets, $1 **2 for $1.01**
☐ **Belmont Ball-Point Pen** . . . . $1.00 **2 for $1.01**
☐ **Rexall Brushless Shave Cream** . . 35c **2 for 36c**
☐ **Klenzo Toothbrush,** nylon, choice of shapes **2 for 30c**
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☐ **Rexall Glycerin,** skin softener, 3 oz. . . . 45c **2 for 46c**

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All-Around Antiseptic

Tangy, amber-colored, astringent . . . one of America's most popular mouthwashes, gargles and breath-deodorants. Used full strength, it kills contacted germs in a few seconds. Excellent as first-aid dressing for minor burns, cuts and skin irritations.

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Bargain Buy

REXALL PETROFOL MINERAL OIL

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REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA

In the Blue Bottle

Rexall's special formula makes this popular antacid-laxative so pure, mild and creamy-smooth it's even safe for children. No unpleasant "earthy" taste . . . goes down easy!

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No faster-acting aspirin made! By laboratory test, disintegrates faster than any other leading brand tested. One hundred regular 5-grain tablets.

Reg. 49c Bottle

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REXALL STORK NURSER

Reg. 8 oz. 35c size

2 For 36c

Cap guards nipple in refrigerator. No last minute adjustment. Remove cap, warm bottle, feed baby!

ADRIENNE *Beauty Aids*

Face Powder 5 Shades
Cold Cream 3 Ounces
Cleansing Cream 3 Ounces
Skin Lotion 4 Ounces
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Perfume ¼ Ounce

Any 2 Identical Items

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Stock up at this money-saving price on basic essentials for daily skin care, plus fashion-smart beauty-aids that make for perfect grooming.

ONE-DAY-ONLY VALUES

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Stationery Bargain
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"8480"
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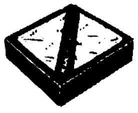
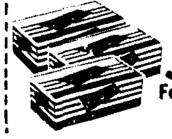


Box of 6 cakes

Reg. 59c 39c

SATURDAY ONLY

Elegant
FACIAL TISSUES



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Rexall

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The resources of THE MIDDLE SOUTH are the foundation stones of the industrial expansion underway in this fertile area.

Timber, oil, natural gas, agricultural products, salt, sulphur, clay, and bauxite are among the many raw materials available in THE MIDDLE SOUTH for industrial use. These resources are only a part of the combination of advantages which identify THE MIDDLE SOUTH—Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi—as an area of economic unity.

Other advantages include the area's interconnected rail and water transportation facilities, electric power, a position on the axis of trade flowing between midcontinental United States and the rest of the world, dependable labor, a cooperative attitude on the part of business, government and community leaders, ready markets, economical access to foreign resources and markets, space without crowding, and a climate that encourages year 'round work and recreation.

Your plant, like the three shown here, could grow in THE MIDDLE SOUTH. It would be worth your while to investigate THE MIDDLE SOUTH's advantages.

IN ARKANSAS—INTERNATIONAL PAPER COMPANY, Camden. This plant uses pulpwood and chemicals to manufacture Kraft paper. A principal reason for its expansion was availability of pulpwood and natural gas. The company also has three plants in Louisiana and two in Mississippi.

IN LOUISIANA—KIECKHEFER CONTAINER COMPANY, Harahan. Completed in 1947, this plant uses Kraft paper to make corrugated and solid fiber boxes. Cheap fuel, dependable labor, access to markets and good rail and port facilities were among the reasons this MIDDLE SOUTH site was selected.

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Pine Bluff, Ark.

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LOUISIANA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY
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New Orleans 9, La.

The Middle South
ARKANSAS
MISSISSIPPI
LOUISIANA
A World of Opportunity

Molly couldn't catch Jay's answer, but she heard Phyllis' laugh. "In the bathroom? How priceless!"

The door opened, and Phyllis swept in with sympathetic murmuring. "The poor darling!" She leaned over Molly, peering through the steam at the baby. "But she'll be parboiled in here! Do you really have to stay—"

"Better come out, Phyllis, and leave her to Molly," Jay called.

Again Molly was alone with the baby, and again Phyllis' voice came through to her. "But look, Jay, isn't the danger all over now? Couldn't you get a sitter? We'll need Molly for our bridge—"

Molly couldn't hear Jay's answer, but the next moment he appeared at the bathroom door. He was looking distraught and excited.

"You'd better stay here for another half hour or so, Molly," he said. "I'll go upstairs with Phyllis—I'll be down later."

He disappeared. Molly stared at the door, her arms tightening around the baby. Jay was going upstairs with Phyllis. They'd walk up. And they wouldn't hurry, either. Back in the apartment, they'd hunt in the icebox for dessert. Phyllis and Jay, their heads close together. Phyllis and Jay—

A gasping breath from the baby made Molly lean down and turn on the hot water again. It was some time later, through the new swirl of steam, that Jay appeared once more. Just like Aladdin and the genie, Molly thought, as he came in and took the baby out of her arms.

"She's coming along fine," he said, "but I'd keep her here a bit longer."

HE PUT the baby back in Molly's arms, then stood looking at her oddly. Her face was brick-red and streaming with perspiration, but her hair was curling tighter than ever. Jay leaned down and kissed her, the wettest, most unromantic kiss she'd ever had, but the dearest.

"You ought to see what that steam did to Phyllis' hair," Jay said with a grin as he straightened up. Then he said, "Oh, Molly, what a fool I've been!" He kissed her again and vanished.

Tears mixed with the perspiration as Molly cuddled the baby closer. Her mind was a dizzy kind of vacuum. All she knew was that the baby was safe, that she was safe, that Jay was wonderful. She thought of Fred's words. Not that kind of doctor, indeed! Jay was every kind of doctor. He could save a baby's life. He could see through Phyllis. He was Jay. And he was wonderful. . . .

In Molly's memory, the rest of the evening was a confused blur, without sequence, but with some moments standing out unforgettably. One was the next time Jay appeared at the bathroom door. He said, "Phyllis still seems to think you ought to come up and play bridge." He had his poker face, but Molly's heart sang.

"Tell her to go you know where," she said, and Jay nodded.

"The sooner the better," he said.

Even after Fred's doctor had come and gone and the baby was asleep, Molly stayed there. "She might wake up," she told Fred, but she knew that wasn't the reason. She didn't have to see Phyllis again. She could leave everything to Jay.

She knew Phyllis was washed up with Jay. Phyllis had done it herself, with her callousness about the baby, under the phony solicitude; with her insistence on her own petty pleasure. The image Jay had carried in his heart for so long was smashed. Like a mental patient under shock treatment, Jay had emerged from illusion to reality. He was cured.

AT LAST Jay came down to report that Phyllis and Sam had left. "You'd better come up to bed, Molly," he said.

Fred ran the elevator up to their floor, muttering incoherent thanks that Molly never even heard. She was looking at Jay, and Jay was looking at her. He reached for her hand.

Nothing was said until they came back in the apartment. Jay closed the door, then put his two hands on Molly's shoulders and looked down into her face.

"I don't get it, Molly. What was all that nonsense about sweetbreads? That wasn't any plain veal stew! Besides, it was still hot. You—"

Molly took a deep breath, then she told him. No more lies, the truth at last. "I had a sudden hunch that Phyllis would come anyway," she ended. "I was afraid to have you see her."

"But Molly—you knew that was over."

"Not really over. You still carried her in your heart."

For a long moment his eyes stared past her into space.

"Do you still carry Don in your heart, Molly?" he asked.

"He was never there," Molly said. "I was never engaged to him. That was just one of Phyllis' lies."

"But why would she—"

"She didn't want you to think of me that way."

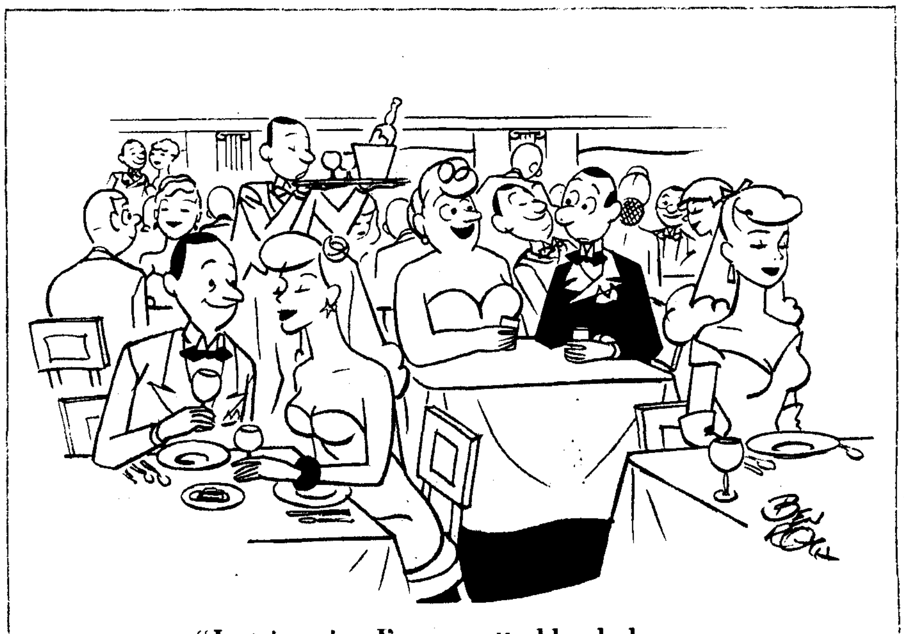
Jay shook a bewildered head. "But why did you let me think—"

"I couldn't let you know how much I loved you when you—you—"

Jay's eyes came back from space and looked deep into hers. He ejaculated a baffled, "Women!" but his laugh had a break in it. His arms slid from her shoulders and held her close for his kiss.

A thought flashed in Molly's mind, a thought so radiant she hardly dared face it.

Tonight isn't an anniversary, she thought. It's a honeymoon. THE END



"Just imagine I'm a pretty blond chorus girl, Albert, and have a good time!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

We'll Bomb You

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

him to let slot machines return locally.

Young said he'd repeatedly appealed to both Governor Stevenson and Attorney General Elliott, and even had gone to Springfield to demand that they close down the gambling in neighboring counties. But he said the governor had been out, and that while the attorney general had patted him on the back and assured him he'd take care of the matter, Springfield had done nothing. He showed me a letter he'd received from the governor. Dated February 3, 1950, a full month after Young had made his last despairing plea, it assured the embattled State's attorney that "the subject is receiving earnest and continuous consideration."

Young said he was seriously thinking of filing a mandamus action against the governor to force him to use state police to close down gambling establishments.

Places Blame on Governor

"The law-abiding people of Fulton County voted for Stevenson—and many were Republicans—because he promised to clean gambling out of the state," Young said angrily. "We worked day and night to elect him, and we rang the church bells to celebrate the victory for law and order when he won. But the governor certainly has turned out to be a flop. He has failed utterly to keep his pre-election promise to clean up gambling—the one promise for which he was elected!"

Young then told me, with a wry grin, that he'd even had pressure put on him in connection with gambling by the then president of the Illinois State's Attorneys Association—John T. Reardon of Quincy, State's attorney of Adams County. When I interviewed Reardon (as related in the first installment of this article), he insisted that he was "powerless" to stop gambling in his county.

Young said that at the very opening of the midyear convention of the Illinois State's Attorneys Association in East St. Louis last September, Reardon presided at a closed meeting at which the few new State's attorneys who had cleaned out gambling in their counties, Young among them, were present. Here is the way Young described the meeting: Reardon warned them that the newspapermen waiting outside in the corridors wanted to interview them on how they'd cleaned out gambling in their counties.

He pointed out that the press would eagerly print their statements if they said (as was true in Young's case and with others), that they had done it singlehanded, without help from their sheriffs. Reardon told them (and this is a quote from an affidavit by Young): ". . . that unless we said, when asked how we got rid of the slots that we had good sheriffs, we would be putting the other State's attorneys of Illinois who had slots in their counties on the spot. It was made clear that it was desired that all of us state that a State's attorney had no power to get rid of slot machines, and that if the sheriff did not co-operate, that a State's attorney could not do it alone."

Young said: "Actually, any private citizen can arrest a person for a crime committed in his presence. And operating or even possessing a slot machine is a crime. If a private citizen can do this, certainly a State's attorney can—and should."

"The purpose of the closed session," State's Attorney Young summed up in his affidavit, "was to try to shut the mouths of those of us who were doing our plain duty with reference to gambling—and I feel no duty to further such a purpose."

At the end of our interview Young said, with a sigh:

"Well, all the law-abiding citizens can do is keep on fighting. And, in just this one county, we've made a good-sized dent in the racketeers' take. In the year since I kicked out the slot machines here, bank deposits in Fulton County have increased $500,000!"

Despite the Chicago Capone Syndicate's temporary setbacks in such isolated spots as Adams and Fulton Counties, it has an iron grip on gambling in most of the more thickly populated and lushly profitable areas in the state outside of Chicago. And with the aid of its powerful allies, it is shrewdly plotting a master strategy that will enable it to feed new provinces into the mouth of its engorged domain.

The biggest crime combine in history is on the march. Slot-machine manufacturers displayed their new models at a convention held in Chicago's Sherman Hotel on January 17-19, 1949.

Those attending included (in the order of importance in the underworld hierarchy): Frank Costello, whom—despite Costello's repeated denials—Virgil Peterson, director of the Chicago Crime Commission, calls "the lord of the U.S. underworld," and who, according to the California Crime Commission, not only heads the Combination, but also the Maffia, the Sicilian Black Hand organization; also present were the bosses of the Chicago Capone Syndicate, including Eddie Vogel, one of the original Capone gangsters, long identified by authorities as czar of the Chicago Syndicate's slot-machine racket; his lieutenant, George (Babe) Toffenelli; and hoodlums from all cities.

The Chicago and California Crime Commissions, which had an undercover man present, later disclosed the sessions were devoted to mapping plans to extend slot machines and other rackets west and south of Chicago wherever "an opening wedge" could be obtained.

It was publicity on the racketeers' activities at this convention that caused the Coin Machine Institute finally to get a bellyful of its slot-machine manufacturer members and throw them out. However, the expelled manufacturers promptly formed their own association, the American Coin Machine Manufacturers Association, and have scheduled another slot-machine show in Chicago for May 22-24. A Harvard man, Herb Jones (class of '25), heads the organization.

In addition to the highly profitable Peoria-Tazewell County area, the Chicago Capone Syndicate long has controlled, through Eddie Vogel, most of the 329 registered slot machines in Cook County (outside Chicago). Last spring, it also took over most of the 538 slots in adjoining Lake County—where Governor Stevenson has his home.

Who's Who in the Syndicate

In the Springfield area, where the present State's attorney has wiped out most open gambling, ex-convict Frank Zito is the syndicate's local boss. Frank (Buster) Wortman, its downstate representative, heads gambling in the wide-open East St. Louis area—including St. Clair, Madison and Monroe counties. His lieutenant, Roy (Tony) Armes, who operates a handbook at Herrin, is the syndicate boss over the gambling joints that exploit the Williamson County coal miners. Armes's bodyguard is ex-convict Charles (Blackie) Harris, questioned as finger man in the killing of gang leader Carl Shelton in 1947 and also in the attempted killing last fall of "Little Earl" Shelton. Wortman also recently took over, for the syndicate, much of the Cairo-Cape Girardeau region at the southern tip of the state, where the gambling casinos are big and impressive—and the relief rolls equally so.

Threats, shootings and "scare bombings" accompanied all these syndicate expansions. In the Cairo-Cape Girardeau region especially, decent citizens have reason to fear the gambling interests. For example, when Frank Ledbetter, youthful editor of

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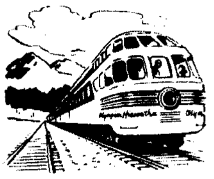
All new! Private-room sleepers with Skytop Lounge, Touralux sleepers, Luxurest coaches, diner and Tip Top Grill. Or ride the electrified COLUMBIAN. Low fares, diverse routes. Return via Colorado.



THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

the Mound City Enterprise, editorially protested some of the more flagrant deals between local officials and gambling interests, first "interested parties" called on him threatening to ruin his business and run him out of town; then, last December, the building housing his little weekly newspaper mysteriously burned.

Corrupt public officials usually are promised 20 per cent of the take for "protection," sometimes up to 50 per cent. In Peoria, survivors of the Shelton gang two years ago said they had paid $5,000 a month for 10 years to city, county and state officials—that on the fifteenth of each month the politicians' representatives practically stumbled over one another on the doorstep of the gang's headquarters, coming to collect. In Springfield, just before two killings caused the wide-open gambling to be shut down in 1948, it was indicated the "pay-off" to city, county and state officials in that state capital of only 85,000 population was $10,000 a week. When Sheriff Meredith J. Rhule, who is still in office in Springfield, was asked if he was taking graft, he replied coolly, "If some night-club operator wants to make me a present because he likes the color of my eyes, why shouldn't he?"

The syndicate's rake-in from slot machines and other gambling, even in "distressed" areas, enables it to proposition in big figures. Franklin County, population 50,000, lies in the "distressed" coal-mining region of southern Illinois. Its percentage of citizens on relief is the highest in the state—most breadwinners are miners.

Large Bribe Was Refused

When Joseph W. Hickman took office as the new State's attorney a year ago, he immediately booted out slot machines *et al.* He told me that, shortly after, a man approached him saying he represented the Chicago Syndicate and offered him "$50,000 cash, in small bills"—if the State's attorney would allow the syndicate to operate only three gambling places in the county. A few days after Hickman refused, the man returned and raised the ante to $75,000.

Turbulent Tazewell County is a typical syndicate-dominated area. Gambling in Tazewell County has been tightly controlled by the Chicago Capone Syndicate since Carl and Bernie Shelton, leaders of the notorious Shelton gang, who previously bossed it, were mysteriously shot to death in 1947 and 1948. (The syndicate allegedly had put a $20,000 bounty on each of their heads.)

Tazewell County has more slot machines than any other county in Illinois (648 were registered last February 14th), and its gambling "take" is worth fighting over. Biggest towns are Pekin and East Peoria, with East Peoria the richer territory—for it contains a gigantic industrial plant whose 25,000 workers collect a $1,250,000 weekly pay roll. And it's just across the Illinois River from Peoria where, though sneak gambling is prevalent and a $1,500,000-a-year baseball lottery runs openly, slot machines have been out of sight for some time.

Located just outside East Peoria near the plant is the aforementioned FAR Club. This former machine shop—which has neither restaurant nor bar, offering nothing but gambling—is ideally large for the wholesale gambling business it does. I've seen 300 cars in its huge parking lot, together with so many chartered busses it looked like a big-city bus terminal, and a crowd massed before its doors and pushing in like that at a sellout Broadway play.

Inside were perhaps 1,500 people. Mostly middle-aged or older, more than half women, they'd been drawn from a 50-mile radius by the bingo games run four nights a week—which on Sunday nights offered such meaty prizes as $2,000 in cash or a new car. At bingo, of course, the customers didn't spend more than $2 to $5 a night each, though even that piles up when multiplied by the mobs who attend. But bingo was merely the "come-on." For lined up across the huge room were no less than 34 slot machines.

Another well-known, though smaller, East Peoria gambling joint is the Para-Dice Club, operated by Joseph Rafool. This had only slot machines and crap and blackjack games, for the Capone Syndicate, which controls the national racing-wire news service, has given a local monopoly to the handbook at the FAR Club, which it reputedly owns outright. However, the Para-Dice Club's take, even lacking a handbook, easily amounts to $300,000 a year.

In the Grip of Gaming Fever

I saw middle-aged women crowd through the door one evening and immediately rush to the slot machines, so avid to play that they couldn't wait for the floor show to finish. They made such a hubbub as they excitedly clanked their money into the machines that the master of ceremonies had to beg them to "take it easy, please, ladies," so the entertainers could be heard.

There are places which prey exclusively on kids.

At the East Peoria end of the river bridge is a large drive-in, the Steak and Shake—one of a chain selling malted milks and hamburgers, chiefly to high-school students. Two large "console" slot machines greeted all comers just inside the door. While eating one sandwich, I counted 20 teen-agers stopping on their way out to drop money in them. A young couple entered with their son, about nine. At sight of the slots he excitedly demanded money. "Please, Pop! I've played 'em before, lots!"

The Open Door, a roadhouse north of Pekin, has been the scene of at least one shooting brawl involving teen-agers. The colonial-type building has 10 attached "tourist" cabins. The floor show had just ended when I entered, and the master of ceremonies, after a fanfare from the four-piece band, raised his hand for attention:

"All right, kiddies," he said, "remember we have slot machines and crap and blackjack tables here. Why not try your luck?"

The "casino" back of the main room was quickly crowded with boys and girls not one of whom looked over eighteen, many no more than fifteen or sixteen. More than a score began playing blackjack and craps. The remainder, a huge mob, kept the nine slot machines whirring. Lounging in the rear were two members of the North Pekin police in uniform.

The syndicate's yearly gambling "take" in Tazewell County is at least $6,500,000. If assessed equally, this would subtract $466 from the annual income of every family. But, of course, it is not assessed equally.

Mrs. Frances E. Marshall, the county's juvenile probation officer, told me she currently was supervising the care of more than 300 children, county wards because their homes had been broken up. She said in many instances she'd found the children actually starving. "Gambling can be blamed in most cases," she added.

She told about a frantic mother who had walked to her office carrying twin baby girls to beg money to buy them milk; her husband dropped every cent he earned in the slot machines. She told of a mother and four children she'd found starving in a heatless home on Christmas Day, because the father, who'd repeatedly gambled away his pay, finally had deserted them. She told of a ten-year-old boy, a street bootblack, whose father had robbed him of his earnings every evening and fed them to slot machines—until the boy at last ran away and got into trouble stealing in order to eat.

While in Pekin, I asked Sheriff Herbert L. Hirstein about the gambling in Tazewell County. The sheriff, thirty-six, has been in office three years. Previously he was chief deputy sheriff for four years, and before that, chief of police of Morton, a smaller town in the county. As he himself says, he's been in police work "all his life."

"I don't know of any gambling going on," Sheriff Hirstein said.

"What about the Open Door, the Colonial Club, the Flamingo Club, and Morrow & Budde's, the bookie joint running wide-open just a few blocks from your office?" I asked, naming just a few spots I'd visited.

"*There's no bookie joint running in this* town," he said flatly.

"Well, how about the FAR Club?" Surely everyone knew of that.

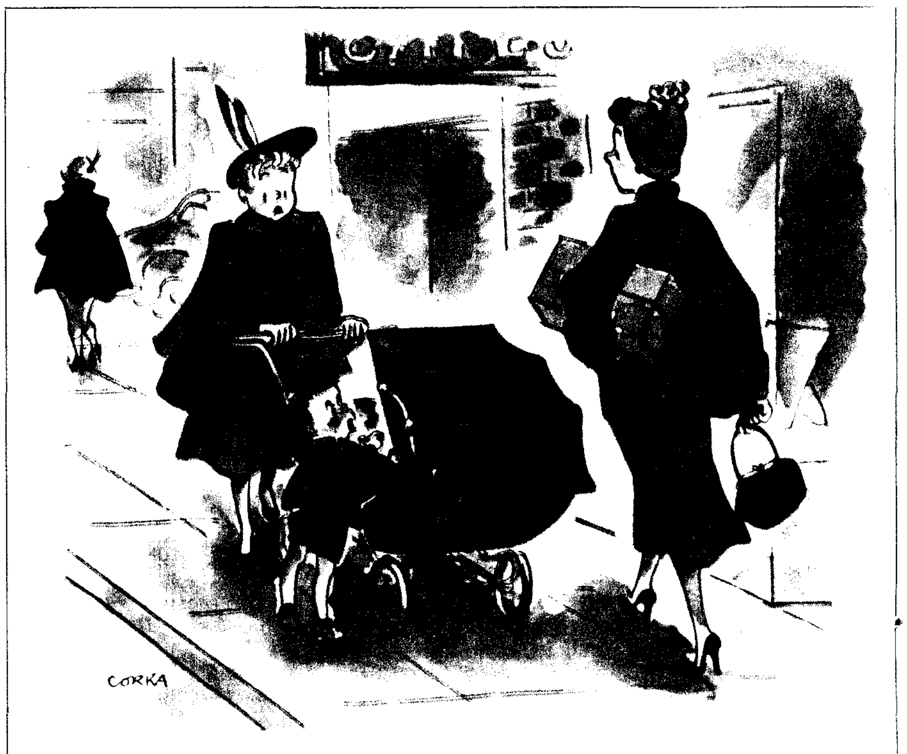
"I don't even know where it is," he said.

A Sheriff in Odd Company

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, hard-hitting newspaper which covers many Illinois counties, recently reported the following incident: The sheriff took a vacation trip to New Orleans and Mexico City in the spring of 1948 in strange company for an officer of the law—with gambler Joseph Rafool, who operates the Para-Dice Club. When asked about this pleasure jaunt, the Post-Dispatch said, the sheriff angrily replied:

"I'll go with whom I want, where I want, and when I want to. I paid my own expenses. And it's nobody's business but my own!"

Two of Tazewell County's unsuccessful



COLLIER'S "Is that the sort of thing we're all excited about getting at our house in July?" CORKA

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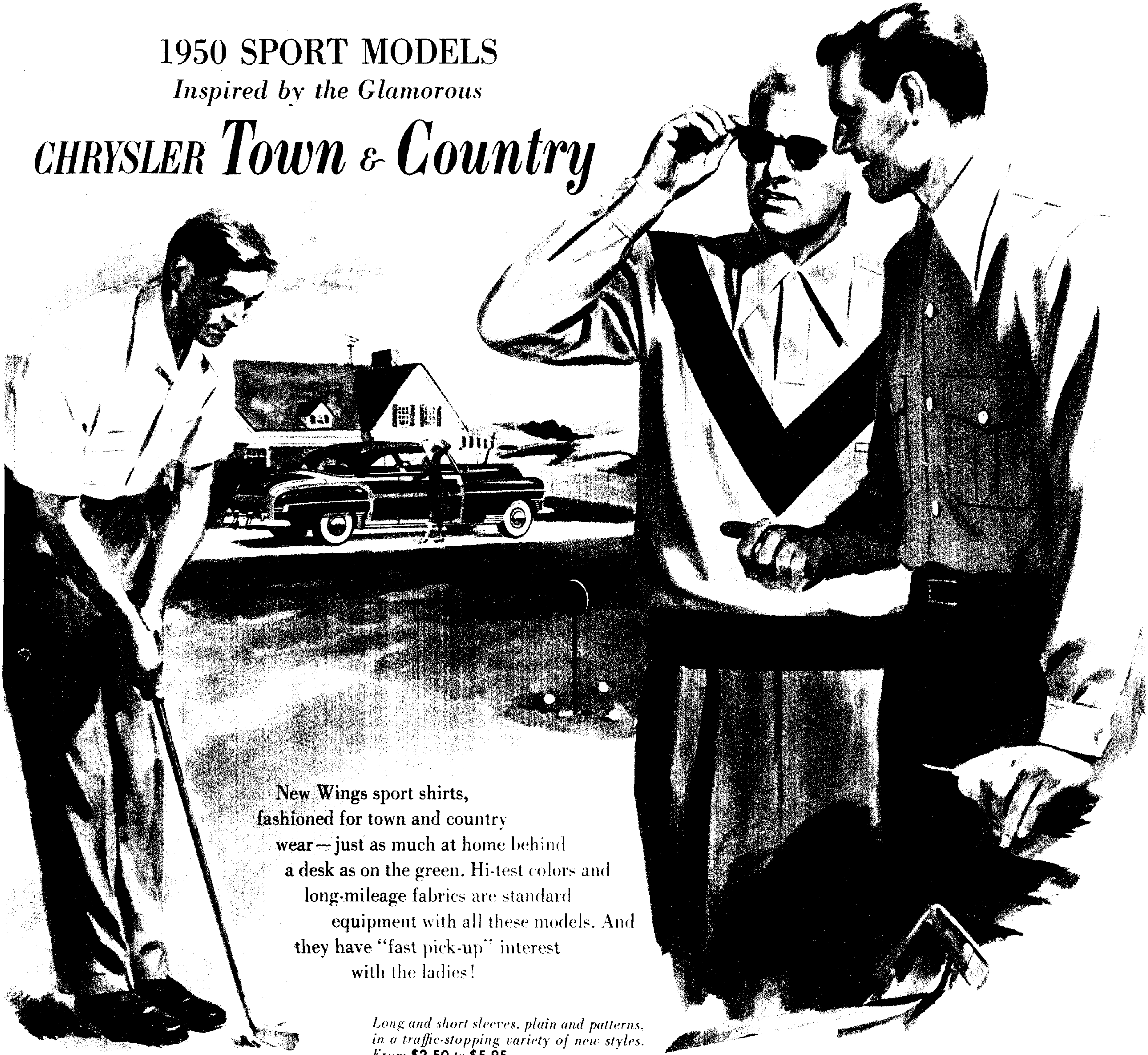

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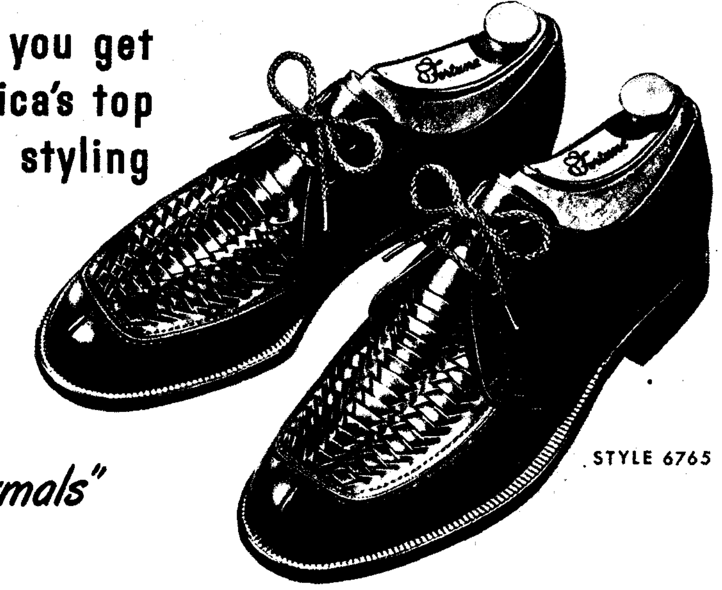

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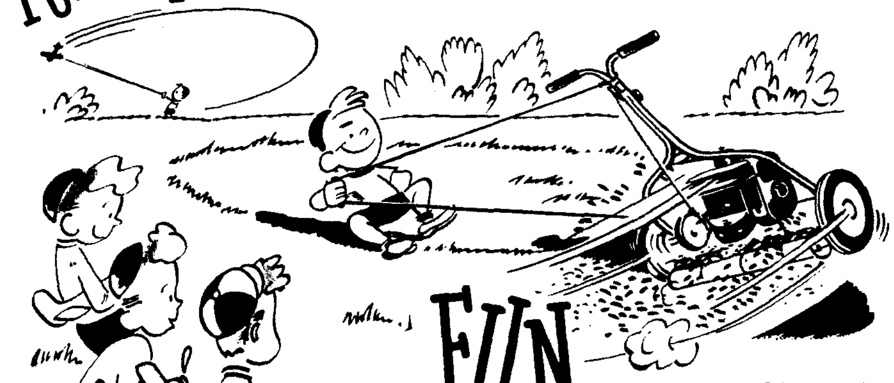

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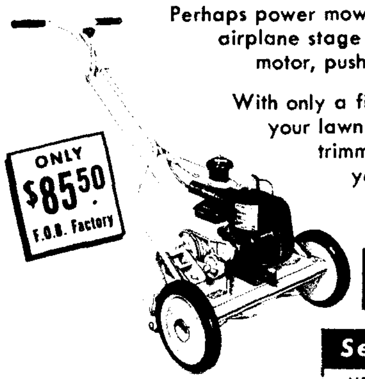

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candidates for State's attorney in 1948 were Bernard F. Hoffman, Democrat, and E. B. Groen, Republican, both of Pekin. Hoffman told me he was offered no less than $50,000 a year, if when elected he'd "give gambling free rein." He refused. He was defeated in the primary. Groen, who won the Republican nomination, said he was approached shortly after his victory with a similar offer, which he refused. He was defeated in the general election.

The gambling pattern is repeated in county after county.

In La Salle (population 13,000), in La Salle County in northern Illinois, even small children play slot machines—using their lunch money and going hungry in school as a result. The Reverend Allen Regan, pastor of the First Methodist Church, told me many mothers had complained to him about this. I was told of a seventeen-year-old boy who borrowed $300 from a finance company and dropped it all in slot machines; of a grandmother so obsessed that she drew out her husband's and her life savings and then forged checks.

Tom Cawley controls the gambling in La Salle (though the syndicate once tried to muscle in, and someone took a shot at him). He made his pile running a huge, two-story department store of gambling known as Kelly & Cawley's, on the main street. It employs approximately 80 money-changers, dealers and the like, and is geared strictly for the working-class trade. I saw housewives standing for hours before its 24 slot machines—first exhausting their own money, then staring, hypnotized, while others emptied their purses.

I saw two dignified matrons, at roulette, become so frantic to win on each spin of the wheel that, time after time, they feverishly piled chips on every number—so that though they always "won," they always lost far more! Huge bingo games are used as "bait" here, too, for the slot machines, crap tables and roulette wheel. On the four nights a week that bingo is played there are always many children present—brought into this unhealthy atmosphere by parents unable to arrange for "sitters."

Cawley is reputed to own virtually all of the 311 slot machines distributed about the county. Rated a multimillionaire, his holdings include some 50 tavern buildings in La Salle and eight near-by towns.

As an interesting side light, the editor of the La Salle News-Tribune, which has been campaigning to close down the gambling, told me a former La Salle County official boasts that during his four years in office he cleaned up $250,000.

The greediness and unscrupulousness of slot-machine operators were underlined in Havana, a resort town of 4,000 on the Illinois River and the county seat of Mason County. In one drugstore, a box had been placed before a slot machine so the very small children could reach the handle!

New Building Is Impressive

There were slot machines in every type of business place, and everything was wide open. In fact, Havana's biggest gambler, Louis Becker, together with Mrs. Edith Long, the widow of his late partner, and Havana's city attorney, Richard W. Velde, just built an impressive $500,000 commercial building. Becker himself proudly showed me through part of the new building, which is to be called the Town House.

A brochure for the building says: "The building has 8,500 square feet of floor area with Becker & Long occupying almost three fourths of it. The remainder will be occupied by a Drug Store, a Sports & Toggery Shop, a Baby Shop, a Package Liquor Store, a Barber Shop and one office."

The building is across the street from the county jail and faces the courthouse—where "Honest Abe" Lincoln as a young lawyer once championed the cause of the common people.

It was difficult to find anyone in Havana who would give me any information on gambling. I'd been advised to see a banker, a former school-board member and a clergyman. When I phoned the banker for an appointment, he refused even to see me. "Absolutely not!" he said. "I don't want to be involved."

The clergyman agreed to see me, after dark, and together we called on the ex-school-board member. I found the latter grimly uncommunicative. He admitted frankly he was afraid to tell me anything. And the clergyman also was reluctant to talk. He explained that the two of them had tried to fight gambling when he'd first come to Havana, two and a half years ago. But they'd got nowhere, he said, and members of the local Ministerial Association had advised him he'd "better keep his mouth shut or something might happen to him."

Fire Destroys Gambling Boat

The Chicago Capone Syndicate hasn't muscled in at Havana—yet. However, as at Quincy, it already has tentatively reconnoitered the area. A year ago last summer several Chicago mobsters took a cottage on the Illinois River and looked around quietly for a week or two. Some time later, a boat fitted out as a floating gambling casino came down the river and anchored just offshore of Havana. But the night before its scheduled opening it mysteriously caught fire and burned.

"Our two daughters are off on their honeymoons! We're practically rich!"

COLLIER'S KIRK

Later, by what may have been only a coincidence, Ed Long, who with partner Louis Becker had for years bossed the local gambling interests, met with a sudden end. He and Kelly Jackson, another Havana gambling-joint owner, were burned to death in a fire that destroyed a vacation cottage which Becker & Long had maintained near Hayward, Wisconsin—a territory long the stamping ground of syndicate hoodlums.

Governor Stevenson and Attorney General Elliott claim they are "limited" in their authority to do anything to rid Illinois of the 20,000 slot machines with which the underworld-controlled gambling interests are fattening on the state's working men and women, robbing them of $100,000,000 a year.

Yet Chicago, the nation's second-largest city, with a population virtually equal to that of all the rest of the state, has had no slot machines in public places since 1933, when the then State's attorney, Thomas J. Courtney, on taking office, seized 800 of the machines and informed the mayor, Anton J. Cermak, that unless he directed the chief of police to keep them out, he'd continue seizing them whenever they showed. Chicago has had no slot machines in 17 years because Mayor Cermak, and his successors, Mayor Edward J. Kelly and the present Mayor Martin H. Kennelly, each in turn ordered his chief of police to tell the hoodlums: "Slot machines are banned."

And nobody ever suggested that their power to enforce their order was "limited."

This is the second of two articles

Don't Beat Me!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

and, on top of it all, the ten-dollar bill.

"Dear, sweet, merciful heaven," Lucy wheezed, "what did them bottles have in 'em?" She grabbed William by the shoulders. "What you boys been doing? You musta robbed somebody. Lawdy, why did I let you out of my sight? Where'd you get that money, George?"

"We made it, Lucy, we made it." Lucy trembled on the edge of her chair while George told her what had happened. Only after he reached the point about calling the paper did she relax.

"And they give you all that just to take a picture of William's little hind end? That's a mess of money."

"Well, they didn't give us all of it," George said. "They took up a collection, too."

"A collection! What in the world they collecting for you boys for?"

George told her of the reporter's questions and William's answers. At each answer Lucy groaned louder and slumped lower.

"Go take a bath," she said. "Put on yo' best clothes. We's going downtown to that newspaper. Lawdy, Mr. Roger will kill all of us."

An hour later Lucy stopped a man on Fourth Street. "Can you tell us where the newspaper is?" she said anxiously. "I'm all messed up on my directions." She and George had been arguing about which street to turn down.

"Right around the corner on Walnut."

"That's what I told you, George. You don't know where nothing but trouble is but you sho can find that."

Five minutes later Editor Ben Graham's secretary came into his inner office, shaking her head.

"There's a nurse out here with two little boys who says she has got to see you. In fact, she says if she doesn't see you somebody is going to blow up the building."

"That's good enough for me," Graham said. "Send her in."

Lucy entered cautiously.

"Are you the head of this organization?"

"I'm afraid so," Graham laughed. He was a big, good-natured man and the strange delegation was a relief from his usual run of callers.

"Can you keep pictures out of the paper?"

"It all depends. Sit down."

LUCY gave the background to the disaster, and George and William a vivid play-by-play of the rest. They had to stop every now and then and wait until Mr. Graham finished laughing.

"Mr. Hoyt doesn't have a thing to worry about," he said when the recital was over. "We'll fix everything." He buzzed his secretary. "Helen, tell Ed I said send a photographer up here right away."

"We don't want no mo' pictures," Lucy said. "We just want them others kept out."

"Forget it. I just want a picture of all of us together. It's very seldom I have such entertaining visitors."

The photographer took a picture of George and William sitting on Mr. Graham's knees and Lucy looking on smiling. It was a rare privilege to be smiling again she found. She was thanking Mr. Graham for the tenth time when suddenly she began fumbling in her purse. "We can't take this now," she said, handing him William's ten-dollar bill.

"Keep it," he said. "Here's a little something to go with it. The boys have put in an awfully hard day's work." He took out his wallet and handed William a twenty-dollar bill.

"My lawd, mo' money," Lucy chuckled. "Mr. Roger is gonna have a fit."

"Just for a while," Mr. Graham said. "He'll get over it." He smiled a most peculiar smile.

When they reached home Lucy laid out their course. "Now I'm gonna give you all twenty-five cents of this money to show yo' daddy. Tell him you made it cleaning up trash for somebody. The rest of it I'm gonna turn over to yo' mama and let her figure out a way to explain it. I just do the cooking around here, not the plotting." . . .

Roger and Mrs. Hoyt came in at 1:00 A.M. and found a dime, two nickels and five pennies on their bedroom dresser. Roger was very happy. Mrs. Hoyt thought she was going to cry. "I told you they could do it," Roger said. "And I bet they didn't have a bit of trouble either."

AT EIGHT next morning George and William were exchanging glances over their oatmeal. Their mother was praising them so lavishly they were getting fidgety. They both wondered if she would say such nice things after talking to Lucy. Then in came Father Roger. He was beaming. He stretched out the morning paper beside his plate and gazed fondly at his sons.

"Well, how are the workingmen this morning?" he asked. "Nothing like making your first money is there, William? Tell me all about it."

William cut his eyes at George and started to mumble something. It was then that Roger glanced at the four pictures across the front page of the paper. He stiffened. "Good God!" he gasped.

"Roger!" Mrs. Hoyt exclaimed. "The idea!"

Roger came out of his chair. "Look!" he wheezed. "Look!"

Mrs. Hoyt looked. "My Lord!"

"Lucy!" Roger screamed.

A plate crashed in the kitchen. Lucy eased her head through the door.

"Look!"

"Lawdy, lawdy, that lying rascal. That low-down, sweet-talking, two-faced snake of a man."

She began moaning out what had happened. But Roger wasn't listening. He was staring at the picture of William sprawled out on the sidewalk, clutching the whisky bottle.

Then he stared at the fourth picture, the one of the grim-faced people giving William money. Then he began reading the story.

"I'll sue 'em!" he roared. "I'll sue 'em right on down to the paper boy. Every lawyer in town will be fighting to take this thing. But I don't want money. I'll ask for the supreme penalty and they'll get it, too. Listen to this. Listen. 'The little boy wiped the big tears from his eyes with a grubby little fist and sobbed out his story. "My daddy ran over my bicycle and he won't give me any money to get it fixed. He's going to give me a nickel in July but I can't wait that long. We're collecting bottles so we can make some money. Daddy doesn't know it because he's in St. Louis kicking up his heels." ' "

Roger lowered the paper. "William," he said softly, "did you tell the man that?"

"He sure did," George said. "I heard him. I didn't open my mouth though."

Roger shuddered. "William. Dear, sweet, little William. My own flesh and blood." His voice rose to a shriek. "Why didn't you tell them I flog you, make you sleep with the dog, keep you on bread and water, put you out to beg, beat your mother? Why didn't you tell them I was trying to run over *you* when I hit the bicycle?"

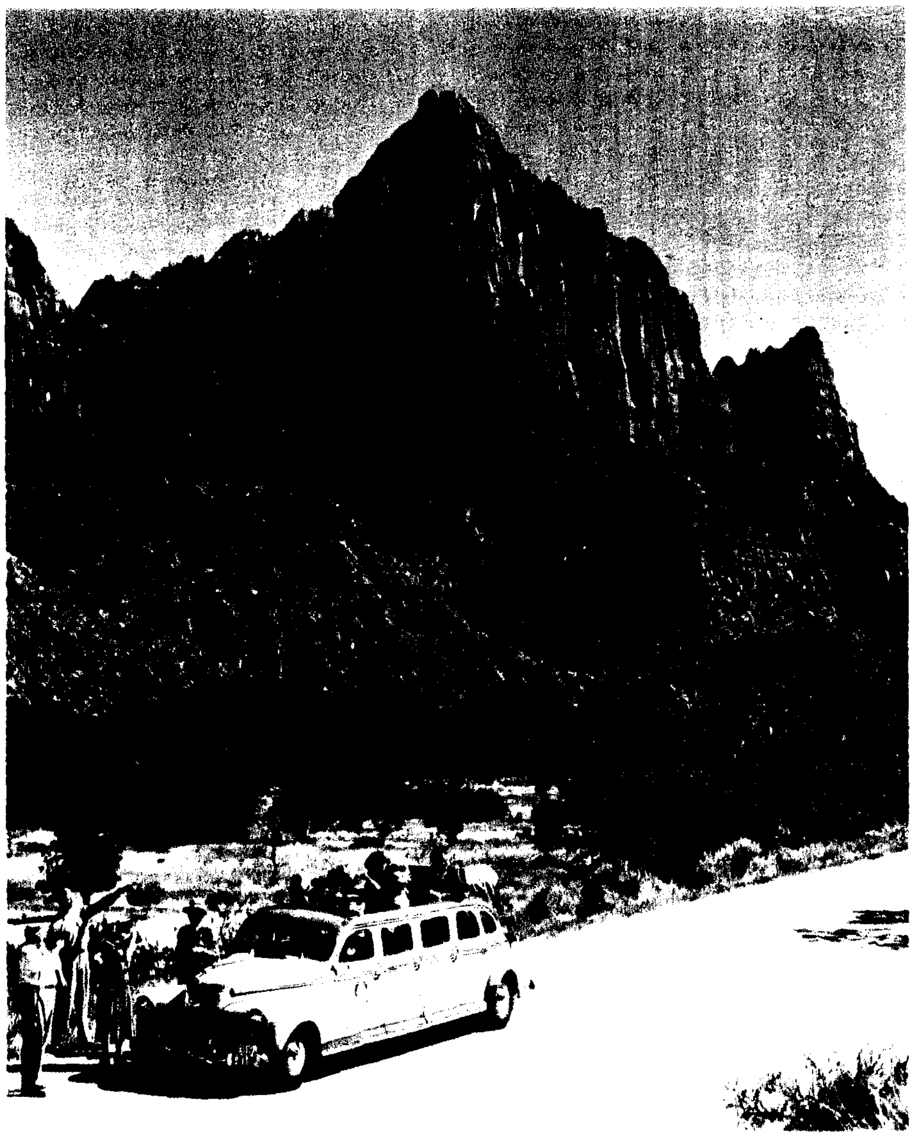
"Roger!" Mrs. Hoyt screamed. "People all over the block can hear you!"

"I want them to hear me. What have I got to hide? I'm a monster. I'm subversive. I ate Riding Hood's grandmother."

He lunged for William, jerked him out of the chair with one hand and made a grab for George with the other. George slid screeching under the table. "You did say it. You did say it."

"Roger, put that child down this instant! What do you think you're going to do?"

"I'm going to teach these young blabber-



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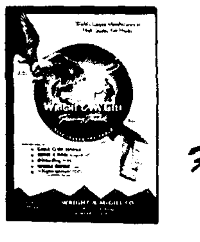

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mouths a lesson, then I'm going to call up that lousy newspaper, then I'm going to wait for the juvenile authorities to come pick me up. Come out from under there, George!"

"Stay under there, George. You put that child down, Roger Hoyt. You asked for enterprise and you got it."

Roger made another grab for George, missed, and hit his head on the table. He reeled into the living room and slammed William down across his knees.

"Mr. Roger. Telephone."

It was Lucy in the hall.

Roger tucked the squirming William under his arm and went out.

"Hoyt," the man on the phone said, "you don't know me and I don't want to know you, but I'm bringing your kid out a bicycle. You're the lowest—"

"You bring a bicycle out here and I'll wrap it around your damn' head!"

"Roger!"

ROGER slammed down the phone and stalked back into the living room. "Thank God we don't have a Klan around here," he said.

"Mr. Roger. Telephone."

It was Mr. Anderson, Roger's boss.

"Look, Roger, we pay you a good salary. That story in—"

"If you're dumb enough to believe that you ought to be working for me. Good-by!"

Back into the living room. He had his right hand raised high in the air when a new voice broke in.

"You're right in character, Roger Hoyt!"

It was Mrs. Wright, the next-door neighbor. She had come in through the kitchen. Roger half-masted his hand.

"The story in the Times must have been worse than the Star said it was," Mrs. Wright continued. "Have you seen this morning's Star, Roger?"

"No," Roger moaned. "Not the Star, too."

The Star was the other morning paper, blood enemy of the Times.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Wright. "Front page, too." She unfolded the paper in her hand and gave it to Roger.

Lucy gasped. "Lawdy, we went to the wrong paper. That's that man I told you about. Look at that lying rascal shaking William's hand."

Roger fought everybody off and stared at the picture. The red around his eyes began receding. The headline on the story beneath the picture said: BOYS WILL BE BOYS AND PAPAS WILL BE D———D. The by-line said: BEN GRAHAM, EDITOR OF THE STAR. His story began:

"A gentleman named Roger Hoyt will hate me for this, but I could not resist the temptation of letting the public see a perfect example of irresponsible journalism." Then he told the whole story.

He made Roger out the wisest of fathers for starting his boys on the right track, he made the man from the Times out the most irresponsible of reporters for stopping his investigation where he did, and he said that Lucy's mistake was only natural. When people thought of a newspaper they always thought of the Star.

WHAT he did not say was that his story was appearing only in the final edition of the Star. Neither did he say that it had come off the presses an hour later than the Times' last edition, so that the Times would have no chance to change its version of the story.

Roger put the paper down trying not to smile. He looked in the dining room and said, "You can come out now, George."

A half hour later he was backing down the driveway mulling over a libel suit. He did not see the red coaster wagon.

Seconds after he hit it, Mrs. Hoyt called out of the window, "What's happened now, Roger?"

"Oh, nothing," he said. "Nothing at all. Just ran over William's wagon. Tell him to please forget it. I'll bring him a new one tonight."

THE END

'Win or Lose, the Boss Never Cried'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

acting sharp and being sharp years before you ever needed a shave. Young Mike never had to read Adam Smith to master individual enterprise. All he had to do was keep his eyes open and his mind on the main chance. When he was thirteen or fourteen, for instance, he happened to be in a candy store when he overheard an advance man for May Irwin offering the proprietor two tickets to her coming comedy in exchange for inserting a poster in the window. Mike lingered until the leg man had left and then said:

"I'll give ya four bits for the two of 'em."

Just Like Finding Money

It was found money for the proprietor and he gladly parted with the tickets. Mike followed the advance man for twelve blocks and every time he saw the May Irwin poster in a store window, he went in and offered to buy the complimentary seats for a quarter apiece. In an hour's time he had bought up 20 of them. He held on to them until the day of May Irwin's appearance. She was one of the great favorites of the day, and by loitering around the ticket window Mike had no trouble selling his tickets at what averaged out to a dollar apiece. Five dollars had brought him twenty—more than his poor old man made in a week of 16-hour days of backache and eyestrain.

Poor Isaac could only shake his weary head in wonder when his youngest son would come home with such a fortune made in a single afternoon "an' fer doin' nothin'," he'd mutter to himself. A new century was dawning, with new values, new opportunities, new short cuts that Isaac, with his needle-and-thread and stoop-shouldered resignation to poverty, would never understand.

On Mike's block only the dull-witted of the new generation went in for backbreaking manual labor. If you had any brains, or ambition or starch you collected from Tammany on Dough Day, voted a dozen times on Election Day and planned a lucrative career in politics. Or you joined one of the gangs and muscled in on the thriving industry of crime in lower Manhattan. You gambled or managed boxers, you opened a saloon, a sporting house or a cockfighting pit.

In these days, you didn't get these soft touches merely by being born under the Shamrock, but it helped. If, like Mike, you didn't happen to wear the green but still found yourself allergic to poverty and unremunerative sweat, you clowned on the stage if you had talent, you bullied your way up if you had the muscle or you played the angles every way from the middle like our Young Man with a Ticket, little Mike.

Some of those who regard themselves as experts on Jacobsology insist that Mike was a successful full-time ticket broker at the age of thirteen. They not only anticipate Mike's actual development by some 30 years but distract us unnecessarily from one of the more vivid periods of Mike's 60-year pursuit of the buck.

On a warm summer's day Battery Park was a favorite place for promenading couples and curious tourists waiting to board the Rosedale, the Dreamland or the John Sylvester. Nearly all of Mike's sisters and brothers worked these excursion boats as ticket sellers, candy butchers and later as concessionaires. Mike was hawking candy and popcorn on the boats at about the time he was breaking into the ticket business.

But, just as he resigned as a "digger" as soon as he had learned enough to go into business for himself, he considered it a sucker's play to spend time making money for someone else. Soon young Mike was selling boat tickets on a commission basis.

Old Lennie De Conza, still going strong at the Battery in the Coney Island booth, remembers well when he and Mike were rival ticket butchers. "Yessir, he was quite a fella," Lennie recalls. "He was sellin' tickets to the old wooden boats and I was sellin' 'em for the new iron boats which were a whole lot better. But that didn' stop Mike none. In them days we'd just stand out here at the dock with the tickets in our pockets and yell, 'Getcha tickets for Dreamland Park.' No booths or nothin', understand. Well, Mike, he's always tryin' to outhustle you, he gets the idea of buildin' a portable booth and he carries it around with him through the park, wherever the crowd happens to be."

De Conza, a vigorous old man with a seagoing complexion acquired by standing there at the water's edge for half a century, reached back through 50 years to pick up his memories of Mike in the days when the fight promoter was better known as Steamboat Mike. "Once he set up them booths, we all had to have booths to keep in competition."

"Then you were all even again?" we suggested.

He grinned. "Wasn't too easy to keep up with Mike. By that time he was out of ticket sellin' and had his own concession. On the old Dreamland I think it was."

It isn't easy to go back through the crowded experiences of more than half a century and come up with the exact year, but Mike himself remembers that one way or another he had managed to save $1,000 by the time he was sixteen, for it was always his nature to save money as well as make it. With his savings, he bought his first food-and-drink concession. One of his sisters had the Rosedale, but Mike wasn't interested in working for anybody, not even a member of his own family. He was, however, generous in his contributions to the household.

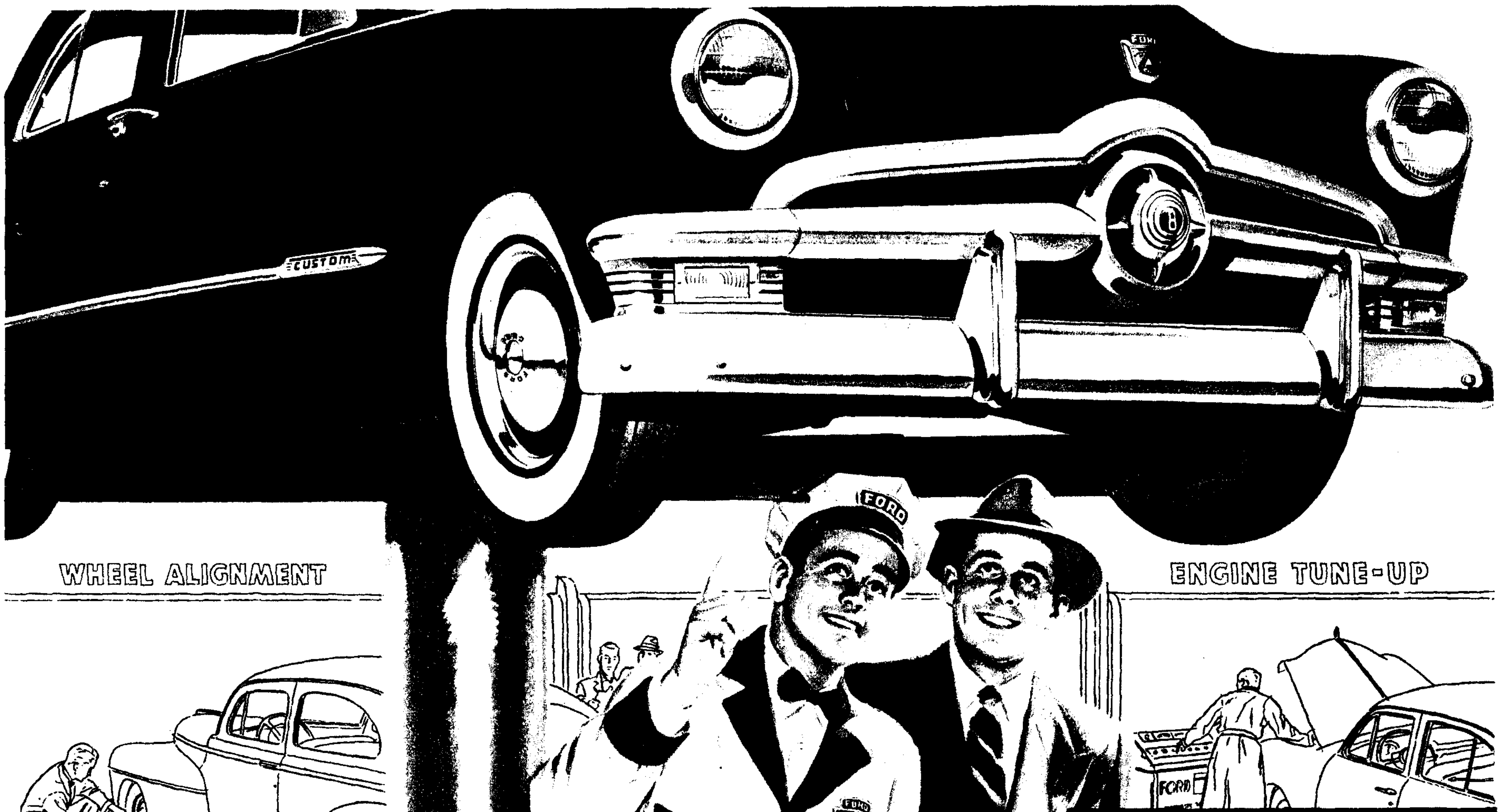
An excursion-boat concession at the turn of the century was—in the current Broadway cant—a nice thing to have going for you. But young Mike introduced any number of refinements that not only gilded the lily but enabled him to cash it in for gold.

Stimulating Mass Thirst

Mike, for instance, was obligated to provide a free lunch for each excursion ticket. But by working out the logistics of Coney Island appetites, he found he could cut hunger pains appreciably by having his butchers ply the passengers with salted peanuts for the longest possible period before the free lunch had to be served; and salted peanuts naturally led to mass thirst, so his parched customers would turn eagerly to his soft drinks. Things like that.

By the time Mike was in his early twenties, he had extended his operation to a small fleet of excursion boats. But it doesn't seem to be true, as often reported when Mike's life is reviewed, that he was out $12,000 when the General Slocum went down with the loss of a thousand lives in the spectacular river fire of 1904. Mike is often falsely charged with having owned the ill-fated boat whose skipper was prosecuted for negligence. Actually, his only connection with the tragedy appears to be that his brother Jake managed the concession on the doomed ship and was one of the few who swam to safety.

In addition to his excursion-boat and ticket activities, Mike invested in an amusement pier at Coney Island. A fire destroyed most of the pier one day and when Mike went out to itemize the damage he found a couple of fishermen sitting on his pilings. That was all he had to see. Next day when



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the fishermen came back they found the wreckage of the pier had been roped off, and a sign tacked up: "Private fishing grounds —10¢ an hour—50¢ all day."

That Mike should size up the situation, hurry off to make his own sign and then tack it up indicated a pattern of behavior Mike was never to outgrow. Even as a millionaire fight promoter, his associates remember his helping to set up the seats for a championship bout at the Polo Grounds or impatiently grabbing a hammer from the hands of a workman not moving fast enough for him and nailing up a sign himself. Almost always this was a sign of impatience, of restlessness, of dissatisfaction with slower-moving, slower-thinking men. Once, at his New Jersey estate, we even saw him grab a tray of steaks from his butler's hand and serve them himself because his guests' plates weren't being filled quickly enough.

Whether he was a pauper or a millionaire his habits remained remarkably unchanged. Years after it was no longer necessary, he still rose at dawn, just as eager as ever to be on the move. No matter how extensive his office or his household staff, he was always driven to do everything himself, down to the most menial details. If some men succeed by the ingenuity of their schemes and some by sheer hard work, it would seem that Mike wanted to make doubly sure; for no schemer ever worked harder and no worker ever schemed so incessantly.

Of course excursion boats were a seasonal trade, but since Mike had been a newsboy outside Tammany Hall he solved the off-season problem by moving into the hall as a bus boy and in time a waiter. These were the days of Boss Richard Croker, Police Chief William Devery, Silver Dollar Smith, Al Adams the policy overlord, Frank Farrell the gambler, and Big Tim Sullivan, who had a hand in almost everything and who held the boxing clubs of his day in the same singlehanded control that Mike was to exert 40 years later.

To all these men of power young Mike turned a smiling face. They liked him as a "good, smart, willing lad," tipped him well, and in time he became a headwaiter. More valuable than the material tips were the psychological ones as to how to deal with big-time politicians. From Big Tim and the others he heard that every man—except perhaps the hated reformers—has his price.

Experts in Sharp Politics

The atmosphere of that Tammany dining room was composed of unabashed self-interest, limitless greed, diabolical intrigue, an intricate system of pay-offs and under-the-table deals, a ready acceptance of the meanest sort of alliance so long as it was profitable and, of course, the most cynical disregard for public service or social responsibility.

The streets of the lower West Side were Mike's elementary school where he learned to hustle and gouge and scrounge. But Tammany Hall might be considered the finishing school, where a young, heady, self-reliant opportunist, who naturally looked up to the "big men" of his day, could learn the fine art of the finagle, the fix, the pay-off, *how to win friends and influence people* in a way Mr. Dale Carnegie would never dream of.

From these men he learned only what he wanted—or what he needed—to learn. The carousing, the easy-living, the wenching, the gluttony, the thirst he left to those who had more money or more time. Without being exactly an ascetic, he was a nondrinking, nonsmoking, nonmerrymaking young man. This was another characteristic he carried throughout his career.

Even when Mike was in his early thirties, he seemed content to remain a single-O guy in his private as well as his public life. But love—or what passed for it on the Battery in 1910—finally caught up with Mike and dropped him for the count.

On a routine check of his concessions one summer afternoon, he couldn't help noticing the new cashier. She looked like the kind of strawberry blonde they were singing about, fresh of face, trim of figure, a sixteen-year-old eyeful. Next day, Mike was back to check his concessions and this new cashier again. He took her to dinner and she told him her story.

Her name was Josie Pelo and she had run away from home in upstate New York because her father, an unemployed actor, wanted to marry her off to an old man. For years she had helped her mother take care of her 10 brothers and sisters and she wanted to see a little of life before she settled down, so she decided to take her chances in the big city. But she wasn't going to desert her family. She had her looks and a healthy instinct for landing on her feet, and somehow she was going to lick this town and do her family more good than if she had remained a small-town girl.

Reticent About Romance

Today neither Mike nor Josie will tell you just how the romance blossomed. Broach the subject to Mike and you'll get one of his customary growls. Although Josie is a good deal more communicative, she's inclined to gloss over the actual courtship.

"But after all," we insisted in a recent conversation, "it isn't every romance that unites two people and keeps them together all their lives."

"Are you kidding?" said Josie, as much of a realist as Mike, which may help to explain the bond between them. "What're you talking about—romance! Look at Mike—you think he looked any different then? Had a little more hair, that's all. I was a good-lookin' young kid tryin' to get ahead in the world. He was a smart fella who knew his way around. He made me a good proposal an' I took it."

While that may hardly be the sentiment of young lovers in the romances authors like to write, it seems to have sustained Mike and Josie through more than 35 years of intimate partnership.

"Mike and I, we never kidded each other," Josie will reminisce today. "Each of us knew what the other wanted. We both worked like dogs. Mike 'n' I earned every dollar we got. We made a good team."

Pressed for some memorable detail of the early days of their union, Josie recalled, "In them days, before the war, the other war, Mike got a nice price for the boat concessions and went into the ticket business full time. He didn't have no office yet, he'd sell 'em right off the curb outside the Garden—the old Garden. He'd be on his feet so long hustlin' tickets he'd come home with his feet bleedin'. I'd soak his feet in warm water and tell 'im he oughta take it a little easier. But you know the boss. He'd say, 'Aah, it's nothin',' and next mornin' he'd be up early figurin' how t' get the jump on the other scalpers.

"The boss isn't the easiest fella to live with, but you gotta give him *this:* He didn't have an inside track to the box office like he had later on. Six days a week he hadda pound the pavement outside the Garden or the Opera House or the fight clubs. Believe me, *hustlin'* tickets wasn't all cumshaw in them days. No big office where the buyers came to *you.* It was stric'ly heel 'n' toe."

Then, maybe she caught a look in our eyes, maybe it was all in her own mind, for she added, "All right, maybe you think he was mostly heel. But he hadda keep on his toes t' clear $20 a day. I oughta know. I'm the gal who pulled off his socks when he came home. As I'm sittin' here, it was sweat 'n' blood. You c'n forget about the tears. Win or lose, up or down, I never saw the boss cry in his whole lovin' life."

Next week Budd Schulberg will tell how Mike, in his pursuit of success, invaded such alien fields as grand opera and woman suffrage—and finally teamed up with Tex Rickard

If You Want to Catch Trout

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

viewed with considerable suspicion and no little envy by their less fortunate fellows who, while making an outward show of "resting the pool for a smoke," furtively study the methods and techniques of the successful angler.

Actually, there is no profound secret involved in successful trout fishing. A parallel might be found in the case of the half-witted farm boy who located the lost horse when his mental betters had failed, by the simple expedient of deciding where he would go and what he would do if he happened to be a horse. Almost any angler, public opinion to the contrary, has more brains than a trout. Therefore, it is reasonable to assume that he can outwit this fish.

The first requirement, and one not as easy of fulfillment today as one might suppose, is to locate a body of water *known* to be inhabited by trout. Having arrived at this lake or stream, the angler merely must decide where he would go under existing conditions and what form of food he would find acceptable under the circumstances—provided he happened to be a trout.

Simple? Certainly it is. But who ever heard of a trout fisherman accepting simplicity if an opportunity exists to do things the hard way? Any angler worthy of the name will be quick to point out that there is much more to trout fishing than a creel full of fish. If his desires could be satisfied by the mere possession of a mess of trout, this result could readily be obtained by dropping a stick of dynamite in the stream.

Trout fishermen, as the novice soon discovers, are not one big, happy family. This brotherhood (a term which degenerates into a mere figure of speech when one angler wades through a pool being fished by another) is broken down into several distinct orders, having but one thing in common—the pursuit of trout.

Raymond R. Camp, Outdoors Editor of The New York Times for 14 years, is the author of Fishing the Surf and All Seasons Afield. He edited and wrote part of Hunter's Encyclopedia

First, there are the bait fishermen. Then come the streamer and bucktail enthusiasts, the wet-fly specialists, the nymph devotees, and finally the dry-, or floating-fly, purists. Another group, which might be described as taking their stand in the hinterland somewhere between the extreme bait and fly points of view, prefers a spinner, with or without an attached fly or natural bait.

Rival Schools of Angling

The fly fishermen, as a body, contending that their methods call for more delicate tackle, greater skill and finer technique, treat the bait dunkers with mingled contempt and disdain. The latter retaliate by pointing out that fly fishermen are forced by necessity to find satisfaction in snobbery, since they cannot find it through the practice of their methods.

Before trout fishing reached the phobia fringe to which it has been climbing for the past ten years, the majority of the fly fishermen graduated from the ranks of the bait dunkers. A few of these veterans, aware that the high, cold and discolored waters of the early season offer little hope for success with a fly, revert to bait fishing. Not openly, of course, but with stealth. Having creeled a few trout, they cache their bait cans in a convenient bush and spend the rest of the day fishing an assortment of flies. When queried about their success by other fly fishermen they flip up the cover of their creel and display their catch as mute evidence. Naturally, they do not feel called upon to point out that the trout were taken on worms or minnows.

The average trout—whether brook, brown, rainbow, togue or one of the exotic hybrids—is a creature of habit, guided by instinct. During the early days of the season, spring rains and melting snow conspire to provide a bountiful board for this hungry fish. The erosion of undercut banks provides an assortment of fat worms and grubs. The force of the rushing stream overturns rocks and sweeps off the clinging larvae, pupae and other minute forms of insect life which have been waiting for clear, warm water to make their transformation into winged insects.

With this abundance flowing past on his own level, the trout is not inclined to cast his eyes heavenward through the discolored water in hopes of sighting an insect floating by on the surface.

Even Wise Trout Are Fooled

Many of these underwater forms of insect life are generally classified as "nymphs" by the trout fishermen, and are common to most streams in the temperate belt. The varied forms of the May fly, while differing considerably in size, shape and coloration in the winged stage, are rather alike during the nymph phase. Therefore, artificial lures that are acceptable imitations usually will deceive the wisest trout that swims, provided the angler fishes it in a reasonably natural manner.

Turn over rocks in almost any trout stream in April and you will disturb a few grayish-brown wrigglers the entomologists term *perla capitata* and the trout fishermen call stone fly nymphs. The movement of the same rock undoubtedly will dislodge what appear to be tiny sticks. Examine one, however, and you find it is not a stick at all, but the home of a tiny pale worm with a dark head, known as the caddis.

Angling literature is cluttered with writers who urge the novice to perform an autopsy on the first trout caught, "then use a lure simulating the natural insect found in the stomach of the fish." Rarely do these mentors offer advice as to the means by which this *first* trout is to be taken, nor do they provide any reasonable argument against the continued use of the lure which took that first trout.

However, almost any autopsy performed in April and early May reveals that the trout has been feeding on the nymphs of the stone fly and the caddis.

You will find many a purist scooping at the water with a fine-mesh net before beginning his angling operations. He will examine the assorted forms of life he has dredged up, then tie on a lure to imitate the one which seems most plentiful. This is all very well if you happen to have the time, patience and inclination for this studied angling, but eagerness often overcomes logic where the fisherman is concerned.

Even the anxious angler can spare the time to turn over a few rocks and gather a couple of samples. If his fly box cannot provide a match in size and color, he can always tie a size 16 or 18 hook to a fine leader and spear on the natural bait. The knowing angler will cast such lures, whether natural or artificial (really lifelike artificials are available), across and a trifle *up* stream. As the lure settles, the line will sweep downstream from the force of the current, and as it straightens out, the lure will be carried upward. It is at this instant that most trout decide to suck them in, so the angler must be ready to set the hook and do battle.

Trout do not grab up nymphs or wet flies with the smashing force with which they take streamers or dry flies, and novice anglers complain that too often they fail to recognize a strike until it is too late. Some have found a means of eliminating this problem. They will poke through the fly box until they find a dry fly with a lot of hackles (heavily dressed). This fly is tied to the leader about five feet above the nymph, and is used as a bobber or strike indicator. When

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the floating fly deviates from its normal drift the angler knows he has hooked either the bottom or a trout.

The angler who travels to one of the northern streams usually faces fewer problems than those encountered in the temperate belt. In those waters the brook trout is king, and he is a more careless feeder. Nymph lures prove less effective, probably because the living counterparts are absent; and the brook trout, being less selective than the brown or rainbow, seems to prefer the gaudy flies. In these waters the Parmachene Belle provides better results than the March brown, and the Mickey Finn is preferable to the Black Nosed Dace.

Those seeking the northern lake trout or landlocked salmon find the early fishing, right after ice-out, far more interesting and productive than the late fishing. When the ice breaks up, the smelt leave the deep waters and move toward the mouths of the streams. This offers the lake trout and landlocks an opportunity to break their fast on some good, solid food, and they grab blindly at any bucktail or streamer that remotely resembles a smelt. Later in the season, when the smelt run is over, the angler must troll the deep waters or fish them with live minnows.

While it is axiomatic that many trout flies are tied more for the aesthetic appreciation of anglers than the gustatory appeal to trout, this charge cannot be applied to those dry-fly purists who pin their faith on the May fly.

As the rains of April subside, streams begin dropping down to their normal flow. The warm sun brings the water temperature higher, and a subtle change occurs in the stream bed which affects not only the trout but the angler. Nymphs find a secret place and undergo a transformation. Some of them, bodies encased in waterproof sheaths, release their grasp on the bottom and rise to the surface. There, after a few seconds in the warm sun, they burst from their sheath, extend filmy wings, and take to a new element. Others crawl to the bank before attaining their wings, but all return to the stream to drop their eggs or die.

When Dry Fly Is Best Lure

While these winged insects were in the nymphal stage, anglers using baits, spinners, nymphs or streamers lorded it mightily over the dry-fly fishermen. Once the nymphs begin emerging, however, the long, fine leader and the floating fly have a telling effect. The others must resort to this lure, too, or eat crow while the purist nibbles delicately on trout.

The live minnow, expertly fished, will continue to take a few nice trout from the deep pools and eddies. The worm or spinner fishermen will manage an occasional brief period of exultation when a downpour raises and discolors the stream. But the dry-fly purist is the real king of the river.

You have to see one of these specialists in action to appreciate the knowledge and skill required for consistent success. Others may move downstream, casting here or there, covering water that is barren or fruitful, dropping their lures blindly and hoping for the best. But not the man who uses the floating fly.

This angler moves slowly, at times with almost maddening deliberation. Approaching the stream at a carefully selected point, he will find a seat on the bank and contemplate the water with placid serenity. He does nothing without reason. That is why, during the early morning, you find him seated a half mile or so below a wide, shallow stretch of water. This is not accident, but design. Water flowing over shallows increases in temperature more rapidly than when flowing through deep, narrow runs. This higher temperature influences the hatching of flies, and on some rivers the flies emerge as much as two hours earlier each day on waters located just below wide shallows.

Having selected his vantage point, the purist scans the surface for the tiny, telltale dimple that marks the emergence struggle of a fly, or the heavier swirl that marks the location of a fish feeding on the insects during the nymphal stage. Eventually he will be rewarded by the movement of minute wings as the fly rides its nymphal case downstream like a tiny boat, waving its wings to prepare them for flight. A quick scoop and the fly rests in the angler's palm.

"Ah!" he sighs with pleasure. "The *stenonema vicarium.*"

He can match that easily. He peers closely to determine the size of the insect. Let's see. A number 14 should be about right. The live insect is flipped back into the water and the fly box is opened for the selection of a March brown of the right size.

The artificial fly is carefully tied to the end of a gossamer-fine leader, which extends in tapered sections from the dressed and waxed casting line. The fly is now dipped into a tiny bottle of fly oil, which increases the water-resistant qualities of the wool body and feather wings, thus improving the flotation.

With all in readiness, he moves slowly and carefully upstream, covering the surface with a wandering but methodical eye. Finally he reaches a stretch of water which his knowledge of streamcraft tells him should harbor trout. Once more he pauses, watching the flies drifting past in increasing numbers, until a dimple on the surface indicates a feeding trout.

Keeping well below the fish, he now makes several *false* casts, all well above the surface of the water and well short of the spot where the trout lies. Then the heavy casting line shoots forward. The fly drops lightly to the water, riding the current in the direction of the trout, and the angler carefully retrieves the slack line, never taking his gaze from the floating bit of barbed fluff.

There is a sucking splash and a swirl, and the angler raises the tip of the rod sharply, setting the hook firmly, but without the solid jerk which would snap the frail strand of silkworm gut.

This is the flashing instant of high excitement; the reward for the precise, skillful steps which preceded the strike. The rest is anticlimax, for while some care and skill is required in playing the trout, the peak of the art is the casting and presentation of the fly and the timed twist of the wrist which sets the hook.

Later in the season, when abnormally low waters increase the clarity and make it possible to locate trout visually, you may see the same angler stalking them. To avoid frightening the fish he may crouch low on the bank while he tries to entice the fish with an assortment of flies. When the large flies fail, he will gradually reduce their size, finally resorting to a minute gnat. If this fails, he may even try a "teaser," a bulky streamer that is designed to *awaken* and not *lure* the trout.

This method was followed with great success by the late Theodore Gordon, inventor of the famous Quill Gordon fly, and the father of American dry-fly angling. The "Bumble Puppy" designed by Gordon is used for this purpose by many anglers of today. After stirring the fish with this teaser, they tie on a dry fly and try again.

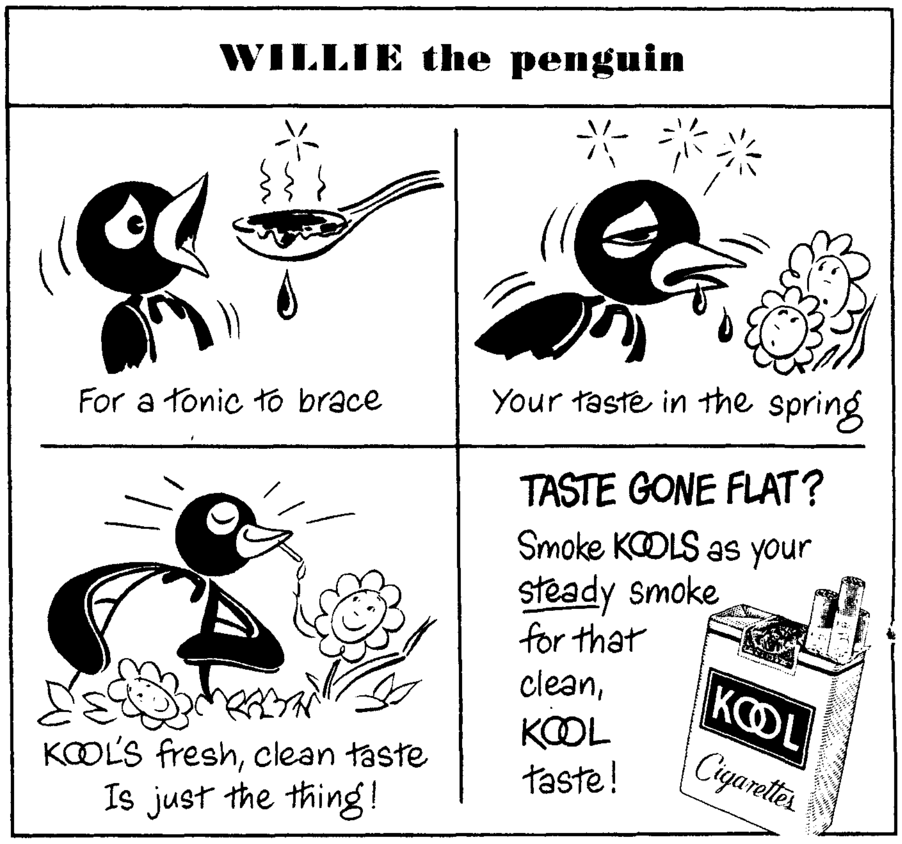
Bamboo Rod Is Preferred

Those who seek trout with bait or spinners, or try to entice the sea-run steelhead with salmon eggs and streamers, often accept as adequate the modern fly rod, which may be fabricated of glass fibers, plastic, steel or beryllium copper. But the average fly fisherman would just as soon be caught with a five-tined spear. For him, nothing but the traditional wand of split bamboo will serve, and it must be tapered to such fine tolerances that a micrometer will prove little deviation at any given point.

The *action* (the curve or arc of the rod under a given impetus) must be just so, and the double-tapered casting line is trimmed and retrimmed until perfect balance is attained. Even among the less literate of the fly fishermen you will overhear heated arguments on such matters as "parabolics," "specific gravity" and "arc ratios," and blows have been struck during debates on the relative merits of "slow" and "fast" action.

A nonangling logician, after some research on trout fishermen, probably would break down their activity as 50 per cent equipment, 30 per cent ritual, 10 per cent exercise, 9 per cent anticipation, and 1 per cent results. To provide the millions of angling citizens with a reasonable assurance of attaining that final 1 per cent, state and federal agencies spend more than $100,000,000 annually on restocking, stream improvement and protection. The angler is taxed to obtain this fund, and he is far from mute if he feels he is not getting enough fish for his money.

Millions of anglers, recalling past disappointments, at one time or another have firmly resolved to forgo the early season fishing. This resolve usually lasts until the eve of opening day, but when that day dawns it finds them—happy as a clam at low tide—shivering with discomfort and anticipation, hip-deep in Hopeful Creek. THE END



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They Are Happy Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

The streets were icy, and Barney doubted that the car could stop in time. So he jumped to the phone and called the hospital. Just as it answered, he heard the crash. Next day a newspaper headline reported: BLIND MAN SEES WRECK AND CALLS AMBULANCE.

Most of the time, however, life was so dull that Barney longed for more activity. Eventually he returned to a boyhood love, fiddling with automobiles. He found he could change tires and replace batteries. Once, for one of the station's taxi drivers, he even rebuilt a carburetor.

When One Is Legally Blind

In all this, Barney was aided by a tiny fraction of sight. Ophthalmologists designate normal vision as 20/20. Anyone whose vision in his better eye is only 20/200 with the best glasses is legally blind, that is, eligible—in most states—for public aid. With such vision, a person can see at only 20 feet what someone with good sight can see at 200 feet.

About 60 per cent of our blind—who total, by government estimate, 300,000—do have vision ranging up to 20/200. Some blind, as a matter of fact, can see perfectly out of one tiny area. This "gun-barrel vision" enables them to read even fine print—but only a word or two at a time.

There are so many degrees of blindness that, as Barney once told a friend, "You can never be sure how much a blind man sees unless you know he has two glass eyes." No legally blind person, however, can earn his own way without special training, whether he acquires it himself or through a vocational rehabilitation program.

As for Barney, his vision is just a glimmer out of the far corner of his right eye. It enables him to tell light from dark and to leaf through a magazine and say which pages have pictures but never, even an inch away, to identify the pictures.

Barney's extracurricular activities in Elwood convinced him he wasn't doing half what he could do. Four years after his accident he saw clearly what he wanted. He wrote to several agencies for the blind suggesting that his experience as a mechanic and chemist might make him a good placement officer for other blind people and he asked for help in becoming one.

The answers were discouraging—with one exception.

Joe Clunk, the blind man who now heads the federal government's services for the blind, had recently returned from a nine-year pathfinding post as supervisor of employment for the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. He advised Barney to go to Canada for training. From research Barney's sister had done in the library, Barney knew of the C.N.I.B., which not only believed that the blind could earn a decent living, but actually employed blind people to find jobs for other blind.

Barney spent seven months at the C.N.I.B. in Toronto, sitting in on every department. By the end he had formulated his philosophy: *A person may be hopelessly but never helplessly blind.*

At Clunk's suggestion he then approached the Overbrook School for the Blind, in Philadelphia. Overbrook is one of the oldest and most noted schools of its kind, but in 1940 most of its alumni were unemployed, and urging the school to hire a placement agent. Offered the position, Barney accepted on condition he be allowed to find jobs not just for Overbrook alumni but for any blind.

Placing the blind in regular industry was not exactly new. Connecticut and Massachusetts had been doing it in a small way as far back as the first World War. New York's Lighthouse, one of the country's outstanding private agencies for the blind, had been finding competitive work for some of its clients at least that long. The Cleveland Society for the Blind had made a beginning as far back as 1913.

Barney Day's own technique for placing the blind in jobs was to see a top executive, ask if his company had any policy against hiring a handicapped person provided he could do the job—the answer was invariably no—and then suggest that he be allowed to scout around the plant looking for spots suitable for blind workers.

At the Keebler-Weyl Baking Company, the president, J. Y. Huber, had no objection to that. But he wondered how Barney could tell which jobs were suitable. Barney's years of knocking around the country before his blindness had acquainted him with at least some of the machines in almost any industry, and he occasionally astounds a foreman by walking up to a machine and announcing not only its type but who made it and about when.

But he was unfamiliar with baking-plant operations, so he asked Mr. Huber to speak to the workers as he and Barney walked through the plant. "If anybody looks up or turns around to answer but at the same time keeps working," said Barney, "that's the job I want to try."

They had just got started when Barney heard Mr. Huber say, "Hello, Marion, how are you?"

"I'm fine," she said, and looked up and smiled. Mr. Huber nudged his companion.

"By the way, Marion," Barney asked, "how long have you been on that job?"

"Oh, two or three years, I guess."

"Bet you could do it with your eyes closed, huh?"

"Sure," she answered. "Want to see me?"

The president laughed. "Come on," he told Barney, "let's get out of here before you fill the plant with blind people."

Barney did place a girl there, however—at the same sort of job Marion was doing, operating a machine that folded cartons for cakes.

In five years, starting from scratch, Barney placed more than 100 blind persons in full-time jobs. As a result, when the chief of Pennsylvania's State Council for the Blind died, dozens of industrialists urged the governor to give the post to Day.

The council, founded in 1925, had been principally an educational agency, giving advice to other public agencies and to private organizations on how to help the blind and to prevent blindness.

Council Activities Expanded

Barney took over in July, 1945. The moment was particularly opportune. Two months earlier, the state legislature had authorized a significant change in the council's activities, ordering it to embark on the field of vocational rehabilitation. It was directed to bring Pennsylvania into a federal-state program, set up in 1943, for vocational rehabilitation of the blind, and further to establish three VR services: one to provide the blind with medical examinations and treatment, another to give them vocational guidance and training, and a third to place them in employment and to supply tools and equipment if needed.

Barney, like other blind leaders, feels that VR is the best thing that has happened in their field in years. For while hundreds of capable blind have made themselves independent on their own, VR has given tens of thousands of others the encouragement and training they needed. "The true calamity of blindness," says Barney, "is not the exclusion of sunlight, but the enforced inactivity."

But a VR program often requires more capital than either private agencies or the states themselves have been able or willing to put up. That's why the federal government stepped in. Under the new federal-state VR program, it agreed to foot all administrative costs, all the costs of place-

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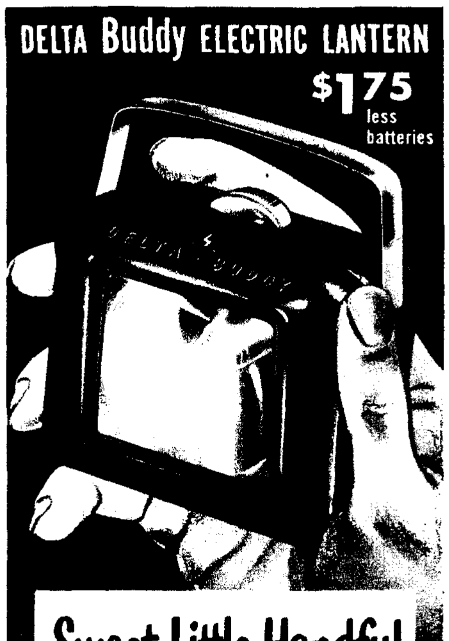

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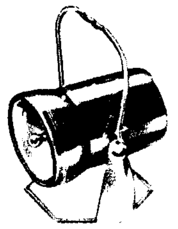

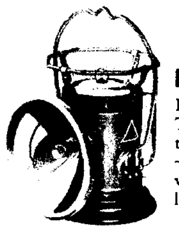

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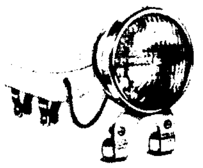

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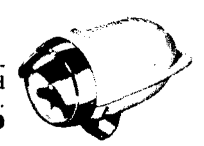

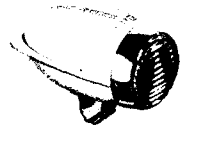

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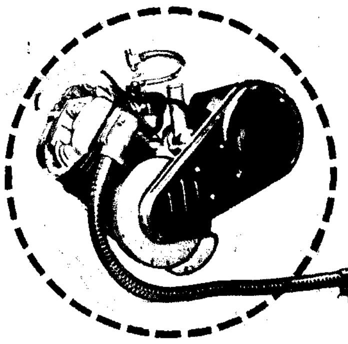

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ment and guidance, and half the cost of medical and psychiatric examinations, surgery, prosthetic appliances, training and training materials, occupational tools and equipment, and maintenance and transportation during training. The state foots the rest.

Invariably, the cost of VR has been more than made up by the saving to the states in relief money.

Sometimes neither guidance nor training is the prime necessity. Take Ben Sovasik, a locomotive fireman in the yards of a steel company near Pittsburgh. At fifty-four, Ben went almost totally blind, lost his job, applied for a blind pension, and was referred to the council. That was in May, 1948. Examination showed that he had two operable cataracts. Eight months later he was back at work.

On relief, Ben and his family—five children—would cost the state $175 a month. To put him back to work—surgery, hospital, special lenses—cost $622. On Ben Sovasik, Pennsylvania is already well in the black.

VR's achievements are by no means limited to industrial areas. A determined farmer named George Weber, now in his early forties, was blinded in one eye at the age of four. Later his other eye went bad, leaving him with just enough sight to count the fingers of his hand two feet away.

Dreams of a Chicken Farm

When he was twenty, George began making candied apples in his mother's cellar in Reading, and peddling them to school children. But he dreamed of a chicken farm, and when he had saved some money, he bought a lot on a brush-covered hillside four miles out from town. Gradually he cleared the place himself, built a small coop and acquired 15 hens.

Every day for three years, no matter what the weather, George walked the four miles, took care of the hens, collected the eggs, and then walked back again. When the war came, he got a job with a blind workshop in Reading, putting nuts and bolts together for an aircraft company. Week ends he bought lumber and cement and began building a trim, white-shingled cottage. He finished in 1943, after a year and a half, and moved in.

Next George put up a poultry house. But before he could stock the place the war ended, his job gave out.

A council investigator soon learned that George wanted to go into the chicken business. That took a lot of doing. Local farm experts argued that because of feed costs, nobody—and certainly no blind man—ought to be taking up poultry. But the council's rural specialist, blind himself, and the Berks County Co-operative Association thought George a good gamble.

It looks as if they were right. When I dropped in on him recently, George was still not breaking even and the council had spent considerably more than usual—$1,577 for a couple of brooder houses and equipment, 300 chicks, and feed and supervision for the first six months. But he had built his flock up to 72 hens and 625 broilers, which were beginning to mature at a rate that would let him sell 100 every two weeks, replacing them with day-old chicks. At that rate, he figured he'd be clearing $100 a month by summer.

"Funny," he mused, "why anyone would think a blind fellow can't raise chickens. Why, when they're tiny, they're in batteries, so you just can't step on them. And when they're older, you don't step on them, either, because you don't lift your feet—you shuffle."

Pennsylvania's total VR bill last year was just over $290,974 of which the federal government paid $217,360. More than half of the total went for the tuition and living expenses of blind trainees. At one end of the list were 50 blind persons who received "adjustment training"—a 12-week course in how to get along in a darkened world, including how to shave, dress, eat, walk and use their hands in simple occupations. At the other end were 46 blind young men and women in colleges, their full tuition paid, and as much of their maintenance as they could not meet themselves.

The council's rolls list 27,733 legally blind Pennsylvanians, of whom 1,420 are employed. Many of the others are not in the market for jobs: they are too young, too old, or too handicapped by factors besides blindness. However, Barney estimates that at least 5,500 of them can work if given the chance.

Right now his organization is so swamped with seekers after VR that a blind person who applies and then sits back may have to wait a year or more. Persistency, though, usually pays off in a few months. "I figure if a person really wants help," Barney says, "he'll keep coming after it."

To broaden the job market, Barney recently bought a directory of industry and had his secretary list the name, address, president, number of employees and type of business of every industrial concern in Pennsylvania. She found 2,000 different types.

How You Can Help the Sightless

Here are the blind's own suggestions to the seeing: Identify yourself whenever you enter a room where there is a blind person. Talk with him naturally. Do not hesitate to use the words *see* or *blind* when discussing blindness. On the other hand, don't substitute that subject for the weather. Don't talk to a blind person through an intermediary. Don't raise your voice. Do tell him when you leave the room. Don't consider a blind person a responsibility as a guest. He can dress and feed himself, and sit down by himself, too, once he has found a chair. Help familiarize him with his surroundings by guiding him around the house—or, if he prefers, let him make the tour himself. Then he will be at ease. In guiding a blind man, offer your arm and set out first. He will take it lightly and follow you easily, the movement of your body telling him when to step up and down. Don't make the common mistake of grabbing his arm and pushing him ahead. In a blind person's home, leave the doors open or shut as you found them—he remembers them that way. Don't misplace any of his belongings. He gets along by having a place for everything, and everything in its place. Don't be condescending. The mere fact you can see doesn't mean you are more intelligent. On the other hand, don't tell him that he's marvelous. Anything a blind person can do you can do, too—after a lot of practice

The first week in January, Barney sent each of his 17 vocational guidance counselors—13 of whom are blind—a copy of the list. "Our sales prospects," he called it. He asked each man to interview the president of every company in his territory, survey the plant for suitable jobs, and report to Barney when he was going to put someone to work in that company.

Of all the successful blind placements Barney has made, undoubtedly the most memorable was his second. While still connected with the Overbrook School, he got a secretarial job for a pretty strawberry blonde named Gladys Shockley. Blind since childhood, Gladys had majored in English at the University of Pennsylvania and wanted to write, but meanwhile had to earn a living. She no longer holds her secretarial job. Today she is Mrs. Barney Day, and the mother of Jarrett, a lively youngster of six with perfect vision.

There's no better example than in the Days themselves of the fact that blind people can and do lead essentially normal lives. Going home week ends from his Harrisburg office, Barney gets off the train at North Philadelphia, stalks along the platform—a Lincolnesque figure, barely touching his cane to the floor—goes downstairs and through the tunnel, and takes a subway to Broad and Erie and then a bus or cab to his apartment in Germantown.

Jarrett, playing with his electric train on the living-room floor, looks up happily, and says, "Hello, Daddy." Gladys, her face lovely and untroubled, hugs her husband.

Dinner is no particular problem. Gladys takes out her Braille cookbook, runs her fingers along one page for a recipe on stuffing chops, and then goes to work.

Identifying Canned Goods

New friends always ask how she tells canned goods apart. "Goodness," she says, "the cans themselves are often different. Canned corn, for instance, is short and squat, and spinach cans are the biggest around. And when they're alike, I write out Braille labels and paste them on."

Sometimes, she admits, the labels fall off. Barney grins, "At meals, occasionally, we do have our little surprises."

Gladys makes her own dresses after a friend cuts them out, puts flint in her cigarette lighter herself, types and can take dictation—on a special Braille machine—as fast as any shorthand writer.

Jarrett has had several checkups; he's physically perfect in every way. His mother thinks the boy has known since he was eleven months old that his parents couldn't see. One Sunday morning she and Barney and a week-end guest were sitting around. Jarrett was in his play pen. When the baby smiled, the guest would smile back and talk to him. But when he wanted to get a response from his parents Jarrett would not just smile; he would make a noise.

Gladys bought picture books, had a friend read them to her, and on each page made notes in Braille. Then she read them to her son. Later on she bought two editions of various child classics—the regular illustrated edition for Jarrett, and the Braille edition for herself. As he turned the pages of his book and looked at the pictures, she read him the story from hers.

Jarrett goes to the Germantown Friends' School, and almost every afternoon Gladys has some of his playmates in for cookies and fruit juice, as part of a quiet campaign to show neighbors that even though his parents are blind, they live normally.

She also makes a point of taking Jarrett everywhere other children go—stores, museums, amusement parks, even occasionally a movie. Once she took Jarrett and a friend named Timmy to the playground, sat with them for a while, then said she was going back to the apartment. She asked them not to wander. Timmy spoke up. "Nobody can see from your house," he said, "if we go away or not."

"Well," Gladys countered, "*you* know it won't do you any good to get lost."

Jarrett has taken advantage of his parents in only one way: he's done a little more than the usual amount of scribbling on the walls. Barney caught him at it once a year ago and asked how come. "I don't know," the youngster said, "I just seem to like to do it."

Recently a guest at the Days commented that many seeing women get their lipstick on unevenly but that Gladys had applied hers perfectly.

"Goodness," she responded, "I know where my own lips are, I hope."

Barney chuckled. "I assure you," he said, "we do not have a Braille mirror.

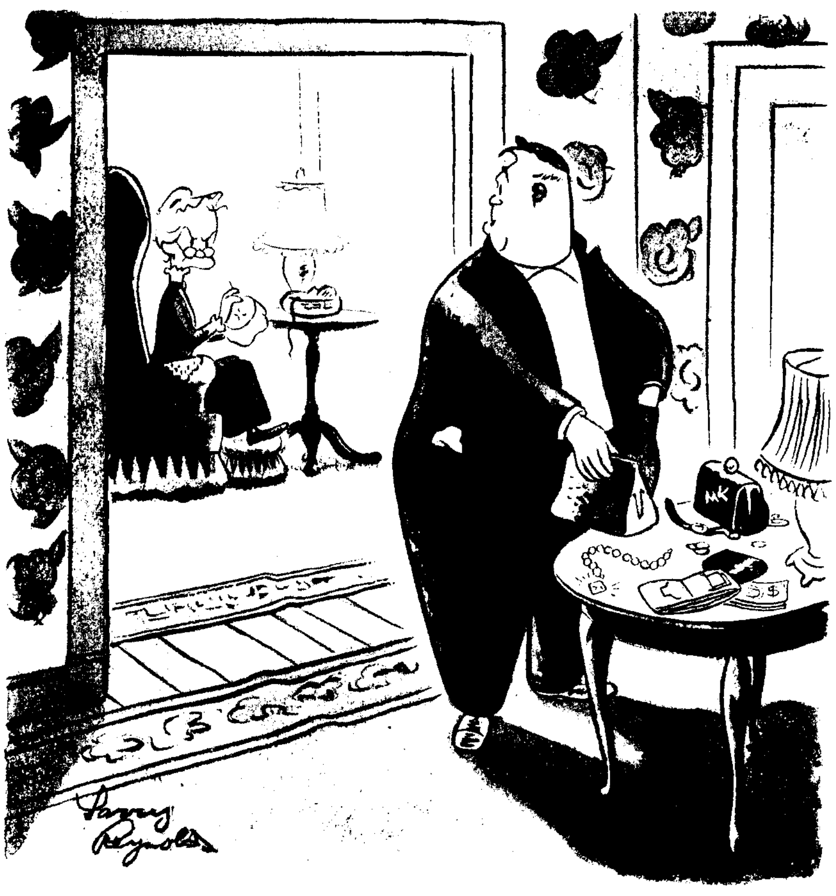
"Whenever I hear anyone congratulate a blind person," he went on, "I feel like telling him what Dunninger says about mental telepathy—'It's something any child of three can do, with 30 years of experience.'

"What we blind need even more than experience is a chance—and understanding. Vocational rehabilitation gives us a chance. Understanding must come—"

He didn't finish, but what he had in mind was obvious: Understanding must come from us seeing persons.

This is the third and final article on blind men who are helping other blind people toward happy and useful lives

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "It's true I went to the races, but I didn't gamble on the horses, honest I didn't, Ma" LARRY REYNOLDS

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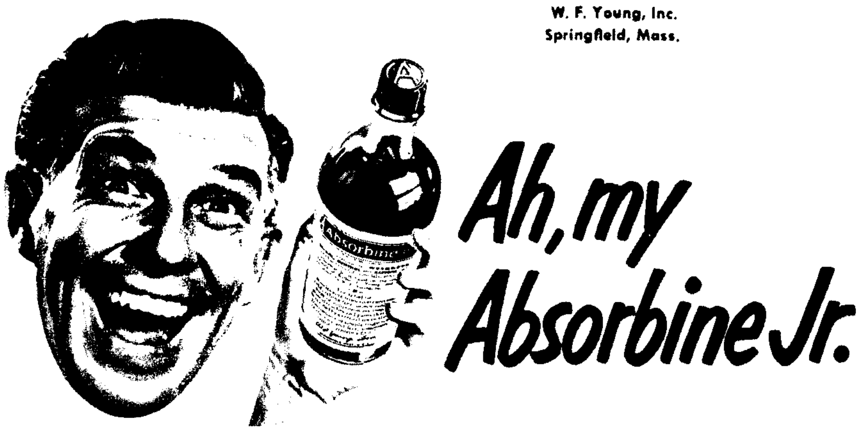


JOE KAUFMAN

Let's Win This Cold War

THERE WAS A GOOD BIT of public rejoicing a few months ago when antihistamine pills first went on sale without a prescription. Recently we've noticed that some of that rejoicing has been replaced by vague doubts. "They say they aren't good for you" is typical of the remarks we've been hearing.

Usually it's a hard job to trace down the source of "they say" rumors. But in this case we feel reasonably safe in identifying "they" as official spokesmen of the American Medical Association. The object of their current campaign is to get antihistamines taken off the drugstore counter and put back in the prescription department.

Here is what these spokesmen are saying: Antihistaminic drugs haven't been proved useful in treating colds and should be tested further. The layman hasn't the wisdom or experience to decide when he has a cold; cold symptoms may mark the onset of another disease. The "side reactions" of antihistamines are dangerous. The advertising of the nonprescription pills is misleading. (Perhaps it should be added here that the Amalgamated Mortuary Workers of America have voted antihistamine pills the "discovery of the year posing the greatest threat" to their industry.)

We suspect that the real purpose of the A.M.A. objections is to give the prescribing physician a monopoly on the first promising cold remedy that ever came along. And while we are not so presumptuous as to argue medicine with medical men, we think the objections can be answered.

The antihistamines now on sale have been tested—both as preventive and treatment in controlled investigations—by doctors in more than 6,000 cases. They have been tested to the satisfaction of the physicians and pharmacists in the New Drugs Division of the Food and Drug Administration.

This division will not permit the public sale of any drug until it can "find no reason to believe it is not safe when taken in accordance with directions on the label, for the specific ailment described on the label."

The A.M.A. people thus imply that the Food and Drug Administration has been careless and negligent in okaying the general sale of antihistamines. In doing so they cast unwarranted doubt on the safety of every medicine that the New Drugs Division has approved in its 13 years' existence. Yet they are concentrating their fire on only one preparation.

Most adult laymen probably flatter themselves that they can recognize an uncomplicated head cold when it hits them. But even if the sniffles are a signal of more serious illness, we've been able to find no instance where the taking of antihistamines has done any harm. They may or may not clear up the sniffles, but there is no indication that they have any effect, one way or the other, on a major ailment that may follow.

Antihistamines do cause "side reactions" in some people. The most common is drowsiness. Dizziness and nervousness have also been reported. But the reactions are of short duration. And they are becoming less severe as the antihistaminic medicines are improved and refined. At least two drug houses have added drugs to the prescription which counteract these reactions. So, at worst, the question seems to be this: Would you take a chance on a little drowsiness for the chance of knocking a head cold in the head?

As for the A.M.A.'s concern over misleading claims, we note that the Federal Trade Commission is doing its customary duty of protecting the public from overexuberant advertisements.

We also have faith that such organizations as the National Better Business Bureau will do their unofficial bit to see that the coughing and sneezing public is not duped.

Naturally anyone who takes antihistamine tablets should follow directions. He should see a doctor if his illness persists and progresses. But these warnings apply to any number of over-the-counter drugs and medicines which can be harmful and even fatal if used unwisely. And it must be assumed that there will always be a small minority of self-medicators who suffer from congenital stupidity or momentary damfoolishness, and who can't be changed by either lobbying or legislation.

The treatment of the common cold may be a lucrative branch of medical practice. But certainly, until the arrival of antihistamines, the available treatment only served to ease discomfort, and perhaps prevent complications, while the cold ran its course.

Now a medicine is available which, in the tests mentioned above, benefited 85 per cent of 6,776 patients, either by stopping colds completely in the early stages or by lessening their duration and severity. We imagine that there are many physicians who, in spite of the A.M.A., accept that medicine's record of safety and let their cold patients treat themselves.

After all, there are only about 165,000 practicing doctors in this country. Many and probably most of them are overworked. They have plenty of valuable, indispensable service to perform during their working hours without trying to treat all of the estimated half-billion colds that Americans come down with every year.

It seems to us that the A.M.A. might rather welcome the public sale of a medicine which could give thousands of doctors more time for more important duties. And we believe, on the strength of our own inquiries, that many of those doctors feel as we do. Their chief concern is with the challenge of serious disease and death that confronts them daily. In the face of that challenge, the A.M.A.'s hot campaign against cold pills seems both exaggerated and unworthy.

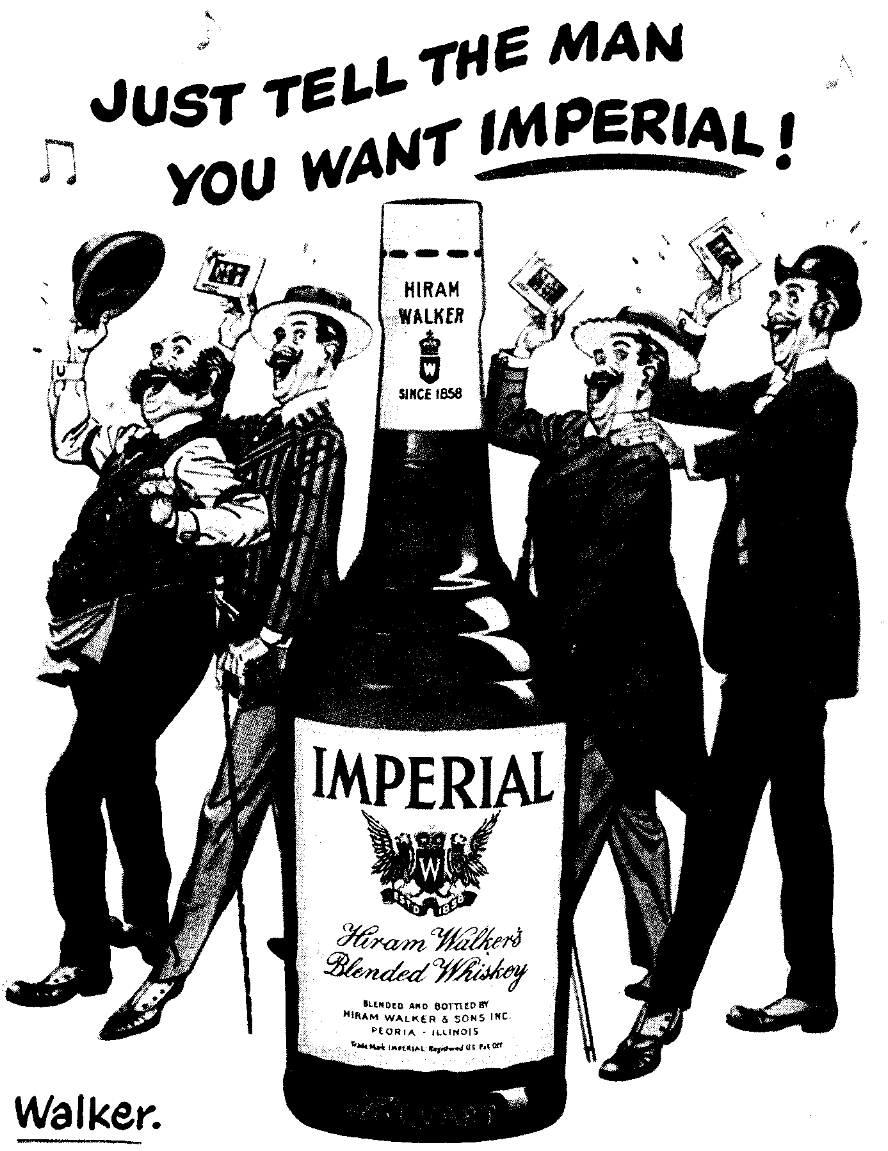
On Juvenile Reactions

Kids always avoid
  As a risk occupational
The tome that is touted
  As "so educational."

IF OLD-TIME QUALITY IS WHAT APPEALS TO YOU, MY LAD—
PHOTO ARCADE

BUT YOU CAN'T FIND THE MELLOW KIND THAT SATISFIED YOUR DAD —

HERE'S ALL IT TAKES TO GET THE TASTE THAT MADE YOUR DADDY GLAD —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"Camels agree with my throat"

say these famous 20-GAME WINNERS OF BASEBALL

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

MEL PARNELL

BOSTON RED SOX (WON 25)

Top winner in the major leagues last season, left-hander Mel Parnell made the Camel 30-day mildness test, and reports: "I'm certainly glad I made the test. Camels agree with my throat. And they're a cool, mild, great-tasting smoke. It will always be Camels for me—for keeps!"

OWARD POLLET

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS (WON 20)

"The throat specialists' findings in the 30-day test don't surprise me," says this veteran southpaw. "I've smoked Camels for many years. I *know* they're mild, and they're always right for my throat. No matter how much I smoke, Camels don't tire my taste—they have the rich, full flavor I like."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

VIC RASCHI

NEW YORK YANKEES (WON 21)

The "Big Wheel" of the World Champions, Vic Raschi, smokes Camels—because, "Camel mildness agrees with my throat. There's nothing so cheering as a Camel—that Camel flavor hits the spot with me."

BOB LEMO

CLEVELAND INDIANS (WON 22)

"The 30-day test really opened my eyes," says Bob, only major league hurler to win 20 or more games in each of the past two seasons. "Camels have a mildness all their own and they're welcome to my throat."

NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORT ON 30-DAY TEST OF CAMEL SMOKERS . . .

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking CAMELS

Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days.